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ULTIMATE CIVILIZATION AND OTHER ESSAYS

ULTIMATE CIVILIZATION

AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY ISAAC TAYLOR

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THE Essays conſtituting this volume have not before appeared in print, with the exception of portions of the Fourth Essay—"Lay Theologians,"—which had place in the "Eclectic Review" ſome years ago. The ſubſtance of the Fifth Essay—"Epidemic Whims"—was delivered as a Lecture in the Aſſembly Room of the Free-Trade Hall, Mancheſter, in 1856.

OF THE
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ESSAYS, ETC.

Ultimate Civilization.

PART I.

I.

CIVILIZATION is a term of the body ſocial; not of the man individual. Within the circle of a community in even the moſt advanced ſtate of civilization, very many of its members may, and indeed muſt, remain in a condition of inferiority, as well in reſpect of knowledge, intelligence, refinement, as of the enjoyment of the goods of material exiſtence.

The phraſe, *Ultimate* Civilization, has no ſuch meaning as this—that the advancement of the individual man has reached a limit forbidding the hope of further progreſs; but this only, that the ſeveral orders and conſtituents of the Social Maſs have come, at length, into a ſtate of ſtable equilibrium, or of undiſturbed, and unreſtricted, and productive interaction.

Civilization involves an idea of the ſocial ſyſtem which allows us to think of it analogically—as if it were a living organization; it ſuppoſes, therefore, an equable diſtribution of the vital force; but then it excludes the ſuppoſition of an identity of functions among its conſtituents; nor does it admit either an equality of poſition, or an unquiet tendency toward a greater ſimplification of ſtructure. On the contrary, as the higheſt poſſible civilization demands a multiplicity of elements, and, therefore, alſo, a great complexity of ſtructure, and a correſponding intricacy of movements, it will demand the tranquil interaction of all theſe parts, or members. Few elements, and a ſimple ſtructure, and a near approximation of orders, may indeed conſiſt with the well-being and the intelligence of individuals; but it will not admit an advance in the civilization of the maſs, beyond the ſecond, or the third, ſtage upward, from the rudeſt barbariſm.

Within a community that is in a condition of advanced and progreſſive civilization, there will be an indefinite, or, an unlimited progreſs in a uniform direction; but there will be no change of direction; or there will be the *minimum* of change. There will be the greateſt ſtability; but no ſtagnation. There will be a conſtant interaction of the parts, and a normal commotion among them; but no diſlocation of orders; no interchange of functions; no invaſions of office. Within ſuch a ſocial ſyſtem

the individual man enjoys his *maximum* of perſonal liberty, and he has unreſtricted room of development; but the functions and the orders have little, if any room of *relative* development. A ſocial ſyſtem that is in a high condition of civilization will be inexorably conſervative in whatever belongs to the abſtract; and it is free, in the fulleſt ſenſe, as to whatever is concrete.

Ultimate Civilization—by the very import of the phraſe—implies the fact of an anterior, or a more ancient Civilization; or a leſs perfect, and an earlier condition, out of which the later, and the more perfect, has ſlowly ariſen. Hiſtory gives us no inſtance of an extemporaneous civilization; there can be none that has been newly manufactured—none that has been planned and deviſed, and put in courſe of experiment by the men of yeſterday;—none that comes freſh and bright from the fire, and the hammer, and the anvil. A high civilization muſt be the product of ages, and the habitude of centuries; it muſt have been ſo abraded in the paſſage of a multitude of years as that the ribs of the mould, wherein it was caſt, were long ago rubbed off from its ſurface, and are now quite worn away. The civilization of a people muſt have come to it, like its language, from a remote and almoſt forgotten age; or ſay—like its alluvial ſoil—the depoſit of uncounted eras.

Inaſmuch as Civilization is a term of the ſocial body, and finds its analogies in the animal organi-

zation, an advanced civilization implies—health throughout the body; nor can it ever conſiſt, either with a chronic diſeaſed condition of any part, or with unconſcioufneſs of ſuch diſeaſe, in the ſenſorium of the body. A perfect ſenſitiveneſs in the ſenſorium is the caution of Nature againſt the inſidious advances of diſeaſe, in the extremities.

Analogies are helps, they are not proofs, they are not arguments; and yet they are very ſerviceable helps when a true and a ſubſtantial *ſameneſs of principle* connects the things that are ſo brought into hypothetic compariſon; when the type and the antitype are inſtances of the operation of the ſame law, or of a law that is of the ſame order. We affirm that it is ſo when we compare the Social Syſtem, i. e. a community of men—uſing the ſame language, and living under one Government, and conforming themſelves to one political ſcheme—to a living body—an animal organization.

Let it be underſtood then, that we ſhall not miſuſe, or puſh beyond bounds of reaſon this analogy; but that we ſhall employ it—as an aid; or as an intelligible exemplification of certain principles; ſo far only as ſuch an analogy may fairly be ſo uſed. Thus uſed then, this type ſuffices for driving from off the field of our ſubject certain notions of civilization which are current in converſation, and rife alſo in popular literature. Civilization is to the ſocial body what full health is to the animal; or at the leaſt, it demands, as its neceſſary condi-

tion, that which is the equivalent of health in the animal body:—*therefore*—

A highly advanced refinement of manners and taſtes in the upper claſſes, in the various particulars of inſtruction, intelligence, modes of living, and correctneſs in the leſſer moralities, and in the proprieties of ſpeech and behaviour; theſe things, or this advanced condition of *a claſs*, though it be a large claſs, or of two, or more ſuch claſſes, this is not civilization; for it may conſiſt, and often has conſiſted, as it does now, with the extremes of miſery, and a hopeleſs deſtitution—even the ſheer barbariſm, and the conſequent habitual atrocities of a claſs that is not leſs numerous; probably it is much more numerous than the others put together, and exiſting ſide by ſide with this partial civilization, and, as one may ſay, intertwined with it, juſt as the abſorbents are interwoven with the blood veſſels, and the nerves. If the abſorbent ſyſtem be everywhere congeſted with poiſons, or if the lacteals be exhauſted of chyle—ſhall the body be in health? Such a queſtion needs no anſwer, either as to the type, or as to the antitype. The body, if it do not inſtantly ſhow its diſeaſed condition, will in fact, or occultly, be "full of wounds and bruiſes and putrifying ſores." If not to-day, yet at no diſtant day, the vital fluids of ſuch a body will have become "as the blood of a dead man."

And *therefore*, reverting to our axiom—and ſo far as our analogy ſerves us—civilization neither

reſults from, nor does it conſiſt in, any actual, or any poſſible, or any imaginable advancements of the mechanical arts, or of thoſe arts and thoſe applicate ſciences which extend the power of man over the elements, and which give him the uſe of the chemical forces of the material world. Any ſuch inventions and improvements — great and marvellous as they may be—are, to the ſocial body, juſt as they are to the individual man—the means and the tools—they are the opportunities, and the inducements, that facilitate his perſonal advancement; and they are aids towards civilization; but they are not itſelf, and they may win triumphs for ſcience, as if it were in mockery of the popular wretchedneſs. The rudeſt of men may travel by Expreſs, and may ſend a notice of his coming by telegraph; and he may be photographed for two-and-ſixpence, or for the ſixpence; and all this while he, and the claſs to which he belongs, may be groſs and revolting in their habits; and ſome of them may be clad in tatters, and be wanting a morſel of bread. Diſcoveries, and improvements, and advancements, of this order, may conſiſt, as we ſee, juſt as do refinements of manners in the upper claſs, with miſery, and its characteriſtic ſavageneſs, prevailing in a large lower claſs; and this miſery may be rendered the more extreme, and the more deſperate, by the ſenſe of hopeleſs excluſion from a ſhare, even in thoſe good things which machinery has brought almoſt within their reach

by cheapneſs. Machine-made clothing, offered at a price little above the coſt of the tatters he wears, mocks the ſhivering wretch who cannot afford even to replace his tatters by the caſt-off tatters of one who is a degree leſs miſerable than himſelf.

Once more—if our analogy ſerves us—it will be true—

That the elaboration, and the theoretic perfectionment of codes, and of ſtatutes, and of police, and of adminiſtrative functions, is not civilization. Theſe things do indeed indicate the civilization of a people when they are the products of its growth, and have a remotely hiſtorical origin. Faultleſs Conſtitutions, or conſtitutions boaſted of as faultleſs, may conſiſt, as we ſee, either with the ſullen deſpotiſm of an autocrat; or worſe, with the ſavage deſpotiſm of the many:—the difference being whatever there may be that is eligible between the Baſtile, and the Lamp-iron; or between Siberia, and Lynch-law.

But the ideas that naturally conſort themſelves with the word—civilization, compriſe what is more than health, even than robuſt health; and which differs much from it—namely—REFINEMENT. Refinement—and this includes elegance in coſtume, and grace in deportment, and a neat vivacity in ſpeech—will never pervade the maſſes of an induſtrial community; for refinement demands a conſcious, and an *inherited* ſecurity in the enjoyment of leiſure, and of the funds of luxury. Re-

finement demands alſo the carrying education onward, toward mature years. A thorough refinement demands moreover PEDIGREE, and the poſſeſſion of undiſputed and immemorial, and therefore, unenvied diſtinctions. Or, if ſuch diſtinctions come to be placed within the poſſible attainment of individual ambition and ability, then the acquiſition muſt derive its principal value from the fact that it is a participation in that which is already poſſeſſed, in full, by a claſs—irreſpectively of the ambition or the ability of the holders.

No limit can be put; or none can be *ſpecified;* to the advancements, intellectual or moral, of the individual man; for theſe take their riſe in the illimitable treaſure-houſe of Nature; they ſpring from birth-gifts, of which, perhaps, no complete ſample may hitherto have actually been given to the world. But as to any poſſible advancements of the *Social Maſs*, theſe will always take their limit from that which is the *mean level* of mind within it; or, the average quantity of Mind in the Body Social. Individual minds may lift this mean level a degree or two, and may ſuſtain it for a while; but the ſtatic power of the community, after a little, takes its ſteady effect upon the ſcale.

We may, therefore, ſpeak of *Ultimate* Civilization, as a final condition of perfect health, in the ſocial body; or, of diffuſed and tranquil functional life throughout; and yet we plant no hypothetic barrier acroſs the path of the individual man, as

if we might know the utmoſt that may be poſſible *to him;* this we can never know. We note the boundary line of *ſociety*, forward; but we abſtain from bandaging nature, in the *man*.

There may be thoſe, and there are ſuch always, who will be dreaming about ſome future undefinable advancements of man in ſociety. Harmleſs dreams are theſe; for the moſt part they are the paſtime of vague undiſciplined intellects. Anticipations which involve, or which demand, what is altogether hypothetic *in human nature*, and of which, in its elements, hiſtory has nothing to ſay, theſe things are juſt now beyond our range of viſion. As we admit nothing fabulous in the paſt, ſo we build upon nothing fabulous in the future.

Of every improvement, and advancement, which we diſcern upon the horizon, a germ or a rudiment, if not more, is now under the hand, or it is quite in near proſpect.

II.

WHATEVER may ſeem proper to our ſubject in this Eſſay is advanced on the ſuppoſition that we have before us a *ſole*, or better to put it, an inſulated community, a ONE PEOPLE—ONE in all thoſe ſenſes that may bring it within the range of our analogy—our illuſtrative type—Animal Organization. We need not ſuppoſe that an inſular peo-

ple is actually cut off from the fellowſhip of nations; but we have now to do with it only in reſpect to thoſe interior functions, which, though they may be open to influences, or perturbations, from without, are thus interfered with in an incidental, or remote manner only.

As to coſmopolitan civilization, the ſubject is not merely indefinitely vaſt, but it involves the preſence, and the operation, of ſome wholly different principles. It is a great theme, and a theme of another order, in a logical ſenſe. This caution, therefore, given, we return to our encloſed field.

Within an inſular community civilization is promoted, and facilitated, and is ſtimulated, and, therefore, it may be actually advanced by various means which ſhould be called incidental; and ſome of them are quite fortuitous. But concerning ſuch means it muſt not be forgotten that each of them —more or leſs ſo, may claim to be conſidered, either as a means—a *cauſe* of advancing civilization, or as the conſequence of its advancing condition. In moſt inſtances that which we ſhould think of as a cauſe, viewed on one ſide, looks more like a conſequence viewed on ſome other ſide. A cauſe it is if we are thinking of the accidents, or of the individual efforts that have attached to it at the moment of its riſe: a conſequence, an effect, if we inquire concerning thoſe needs of the time which it came forward to ſupply. A cauſe, ſeen at the moment of ſunriſe: a conſequence, looked at

at earlieſt break of day. So it was with the art of printing.

The firſt to be mentioned of theſe means, or theſe ſtimulative cauſes of civilization, are thoſe happy diſcoveries, and thoſe ſurpriſing inventions and improvements in the Arts, which we have already named for the purpoſe of excepting againſt them, as things in which it does not conſiſt, and in the preſence of which the condition of a people, at large, may be ſuch as that we muſt aſſign them a low place on the ſcale of national well-being. Not only inventions, or great diſcoveries in the Arts, but even the introduction of ſome new, and hitherto unthought of material—available in the Arts—may vaſtly facilitate the progreſs of an already advancing civilization; and ſo alſo may ſome inconſiderable change in the domeſtic, or the trading uſages of a people; and which attract little attention, as they work themſelves ſilently into the routine of its daily life. Inſtances of this order might be named in hundreds. The reader will here, perhaps, be thinking of vaſt matters—ſuch as railway travelling—ſteam navigation—the electric telegraph;—but we might be content to name inſtances of a far humbler order, and may affirm that our now-preſent civilization ought not to diſdain to own its obligations to improvements of a kind which philoſophic writers would, perhaps, think quite beneath their notice. For inſtance, what a burleſque upon "philoſophic gene-

raliſation" would it be to mention ſuch things—among the ſtimulants of civilization, as the introduction and univerſal uſe of lucifer matches! nevertheleſs, the ſeptuagenarian ſtudent, who remembers well his winter morning's conflict with flint, and ſteel, and tinder-box, and brimſtone-match, will own that he has won a fifteen minutes for his books, through ſix months of the year, by aid of the lucifer match—an infallible candle-lighter in three ſeconds! Incalculable is the gain that has accrued in modern times in facilitating the free expreſſion of thought—by writing—in ſuch things as theſe:—the adoption of a curſive hand-writing, in place of the ſquare, or the uncial letter—and along with this, the uſe of a limpid chemical dye, as ink, in the place of a body-ink; and along with theſe, the coming in of cheap ſcribbling paper. It has been by ſuch means as theſe, not only that commercial and domeſtic communication by writing has been ſo vaſtly extended; but (which is of more importance) that the private utterance of thought, by the pen, has come to be ſo much leſs formal, leſs periodic, and ſo much more ſpontaneous, and genuine, and full, and that it has gone ſo far into detail; and thus, that the vaſt difference between ſtiff literary antiquity, and our daily ſelves, in whatever relates to the recording of our minds, has had its origin, and has come to be ſo great as it is. In proportion as writing is aſſimilated to the freedom of converſation, it ſheds the common light of in-

tellectual life abroad; and ſends it far beyond privileged circles.

Small things, and things of the leſs noticeable order, are thoſe that, in fact, have wrought the moſt important changes in modern times. So it has been in Legiſlative action. The popular notion of govermental agency, through the means of the enactment of laws, is of this ſort—that, by theſe organic evolutions a nation may be ſet forward *at great ſtrides:*—and ſuch, in ſome rare inſtances, has been the conſequence of Acts of Parliament, and of ſtatutes, and of the orders and decrees of autocratic ſtates. When ſuch enactments are good, and when they aſſimilate well with the people's condition, they are, in truth, the laſt reſults of ſlow ſocial advancements; they are never its cauſes. The legiſlative formality is the utterance, in technical ſtyle, of the everywhere out-ſpoken ſenſe of the community. But govermental *regulations*, and thoſe changes of a lower order that come within the admitted powers of the ſeparate departments of a ſtate, have often done more in ſtimulating or in facilitating the ſocial improvement of a people, than has been effected by thoſe arduous labours of ſenates, which did not reach their iſſue until a revolution, or the overthrow of public order, had become imminent.

It might ſeem as if a taſte for paradoxes had led us aſtray, if we were to put any ſuch queſtion as this—Has Britiſh civilization been moſt

effectively promoted by—Reform in Parliament—by Catholic Emancipation—by Abolition of the Corn Laws, on the one hand;—or, on the other hand, by the Penny Postage—by the equalization of charges as to distance—thus effecting the annihilation of *distance*, as to business and the domestic life, and by the practice of charging postage by weight? Small things comparatively, or small in the esteem of political agitators; yet are they often of immeasurable importance in their bearing upon the moral and the intellectual progress of the people. And thus it is in the animal body:—it is a notable thing to set, or to reset a limb; but it is doing more for life and health to restore action throughout congested microscopic vessels over the entire surface of the body. It is good to endow colleges, and to found chairs and to stipendiate professors;—but it may be a greater good to lower the duty upon paper, and upon tea, and upon bricks and timber. It is a good to annul obsolete statutes, restrictive of the liberty of worship long enjoyed by all, spite of statutes:—it was a greater good to abolish entirely and for ever the window tax.

An enlightened government—a government well understanding its beneficial function—will pass, or will favour the passing of acts that have been demanded, in louder and louder tones, these ten years past or more. But, without being asked to do it, it will do such things as might be likened

to the better packing of the ballaſt of a ſhip—the doing which allows the ſhip to right herſelf.

Conſtitutional evolutions—legiſlative reforms, may well be put out of our view, as if they might be pre-concerted, or brought about upon ſhowing of reaſons. They will come—when they *muſt* come—and whether it be for good or for evil. Meantime the regulative and noiſeleſs acts of an Executive muſt ſpring from the intelligence of individual men. Stateſmen, as a claſs, will oppoſe innovations of every kind; but there comes in one official perſon in a thouſand who will bring them about, and riſk his political exiſtence in doing it.

What we are here concerned with are thoſe matters that come within the admitted range of the meditative and ſpeculative intelligence of educated men: ſuch things as obtrude themſelves upon notice in a community which, like that of England, is actually in a ſtate of hopeful and rapid development, and of even-paced progreſs. A higher Civilization, thought of, and deſired, and aimed at, and alſo in near proſpect, is before us; nor is our proſpect intercepted by any deſpotiſm ſtanding acroſs the road. Neither from above, nor from beneath is the Britiſh people, juſt now, threatened with deſpotic interdictions.

III.

A NATIONAL condition of hopeful progreſs toward a ſettled, or permanent civilization (permanent, if, to human affairs at all, ſuch an epithet may ever be applied) demands ſuch things as we have already briefly indicated, and which ſhould now be ſet in view with more ſpeciality;—as thus:—we muſt find under our hand, in the ſocial body, the greateſt *number*, and the greateſt *variety* of conſtituents—or of ſeparate and independent Elements.

No cuſtomary phraſe preſents itſelf, which, in the fulneſs of its meaning, may well ſerve to repreſent that independence, and that ſeparate force of the ſeveral conſtituents of a ſocial maſs which we muſt deſire to find in it. For if we ſhould ſay that ſuch elements are *antagoniſtic*, a ſtate of unreſt or of open rivalry is implied, which, if we may revert to our analogy, would induce—not health, but diſeaſe, in the body, and which muſt iſſue in its diſſolution. If we ſpoke of ſeparate elements as *heterogeneous*, then this word ſeems to forbid the hope of a tranquil and healthful interaction among them:—an organization binding together heterogeneous ingredients, will be ſpending its forces upon *itſelf*, rather than combining them for the purpoſes of the common life; and yet it is certain that a *thorough* homogeneouſneſs in the materials of a community will conſiſt only with the loweſt order of ſocial exiſtence. Little

can be expected from a social mass that might best be resembled to the molluscs—Jelly only: or if jelly and shell, then the analogy finds its antitype in the oriental condition—despot and slaves—the holder and the holden!

Separate elements, tending more to conserve their separate existence, than to lose and merge it—such should we choose as affording the most auspicious conditions, or as the characteristics of a community assumed to be in a hopeful state for advance in civilization. What then are the ingredients of our English social mass:—*English*, here stands for *British*, and it embraces whatever belongs to the one People—centred in the one Government?

The first, or the most rudimental of these ingredients, are—its Aboriginal Diversities of Race. The English population, when, with the records of its history before us, we look round upon it as an object of physiological science, offers to the eye the still-distinguishable traces of the three or four *Races*, that have become intimately commingled, by innumerable crossings, taking effect through many generations, and which yet, by virtue of an inscrutable law, conserve their physiognomical and physical characteristics. But now, as related to our immediate subject, this fact is to be noted, that, although these diversities have no doubt greatly contributed to make the English people what it is, in nerve, and bone, and muscle, and animal energy,

and in moral tone, and in intellectual elaſticity, they have at length—and through a period of ſeven hundred years—ceaſed to be thought of, or to be recognized—and have ceaſed to interact, one upon the other, with any appreciable antagoniſm, or mutual revulſion, or contrariety, and therefore we muſt put them quite out of our reckoning, and diſallow their claim to be mentioned among the ingredients of our ſocial exiſtence. At the rail of the chancel the "happy pair" kneel, ſide by ſide, quite unconſcious of the fact—which the phyſiognomiſt is ſure of—that the one is Saxon, or Dane, the other Norman. Wonderful is that perſiſtence of Race-types which are not loſt among the intermixtures of a thouſand years! Theſe race elements, how much ſoever they may have made the Engliſh—*Engliſh*, are not, *as ſuch*, to be now numbered among the active elements of Engliſh civilization.

Something different from this muſt be ſaid in relation to *National* diverſities; for theſe, while they include differences of race, have received an impreſs of long-continued political antagoniſm, and are ſtill vividly recognizable as *counteractive* elements within the Britiſh ſocial maſs. England, Scotland, Ireland, are ſtill three, as well as one; and they are ſtill three, *more than they are one*. Nor is the time near at hand, probably, when theſe nationalities ſhall have quite melted themſelves down into a homogeneous maſs.

At a point which we ſhould look for ſomewhere at a mid-diſtance between antagoniſm, in the ſenſe of declared hoſtility, and of a tame and ſervile aſſentation—ſomewhere between machinations and the hatching of conſpiracies, and an obſequious ſubſerviency—at a point not very eaſily found, or defined, we muſt deſire to ſee national differences or avulſions perpetuated; ſo far as that we may continue to derive from them all the advantage which they yield in ſtimulating, and puſhing forward, and, it may be, provoking the civilization of the entire people. It muſt ſeem a nice matter to lay the finger upon this mid-point. Juſt on one ſide of it muſt ſtand thoſe national prejudices—thoſe unreaſoning and unreaſonable diſlikes, or inſtinctive avulſions which hedge a people about, as related to its neareſt neighbours. On the other ſide there will be many nameleſs differences of taſte, and modes of behaviour, and many habitudes of ſpeech, which are not indeed enough to keep worthy people apart, but which yet are enough to act as a drag upon the abſolute freedom and full enjoyment of ſocial and domeſtic intercourſe.

It is thus that England, Scotland, Ireland ſtand related, each toward the other two;—the people are not enemies, far from it:—they are not dangerous rivals:—they are not employed in plotting each other's overthrow:—they are not brooding over intended invaſions or maſſacres. Nevertheleſs the three nations do maintain their deciſive

characteriſtics; and whoever it is, in the ſeat of power, that holds them in hand, feels each ſeparately—pulling its own way: he feels the near horſe, the middle horſe, and the off horſe, and he knows that each muſt be looked to at every turn of the road; and that the bit in the mouth of each muſt be adjuſted in relation to the temper of the creature, as over hot, or as ſluggiſh.

National differences aſſume a new aſpect when, as is almoſt always the fact, they receive an intenſity from religious differences. Religious antagoniſms, conſidered as powerful ſtimulants of national civilization—and ſuch indeed they are—demand a diſtinct and a thoughtful conſideration.

Everybody among ourſelves has at length come to underſtand, or at leaſt paſſively to aſſent to, this ſimple and moſt momentous truth—that religious differences, when inflamed by intolerance, become active cauſes of ſocial confuſion—tending toward national diſintegration: this has been ſignally exemplified in the paſt hiſtory of Spain, and of France. It is a truth not ſo generally underſtood among ourſelves—or it is not ſo cordially admitted—that the abſolutely unreſtricted development, and the fixed conſervation of religious differences, is a principal, and indeed an indiſpenſable condition of Social Advancement, and of the progreſs of a people toward a ſtate of equipoiſe, without ſtagnation.

Religious differences, well defined, firmly main-

tained, and freely developed, and in such a condition that they are not merely *elements*, but are *energies* within the social mass, when duly attempered, stand, if not *foremost*, yet quite *prominent*, among the forces that are carrying us forward toward a higher civilization. This due temperament, or this balancing of these energies implies such things as these:—first, there must be, on the side of *abatement*, or, let us say, of *safety*—the prevalent secular good sense of the mass of the people—there must be a homely right feeling abroad, which is always ready to act as a rebuke and as a check upon religious violences, upon extravagancies, upon absurdities, of all species; and which expresses itself (too rudely perhaps sometimes) through that harsh-toned wind-instrument—the Newspaper. But on the side of abatement we need also, what is far better, and which is every way approvable, namely—a genuine catholicity of feeling—a properly Christian mood, pervading the religious community, and favoured always by the few better-minded leaders of each party, and which, at this time, is much promoted by those evangelical combinations that call forth large sympathies, philanthropies, melting compassions, strong enough to overflow all embankments.

But there must also be present *a conservative*, and, so far, *a mutually repulsive* energy; and it must be in operation beneath the surface of the several communions; for if there be not this

repulſive conſervatiſm, or if religious indifferentiſm ſhould prevail on all ſides, and if what are conventionally ſtyled "minor differences" ſhould come to be regarded as matters of *no* importance, if truth, even in ſmall things, ſhould fall into diſeſteem, then, as is evident, the *energy* of theſe ſeveral elements has paſſed away; religious profeſſion, as related to modifications of belief, and to modes of government and worſhip, has become flaccid; and thenceforward religious differences, having ceaſed to act as *impulſes*, are left to reſt upon the ſurface of ſociety as ſo many dead encumbrances:—they are the *débris* of the old red ſandſtone, and of the granite of a remote era of religious earneſtneſs.

In abatement of the mortification one may have felt in liſtening to the vivacity and the eagerneſs of certain religious perſuaſions, pleading for themſelves upon very nugatory argumentative grounds —conſiderations of this order may take effect. We may remember that, apart from this pertinacity of a narrow-going logic, the needful vitality of theſe elements would be gone. Convince the zealous upholder of certain forms and modes that he "diſquiets himſelf in vain," and in doing ſo you unnerve him; expand his views, and you induce upon him a faintneſs, and he becomes, if more of a philoſopher, yet leſs of an efficient force within the great mechaniſm of our ſocial exiſtence.

It is unavoidable in treating ſubjects of this

kind, ſuch as they appear when ſeen from the ſecular point of view, that we ſhould ſpeak of what is ordinarily regarded from quite another point of view, in a ſtyle which may alarm or offend ſome Chriſtian people. Yet the nervous apprehenſion of doing ſo—the over caution, and the timidity, leading toward *evaſiveneſs*, which thence would take its riſe, brings with it a danger of a more ſerious kind—even the riſk of generating, in other minds, a ſuſpicion as to Chriſtianity itſelf. An even-paced courage, founded upon knowledge, muſt always be ſafe.

Antagoniſtic elements of one kind often overlap, or dove-tail into, antagoniſtic elements of another kind. It is thus that, within the Britiſh commonwealth, the nationalities intermix with the religious differences—more or leſs ſo. So it is with Scotland and its puritaniſm, ſpread over England in its nonconformity; and with Ireland, and its romaniſm, ſpread over England in its noble families and its gentry, ſtill adhering to the faith of 1500. There is another interlacing which needs to be mentioned, although it has ceaſed to be of much importance: this is that of the religious elements with the permanent partition of the Britiſh people into the three eſtates of the ariſtocracy, the mercantile or monied body, and the induſtrial —whether manufacturing, rural, or municipal— plough-driving, or ſhopkeeping. It is upon the broad baſis of this triform antagoniſm that Britiſh

energy, and its world-wide developments, take their ſtart. Should one of theſe principal elements of living power ever fall from its place, or forget itſelf—ſhould it become effete, or ſhould it ſuccumb to its oppoſite, England will be England no more: it will not, as now it is, be preſent on all ſhores; it will not, as now it is, be in command on all oceans:—thenceforward it muſt be looked for nowhere, but on the pages of tranſatlantic hiſtorians; for it will have loſt even its own literary exiſtence, along with its ſupremacy in arts and arms.

Everyone underſtands that the threefold conſtitution of the Britiſh commonwealth finds now no expreſſion of itſelf in the obſolete conſtitutional formula—the king, the lords, and the commons, of our earlier hiſtory. More real, and widely unlike each other are thoſe conditions under which ariſtocratic life, mercantile life, trading life, induſtrial life, rear and train the individual man, from his very babyhood to his ripe years. It can never be otherwiſe than that the *average man*—or, as we call him, the repreſentative man—of each of theſe orders, ſhall differ from his brethren of either of the other claſſes—ſhall differ, not only in a *marked* manner, but in a manner the characteriſtics of which are quite *indelible*. The inſtances muſt be rare in the extreme, if indeed any one ſuch inſtance could be adduced, in which theſe characteriſtics have been wholly effaced, either by ſignal

revolutions of fortune, or by the force of mind, in the individual man.

The permanence of these fixed distinctions affords therefore a ground of calculation as to the onward movements of the Social Mass. So long as these orders are maintained, each class will be working its destined effect upon the other classes, in the way of an emulative and a stimulative element. The others would not continue to be what they are, or what they may be severally, if any one of them were removed, or were to become unimportant. Under the now harmonious balancings of the several orders, this reciprocity, this invigorative interaction, is felt, and is recognized on all hands. The Industrial Class, especially, has so been brought into correspondence with the Aristocratic, as that there has been communicated to both, in different modes, a sort of galvanic impulse, which is greatly beneficial to both, and not less so to the loftier, than to the lower of the two.

There have indeed been times of peril when some real causes of disquiet, and some that were imaginary, have afforded to the crafty demagogue an occasion, which he has eagerly improved, for inflaming the industrial Mind. There have been moments when the equipoise of the system has been nearly overthrown, and when its utter ruin has come to be imminent. But the gloomy day passed over, and the morrow of England was fine.

Let it be affirmed, if it may with truth be

affirmed, that a high civilization is attainable, as well (or better) apart from Monarchy and Ariſtocracy, as with their preſence and help. The inſtance of any ſuch ſocial marvel, or of a Social Syſtem, thus fruſtrate—has yet to be produced from the book of Hiſtory. Meantime it ſhould be ſhown, in ſupport of a theory thus unauthenticated, that a clearly-defined element—intrinſically effective, as toward other elements—an element *the more*, would, if it were removed, or if it were rendered ineffective, leave the maſs by ſo much the more enriched, and by ſo much the better fitted for attaining an advanced civilization. To ſhow a probability on this ſide, in favour of a mere hypotheſis, would not be eaſy.

But does not every community contain a numerous claſs which has not been named in the above account of the ſtated conſtituents of the Social Syſtem? Aſſuredly it does. A claſs—heterogeneous and helpleſs, inorganic and unſerviceable, conſtituted of the uncounted multitude that has filtered down from out of the Induſtrial Claſs, *firſt*—and next, in a ſmaller proportion, from the trading claſs, and to ſome extent from the mercantile, and even, it may be, from the ariſtocratic claſſes.

The exiſtence of this inorganic multitude—this undefined, undefinable, unintended, and nevertheleſs this *conſtant* body, muſt be diſtinctly recognized in a community that would think itſelf to be

in a hopeful ſtate, and that believes itſelf to be progreſſive toward a higher civilization. And not merely muſt this multitude be recognized; but it muſt be held conſtantly in view;—it muſt be inceſſantly thought of; and in ſuch ways it muſt be cared for as may be approvable—*firſt*, on the grounds of an enlightened Chriſtian benevolence; and *ſecondly*, on the grounds of political ſcience;—or rather, on grounds whereupon the two ſpecies of influence may be found to coincide, and to harmonize.

A recognition of this mixed multitude—the camp-followers of ſocial order—conſtituted as it is of thoſe who bring with them—their humanity, and its urgent wants, and its miſeries, and theſe miſeries mixed up confuſedly with its individual wrongfulneſs—this recognition will lead on to another branch of our ſubject when we ſhall have to mention thoſe prevalent beliefs, or thoſe diffuſed habits of feeling—thoſe undefined moral principles, apart from which, or in their abſence, a community muſt not be allowed to ſpeak hopefully concerning itſelf.

IV.

It would be an idle occupation—in truth it would be a mockery—to ſpeculate, or to hold diſcourſe concerning the advancing civilization of a Community within which there exiſts, in a legalized

and authenticated form, any uſage that has been inherited from barbariſm, and that is a characteriſtic, and a cauſe, and a conſequence, of a low ſtage of ſocial life—a ſtage not far raiſed above the ſavage condition.

So long as barbariſm, in any one of its cuſtomary manifeſtations, is recognized by a State and by a people, with approval—ſo long as ſuch a uſage is not merely tolerated, but is pleaded for, and is boaſted of—ſo long muſt we continue to leave them out of our account, when we are conſidering the means and the conditions of national progreſs.

The exiſtence, in the boſom of a denſe population, of a large indigent claſs, enduring the extreme miſeries of want, and liable to the worſe wretchedneſs of moral ruin, is *believed* (whether on ſufficient grounds or not) to be everywhere an *inevitable* evil. Purely evil it is held to be; and as ſuch it is undeſired, it is unintended, it is diſallowed, it is diſapproved. None among us come forward to argue for it as a good, or to ſpeak of it as evil, in appearance only. This miſery of a claſs is the ſubject of earneſt inquiries—inquiries renewed with zeſt at ſhort intervals. Every one aſks—What is the remedy? What is it that can be done to remove, or to exclude entirely, or to mitigate this wretchedneſs, phyſical and moral? So far, then, there is a conſtant preſſure, tending toward the diminution, or the abſolute abolition of what all ſo much deplore.

How great ſoever may be the extent of the indigent claſs, or how deep ſoever the miſeries that are endured within its dark borders, it does not prohibit national progreſs ſo long as it is in this manner—as above ſaid—recognized, and deplored, and is ſubjected to remedial action—whether wiſely ordered, or otherwiſe.

The caſe is wholly different when the ſpectacle of national life preſents to view the terrible paradox of ſome barbaric uſage or inſtitution, which is recognized *as a good*, and is vaunted of as a glory—and is upheld with arrogant determination to conſerve it to the laſt.

Theſe relics of barbariſm may be enumerated thus—*Polygamy, Infanticide, Legalized Proſtitution, Capricious Divorce, Sanguinary and Immoral Games, Infliction of Torture, Wars of Rapacity, Caſte, and Slavery. In ſight of communities tolerating any one of theſe Plagues, philanthropy ſickens.

If the recognition and the authentication of any barbaric uſage bars the advance of a people, and poſtpones the conſideration of its future good, ſo may the exiſtence, within it, of a large indigent claſs, *if it be not thought of—if it is not cared for;* or if it be thought of, and cared for, only here and there, by a martyr-like philanthropiſt. The maſſes juſt above the miſerable loweſt, and from theſe to

* "Eſſays, etc." p. 345.

thoſe next above, even to the uppermoſt, muſt have become *formally* cognizant of this wretchedneſs near them; as well as incidentally informed concerning it. Each claſs, and each in its own manner, muſt have given ear willingly to thoſe who have dived into the abyſs, and have come up to make their report concerning its woes. There muſt pervade the ſeveral ſuperincumbent orders, a ſenſitiveneſs, a diſquietude, a reſtleſs deſire to find and to apply practicable remedies; and there muſt be a willingneſs to render ſubſtantial aid in whatever mode has been found to be the moſt approvable. If this be the mind and feeling of the ſeveral eſtates of the commonwealth, as toward the helpleſs and miſerable, then its own progreſs may well be regarded as hopeful. Certainly not if it be otherwiſe.

The remedial means that may have been recommended, and reſorted to, at the firſt impulſe of this humane diſquietude, were perhaps ſuch as muſt be diſallowed, for they were ill-judged and ineffective; or they may even be of a kind that is likely to aggravate, more than to alleviate, the evils in view. All this may be; and ſuch unapproved movements are a probable conſequence of the unlooked-for diſcloſure of thoſe appalling facts which benevolent zeal has diſcloſed. Sudden revelations of extreme miſery give riſe to temporizing expedients for its relief. Such things may be; and worſe woes may ſpring up to aſtound thoſe who had expected to bring home a golden harveſt. Yet

notwithſtanding a ſeries of diſappointments, good muſt enſue in the end, ſo long as the national ſenſitiveneſs, in regard to the lot of helpleſs thouſands, is maintained in its due vivacity.

What then does this Senſitiveneſs—this humane conſciouſneſs imply? And what are the remedial courſes to which it will give riſe? And in what modes will any ſuch means actually take effect? Queſtions a reply to which will beſt be given, informally, and in ſuch manner as to interweave the various matters that are therein involved.

Writers of a certain claſs in the department of political economy demand an unconditional aſſent to axioms concerning the phyſical and the moral well-being of a people, which axioms they affirm to be demonſtrably true, and which moreover are of a kind that comes within the province of arithmetic to make intelligible; and ſo it would be, if only human nature and horſe nature might properly be treated of in the ſame modes of expreſſion, and might be ſubjected to the ſame formulæ. We underſtand human nature otherwiſe. There can be no queſtion thus far, that whatever *per centage* of the population it is which is found, at any time, to belong to the indigent caſte, and whatever may be the depth of its wretchedneſs, and the meaſure of its deſtitution, theſe things are products of cauſes that are calculable to a great extent. The *ratio* of increaſe in the population —the cauſes which are regulative of wages—the

revolutions and viciſſitudes of manufactures—the turn of foreign trade and commerce, and the balancings of the energies of neighbouring nations, are intelligible cauſes of the increaſe, or of the decreaſe of deſtitution in the loweſt claſs, as they are of comfort, or of diſtreſs in the induſtrial and trading claſs. Influences like theſe, and many there are that have equal claims to be conſidered, concur to render the reaſonings of Political Economy infinitely complicated, and, to a great extent, precarious and diſappointing. A reſult approximately true is the beſt that ought to be looked for, as likely to reward the labours of thoſe who, diſdaining to ſee in human nature anything which figures will not ſymbolize, or which tables will not bring under the eye, are driven in upon the fallacies of a hypothetic philoſophy.

The actual number of the indigent in a community, and the quality of the miſery that is endured by them, are determined, as much by influences that are undefinable, as they are by cauſes that may be ſpecified, and meaſured, and numbered. The condition of thoſe who float, or who are driven, hither and thither, outſide of the pale of Induſtrial Order, ſtands related to the ſtate of feeling and opinion, and to the domeſtic habits, and the modes of life that prevail in the claſs proximate to theſe outcaſts: that is to ſay, the claſs from which, *chiefly*, though not ſolely, theſe outcaſts drop off, one by one, into the abyſs.

A proceſs of diſintegration is always going on upon the lower ſurface of the loweſt *induſtrial* claſs, which augments the inorganic maſs beneath; but at what rate it ſhall make theſe augments depends greatly upon the habits and the feeling which pervade that penultimate claſs.

The feeling and habits of *this* claſs are the conſequence of what is prevalent in the claſs next above this, and which we might deſignate as the antepenultimate. And thus ſhould we aſcend, in ſearch of the effective opinion of the community, from rank to rank, and we ſhall find it to be the moſt effective in the middle zone of ſocial conſciouſneſs—the region of thoughtful and enterpriſing ſympathy. We ſhall find effective ſympathies on that level where education, and a ſenſe of reſponſibility, and the wider range of thought that attaches to the diſcharge of public functions, are at the beſt. It will be on *that* level that we muſt find—if anywhere—a feeling concerning THE DUES OF HUMANITY which will operate, with more or leſs force, as a regulative cauſe, determining the actual conditions of human life, down to its loweſt ranges. What theſe conditions are will, in ſome degree, depend upon the feeling of the community as to what they ought to be.

What then ſhould the Dues of Humanity include? Certainly we intend by this phraſe no ſuch things as are cuſtomarily claimed for "every

citizen," by political theoriſts, or ſuch as are noiſed by ſelf-ſeeking demagogues. Let political rights be pleaded for, where rights can, to ſome good purpoſe, be argued, and aſcertained—in ſenates, and in newſpapers. Such rights as theſe can be claimed in behalf only of about a twenty per cent. of the wretched—namely, the adult males among them —the able-bodied, and thoſe who, for the moſt part, if they were to receive *their* dues, muſt accept them in the ſhape of chaſtiſement for vagabondiſm.

Thoſe Dues of Humanity which we have to claim are to be claimed in behalf of the helpleſs woman, and of her luckleſs infants, and of the maimed, and of the ſick, and of the imbecile, and of the aged ;—a great multitude it is, and ſuch it will be, wherever millions of people are denſely congregated. Theſe then are our clients; but what is it that we are intending to claim for them?

Is it Parochial Relief?—This is accorded already; and it actually meets a ſmall portion of the multitude, and to theſe it affords the *ſtatuteable minimum* of ſupply for the animal neceſſities of human nature. Is what we claim that which may be afforded within eleemoſynary eſtabliſhments? This ſource alſo does its part, through the filtration of truſteeſhips, and of official favouritiſm. Is it the miniſtrations of caſual and private charity? It is theſe; but it is much more than theſe.

Whether or not the promptings and the im-

pulſes of a ſenſitive philanthropy can be realized in particular inſtances—whether or not the wretchedneſs which we come to the knowledge of may be aſſuaged, at this moment; or if not to-day —ſoon, yet there remains, to demand inceſſant thought, the condition of thoſe who are deſtitute of what we have deſignated as the Dues of Humanity; and theſe dues include thoſe undefined, and undefinable good things of life—good things, as well for the body as the ſoul—thoſe comforts, thoſe decencies, thoſe natural enjoyments, thoſe endearments, thoſe means of preſent well-being, thoſe hopes and poſſibilities of improvement, which, when the miſerable are in our view, float before us, dimly ſeen, and which, in fact, are a refraction from everyone's perſonal conſciouſneſs of comfort, and of ſufficiency, and of hopefulneſs. Tacitly, we demand, for whoever is miſerable, ſuch things as make the difference between their lot and our own.

Every humane and ſenſitive mind carries about it its individual idea, or its unexpreſſed conception of what is due to humanity; not as to factitious wants; but as to ſuch as are univerſal and ſubſtantial. There is a condition, animal—moral—intellectual, which each of us holds before himſelf, as hypothetically fitting to human nature—*proper* to it;—it is, in *my* eſtimate, a minimum of good, leſs than which, if we find any in human form wanting it, the ſpectacle can never be regarded without a pun-

gent diſtreſs—it is a ſpectacle that is intolerable; and yet it is not to be driven off with a ſelfiſh ſhrug; but rather is to be thought of, until the remedy be found and applied.

The Dues of Humanity are—whatever thoſe things are which go to make up, in each mind, the abſtract conception of the lot of our fellows, according to our individual ſenſitiveneſs, and our conſtitutional power of ſympathy, and the meaſure of our compaſſions—everyone's "bowels of mercies." If it be ſo, and if, for the recognition of the indigent and the outcaſt claſs, and for the effectiveneſs of any remedial means, we are to look to the diffuſed humane feeling of the claſſes next above the loweſt, then, in aiming at the progreſſive civilization of a people, *the foremoſt care* ſhould be given to whatever tends to cheriſh and to enhance the ſenſitiveneſs of *that* claſs; and therefore it is that care ſhould be taken to controvert, or to prevent the defuſion among them, of the vilifying doctrines of materialiſm.

There is a momentous truth, although it is vaguely expreſſed, in the aphoriſm—Men will be, whatever you think them to be; or, otherwiſe worded—Human Nature riſes, and it falls, in its phyſical, and in its moral condition, in accordance with popular beliefs concerning it. Think ill of all the world, and of thoſe around you, and they will not fail to juſtify your eſtimate of them. So it is undoubtedly within the domeſtic circle:

children, ſervants, *are* falſe, fraudful, foul, if the miſanthropic man, who is father and maſter, lets fall among them, in his outbreaks of paſſion, his opinion that they are ſo.

On this ground it is that Chriſtianity works its way in Chriſtianizing a community—if only it have free ſcope. It does this, not by glozing the evil that is in the world; not by extenuating, or by exaggerating the damage which human nature has ſuſtained; but it does ſo by raiſing, in all minds, the ideal of human nature; by enhancing, to the utmoſt intenſity, the conſciouſneſs of the difference between good and evil, and the after iſſues of both; by opening the gate of immortality to the moſt degraded of beings; and not the leaſt —by giving force to thoſe emotions that are needed for ſurmounting the diſguſts and averſions that hedge off the wretched near us. Precepts, enjoining acts of mercy, take effect upon conſciences, and they wring alms out of grudging natures; but a CHRISTIAN SENSITIVENESS toward moral degradation and toward bodily ſuffering takes effect upon better—upon loftier natures, and in its reſults it immeaſurably goes beyond the range of any formal commandment, or any motive of fear.

The heterogeneous indigent multitude—everywhere wearing nearly the ſame aſpect of ſqualor—requires that ſome diſtinctions ſhould be regarded as to its conſtituents. There are depths, and there are ſtill lower depths, of miſery—miſery

which is *the fixed lot* of thouſands of the people. At the very loweſt level, or on the baſement of the pit, there are thoſe—nor is it known what proportion they bear to the whole, who may be deſignated as the Aborigines of Woe-land — born they were in it; trained in it; habituated are they to the ſullen modes of a ſavage exiſtence; they have known no other mode; and the conſequent unconſciouſneſs of their condition is that which is the moſt characteriſtic of theſe natives of the den. It is this want of the "Woe is me!" that renders their recovery ſo hopeleſs. As to any fragmentary elements of the religious conſciouſneſs, ſcarcely are any ſuch fragments diſcoverable in this caſte. Whatever is done for them muſt be applied as by force:—never will ſuch miniſtrations be invited; and therefore it is that a diſtinct recognition of the exiſtence, and the nearneſs to us, of ſuch a claſs ſhould be regarded as the firſt poſtulate of popular civilization. Where no ſuch recognition has been made, and where nothing has been attempted for the removal of ſavage life from the heart of great cities, no boaſt can rightfully be made on behalf of a people as if they were moving in an onward courſe. Let us rather bluſh for whatever ſeems to be great and proſperous, until we have taken *this* work in hand; and until we ſhall be doing it to purpoſe.

Preſenting itſelf under nearly the ſame aſpects—clad in the ſame diſmal coſtumes—there are very

many of quite another order. Theſe are thoſe who, one by one, or three or five together, banded in misfortune, have fallen out of place in the claſs to which they belong by birth and habits. "Oh yes, but you may ſpare your pity as to ſuch perſons; for let me tell you, you ſhall find that nineteen out of every twenty of ſuch miſerables have come to be where they are more by their own fault than by any mere misfortune." We grant you it is ſo; or it may be ſo; what you affirm is, you ſay, the "reſult of your careful inquiries;" take it then, take this "reſult," to yourſelf, and wear it as your "mackintoſh," proof againſt twinges of conſcience, and againſt importunities alſo;—take it—the bell rings for dinner; begone—there is ſoup, fiſh, viands, *entremêts*, game, paſtry, wines and the deſſert;—at any rate, ſtand out of our way; for theſe miſerables are at the door, and we muſt help them.

We are now in queſt of thoſe—alas, it is ſo!—of whom we ſhall find very many, extended—prone or ſupine, upon the cold clay of hunger and raggedneſs:—there they are—perhaps by their fault—it is likely! Faults of what ſort? Such as inconſequence in their habits of thinking and acting;—mindleſſneſs;—obduracy;—petulance;—or worſe than theſe—faults of a ſort that are cognizable by law;—falls, and faults, for which the conſtitutions of ſociety provide no place of repentance. There they are—their faults, and their miſfortunes on their heads; a tangled maſs it is, which,

as no human ſagacity can ever avail to ſet off the one from the other, muſt be accepted in the lump, and muſt be allowed to ſtand in Mercy's book, as plea for help. Sins, imprudences, ſorrows—warp and woof, a many-coloured garb of miſery; we ſhall gain nothing by pulling it thread from thread.

But look now into the weltered hearts, and into the blighted memories of thoſe whom we have thus gathered from out of the thouſands of the loſt and wretched. The heart, and the memory—both are broken and ſhivered—ſhall ſhow you, if you could but ſee it—pictures of homes, and of the dead, who were once the light and life of the home. There will be glimpſes of gay gardens, and remembrances of fire-ſide circles; there will be ſomething of Sunday hours, and of church-going uſages; there will be bits and ſnatches of all things that are the pureſt and the brighteſt belonging to earth; there will be gleams, fading, and always fading, more and more, of a future life—a heaven that once was ſpoken of in aſſured tranquil tones, as the "where we ſhall all meet again." Alas! the cruel intenſity of every day's miſery, through long years, has preſſed all hopes—earthly and unearthly together—from out of the blaſted and blighted and torn up nature! In thought of ſuch as theſe—and in every city or town ſcores and hundreds may be found within fifteen minutes' walk of you—in ſearch of ſuch as theſe, do not delay to go out; find them, and do what may be done to turn

their feet toward the path whereupon the Dues of Humanity ſhall come again within their reach.

VI.

In modes that ſtand clear of reaſonable blame on the part of Political Economiſts, or of the profeſſors of Social Science, great progreſs may be made—not, indeed, in the abolition of poverty—not in the extinction of crime; but in narrowing the field of both, by inceſſant encroachments—inch by inch, and in the preſſure upon them of ſuch forces as are quite at our command. Improved methods of doing what has hitherto been done—ſyſtem—intelligent adaptation of ſimple expedients—combination in benevolent enterpriſes, theſe things have become the characteriſtics of the times preſent; and they are its bright points of hope, as to national progreſs: they are means of reform, of the efficacy of which we are only juſt now beginning to form ſome conception. Carried forward with an always increaſing earneſtneſs, animated by unlooked for ſucceſſes, greater things will be achieved in the next twenty years than even the moſt ſanguine are ſurmiſing.

The *firſt want*, in the proſpect of effecting ſuch reforms, is—a thorough exploration of—what ſhall we call it?—the dark region of dens in cities; or, as already named, that Woe-land which ſpreads its acres, in and out, among the ſquares, and the

parades where comfort and luxury make their abode. Whatever is actually doing in this proceſs of exploration is to be commended, and to be promoted, and to be urged forward—ſpite of ſcruples. Whatever is done, conformably with order, and alſo nonconformably with order—regularly and irregularly — judiciouſly and injudiciouſly — all will be too little: — Church, and police, and committees, and aſſociations, and individual kind-heartedneſs — all, and much more is needed, ſo that at laſt the meaſure of miſery anear us may be correctly taken; ſo that the depth of the abyſs may be fathomed; and all may be known — the worſt known. *Known* it muſt be; but under what conditions, and under what reſtraints of propriety *blazoned*, and put into print, is another matter; nor has *this* always been duly thought of.

An extenſive and *exact* knowledge of the *habitual miſery* that lurks in towns and cities, as it does alſo in rural diſtricts, may undoubtedly be acquired; and it may come before us, as does the locality of epidemics, within calculable limits. Evil and ſuffering are vaſt in this world; but they are not illimitable; they are not infinite; and it is a great ſolace to think of them, as one might ſay, *topographically*. A deadly miaſma has its area, its ſkirts, and its altitude; it may be laid down upon a map; and it may be ſhown in ſection. Thus alſo, and with little abatement as to the preciſion of the terms we uſe, may the cubic contents of the wretchedneſs of cities be found and recorded.

Theſe things known, then the good ſenſe, and the practical ability of inſtructed philanthropiſts takes in hand a taſk that is difficult indeed, but which is far from being hopeleſs. Miſery and ſtarvation are houſed *ſomewhere;* and how vile ſoever its domicile may be, and however ſmall the rent it pays for the ſhelter it uſes, that rent may be made an equivalent for *a home*—weather proof, periodically cleanſed, and ſuch as that a regard to the decorums of a better condition ſhall be therein poſſible. Suffering and want have put off half their horrors when they have been led forth from a filthy den, and have betaken themſelves to a room which a little would make to look home-like.

No improper interference with "the labour market," no tampering with the ſelf-reliant principle—which muſt not in any way be enervated—nothing blameworthy is involved in advancing a ſtep or two beyond this—of the demolition of dens. It comes within the admitted offices of Government—Government in a country jealous of its liberties, and averſe to centralization—to interdict, and actually to *prevent*, the bringing to market of vile and poiſonous articles of food. Thus one other of the horrors of indigence may be put out of the way of its victims by the arm of the public force. Vile and poiſonous food is not *cheaper* than what is wholeſome: it is far dearer; and all the difference goes into the hands of the murderous ruffians that live by ſupplying the worſe, and charging the price of the better.

Always, or almoſt always, it is the purchaſer of the very vileſt refuſe—it is he who buys the caſt-off caſt-offs that pays an extortion price—the ſeventy or eighty per cent. upon the real value, and the fair dealer's profit. If great prices are paid for articles of luxury which carry a faſhion premium upon them, it is a ſtill more exorbitant price that is paid for articles which would never find a purchaſer at all, if the actual purchaſer were not at the inſtant periſhing for the want of them.

How far ſhall it be poſſible to meet the dealers in ſuch things in their own market, and to drive them out of it in the way of honeſt competition? —this is a queſtion too complicated for a diſcuſſion of it in this place. But it is a queſtion to which attention might well be given.

In a word, wretchedneſs and deſtitution, however extenſive and extreme they are, may be numbered, and meaſured, and reported of;—and although Miſery is not to be defended againſt *itſelf*, it may undoubtedly be defended againſt the cannibals that fatten upon it. This is a rule—That as the gains of the rapacious are always enormous, there is therefore always room for a fair profit, if any will ſtep in to drive the extortioner out of his field. And yet no ſuch competition is likely to be entered upon apart from benevolent interference. Direct motives of trade will not avail for meeting occaſions of this kind. Nevertheleſs it does come within limits of reaſon-

able hope that thoſe who have already made ſucceſsful inroads upon ſuch extortions in one line—the "Home"—ſhould attempt it in another;—not as if for gain, but for leſſening and leſſening—by little and little, the worſt miſeries of miſery.

Thus to border evils which we may not hope to remove entirely, and thus to mitigate ſufferings which will ſtill cling to the lot of man, and thus to ſubtract—one by one—ills from ills, is indeed a good work, and, unleſs it be always a-doing, no boaſtings of national progreſs can be liſtened to.

But ſtill better were it to apply ourſelves to that undermoſt ſurface of the induſtrial maſs throughout the extent of which the proceſs of diſintegration is continually going on. The wages of thoſe ſpecies of labour that are of the loweſt, or of the meaneſt kinds, and eſpecially the hand-work of women, and of children, and of the infirm, will always tend to ſtand at a level which is by only an inappreciable diſtance higher than the ſtarvation mark. It is on this ſtage that the helpleſs—and there are thouſands of them in cities—encounter the Employer—even the man who is the brother, or the couſin, or the "AND CO." of the proviſion dealer—the dealer in thoſe poiſonous abominations, to obtain which thoſe who purchaſe muſt work twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

It would be both a weakneſs and a deluſion to look for any ſort of remorſe or compunction on the part either of the Proviſion Dealer, or of his

partner—the Employer—in these instances; we may be sure they will both of them go on to ply their trades, each after his fashion; nor are there now any reasonable men—philanthropists—who would attempt to forbid these barbarities by Acts of Parliament; as if there might be a *minimum* price of food affixed in the market; or a *minimum* of wages prescribed by statutes; or a rule—universal—as to hours of labour. We must wage war upon extortioners in another manner. We must seek to drive them out of their gains on other ground, and we must do so on principles which will not involve a prejudicial reaction—a "leaving things worse than we found them."

Obvious are the means of righting the labour market by systematic emigration, on the one hand; and, on the other hand, by opening up new occupations, adapted to women; and they must be such occupations as shall leave the woman—a woman still. But neither of these remedial processes will be put effectively in course, or will be successfully carried forward, and persisted in, if left to be brought about at the instigation of the direct motives of Industrial or Commercial enterprise. It is just at this point that the principles of Political Economy must be—not contravened, not violated—but SUPPLEMENTED. It is here that those (few they may be) who will take thought for the morrow of the helpless around them, may well—and in truth they *must* do it—come in, to assume to

themſelves a taſk which none but themſelves will ever achieve. In any caſe, when what we have to do with is a maſs of heterogeneous elements, the Sciences that relate to theſe elements muſt part off, and each muſt deal, in its own manner, *with its own matters*. The ſocial body muſt thus be dealt with; and human nature, in all caſes, muſt thus be treated—and not be treated as if the reaſons, the influences, the tendencies affecting it, were all of one order:—they are not ſo—they are diverſe; and to treat human nature as if its well-being were a ſimple element, is a miſchievous quackery.

Philanthropiſts—men who are not ſchemers, but are well inſtructed in Political Economy—men who are not reſolved to effectuate, each his crotchet, but are informed, and temperate, and wiſe, and who are modeſt enough to make a halt, and to retrace their ſteps, when there may be reaſon to do ſo:—it is ſuch men who muſt do the things that are needed to be done, for the purpoſe of thwarting and of overthrowing the monſters of whom the helpleſs, in cities, are the victims. It is ſuch men who muſt enter, and who will riſk themſelves in entering, the cavern where cruelty is gorging itſelf upon its victims, and they will thence "lead captivity captive."

Nothing can be more futile than the attempt to *make* employments for the unemployed; and nothing that is *factitious* can become a laſting

good. Nor must it be attempted to *take* employment out of the hands of those who have it, for the purpose of giving it to our pets—our election. But what may be done is—to carry forward the principle of the division of labour, by releasing from his species of labour a man who, in fact, possesses more mind and strength than his occupation calls for; and by bringing into his place those who will find it to be just the equivalent of their powers of mind and of body.

Those who, in some good degree, are conversant with the wide range of the industrial arts—the vast field of manufacturing and of decorative labour, as carried on in towns—must be aware of the fact, that, notwithstanding the much that has been said of late of those admirable adjustments which give effect to the Division of Labour, these adaptations actually take effect very partially. Single manufactures which, through a course of years, have drawn upon themselves the concentrated attention of a series of intelligent managers, have reached, perhaps, the highest possible point of perfection in relation to the division of labour. This point has been attained under the continuous pressure of competition in price: to undersell our rivals, at home or abroad, in a particular article, has led—or we may say, driven—the manufacturer to extend and to attenuate his processes, in the allotment of tasks, to an extreme point. But now, for one branch of manufacture which has received,

point. But now, for one branch of manufacture which has received, in full, the benefit of this ſubdiviſion, a dozen might be found in which it has not hitherto been made available much beyond the rudeſt ſtages of obſolete proceſſes.

What is the inference but this? That, greatly to the advantage of the community—greatly to the augmentation of the annual product of the national induſtry—greatly to the benefit of the *loweſt rank* of thoſe who live by labour, the principle of the Diviſion of Labour might yet be applied to the induſtrial and the decorative arts; and that, if ſo applied in the mode of a gradual—a year-by-year extenſion of it—and if this proceſs were going on, without noiſe, over a field ſo incalculably extenſive as is the manufacturing and artiſtic induſtry of England, it would abſorb—or better, it would always be in courſe of abſorbing—the lower-claſs labour, everywhere; that eſpecially of women and children which would come into requeſt, and thus theſe would be able to live by their hands; this would come about; and, in conſequence of ſuch a change, this, among many other things muſt enſue, that the making of a ſhirt muſt thenceforward be paid for at a rate which would not inflict a ſlow death by torture upon the needlewoman!

How are changes of *this* ſort to be initiated? It will never be if we wait in reliance upon the fallacious doctrine, that manufacturers are always quick to ſee their intereſts, and that they will

deviſe and avail themſelves of, every beneficial reform, without our bidding. It may be ſo in three inſtances, or in five; but it will not be ſo in the twenty inſtances to which attention has not as yet been forcibly directed. Here again cauſes of one kind muſt be ſupplemented by bringing to bear upon them a cauſation of another kind. The force of public opinion, inſtigated and directed by men of intelligence, is needed for overcoming the ſluggiſhneſs, the ſtupidity, the *vis inertiæ*, of thoſe who, in purſuit of the *neareſt* of their intereſts, become unconſcious of ſurer and greater intereſts, which ſtand a little way remote from their daily proſpect.

In reſpect then of the progreſſive well-being of the lower ſtratum of a denſe population, there muſt be preſent, and there muſt be available, a thoughtful philanthropy, giving head, with a ſteady vigilance, to thoſe intereſts of the *helpleſs claſs*, which will never be promoted, or ſecured, by the ſpontaneous operation of any laws with which political economy concerns itſelf. THE DUES OF HUMANITY muſt be looked after, and muſt be cared for, by the HUMANE. We have need only of this caution in aiming to ſet philanthropy to work for the good of the helpleſs—that it ſhould not ſo miſunderſtand its function as to undertake to manage the intereſts of thoſe next above the helpleſs, who may, and who muſt, help themſelves: otherwiſe than as hereafter to be mentioned.

VI.

At this time the ſeveral orders of the Commonwealth—the privileged and the induſtrial—do not ſtand, as once they did, arrayed againſt each other in hoſtile purpoſe, or in deadly hate. The overthrow of public order is not threatened, as once it was, by popular impatience of the dignities and ſplendours of the ariſtocracy. So far then the State-ſocial is in equilibrium. But it is leſs ſo, it is leſs *at reſt*, in the interior of the Induſtrial Claſs.

Inteſtinal diſcords, ſpringing from inveterate miſapprehenſions of their common intereſts, ſtill drive the employed in upon the employer, to the equal injury of both. Here again, therefore, national boaſting muſt be deferred, until the evil demon of labour-prejudice has been expelled; and until the miſ-judging wage-takers have come to a better mind. This is not the place for diſcuſſing political economy queſtions. The infatuations which beſet the walks of labour will in time work themſelves off, and demonſtrate, in the view of all concerned, their own miſchievous properties. Miſapprehenſions prevalent *within a claſs* meet their correction by aid of the good ſenſe of the next neighbouring claſs—brought to bear upon it, juſt where it is needed, in the ſpontaneous utterances of Public Opinion—the common-ſenſe of what is right and reaſonable, expreſſed by thoſe whoſe own immediate intereſts are not touched

in the particular matter in queſtion. Privatequ arrels, as well as what may be called inteſtinal diſagreements, ſooner or later, where the Preſs is free, are ſubjected to a ſort of trial by jury: it is a jury unſworn, an dunempanelled, but not, therefore, the leſs likely to be heeded in its deciſions. The uſeful conditions of this ſpontaneouſly-conſtituted body are theſe three:—*firſt*, that the crotchetty one or two out of a dozen are not permitted to thwart the common reaſon of the ten or eleven by their folly, and their pig-headedneſs; *ſecondly*, that the majority is not reckoned by polls, but by brains; and *thirdly*, that the verdict is always a *mixed verdict;* it is a verdict with conditions attached—reſembling more a Judgment delivered in Equity, with reaſons given, than the bare *yea* or *nay* which the foreman delivers for himſelf and his colleagues, when he returns into Court.

This Public Opinion, when it takes effect upon minor intereſts, and does not relate to thoſe deeper Political Queſtions which are driven forward toward a precipitate iſſue by factions, and which are myſtified by demagogues, is uſually the opinion and the judgment of the calm-minded, becauſe they are the *non-intereſted*, upon ſome partial intereſt. It is the judgment, moſt often, of the beſt-informed perſons of the community; and it is a judgment which ſinks ſo much the deeper into the ears and hearts of thoſe concerned, becauſe it carries with it no other weight than that which may belong to it in mere reaſon.

Public opinion—floating and winded about in the unpremeditated utterances of all men—abroad and at home, is at once ſwayed by the organs through which it proclaims itſelf, namely, the Periodic Preſs; and again ſways the *printed mind*, which that mind aſſumes to lead. Reciprocally leading, and led, public opinion, and the periodic preſs, bring themſelves, by a proceſs of unauthentic arbitration, to a ſubſtantial agreement. That which the editor ſays is moſt often an amended product; for on his ſide it is a compromiſe between his earlier and his later deciſions; or it is a reviſed edition to-day of his utterance yeſterday; and on the ſide of the public, the readers, who have heard alſo what other editors may ſay, the mind they come to is likely to be a near approximation to reaſon, as related to the particular matter in hand: — the particular matter in hand — a private wrong, or right; or a ſectional antagoniſm; for it is far from being true that, in relation to organic conſtitutional queſtions, the better reaſon is ſure to get the uppermoſt. In this higher region, a people is ever moving this way, or that way, at the mercy of profound cauſes—cauſes which take effect in the courſe of two or three generations, and which lie as much beyond control as they are beyond knowledge; they are ſecular deſtinies; they may intend progreſs; or it is as likely that they may iſſue in ſocial diſſolution.

To return, for a moment, to ſuch matters as

may well come under the jurisdiction of Diurnal Public Opinion, and in relation to which the Press ordinarily exercises its function in an auspicious manner. Within the limits of this designation, as we have said, come the merits and the misdoings of individual public persons, which in the end are equitably dealt with. Then come those cases of intestinal antagonism—such as are the disagreements between masters and men, or between rival combinations—already alluded to; then those instances in which the better-informed members of the community take it in hand to promote the interests, to enhance the comforts, to substantiate the wealth, to secure the health, to regulate and improve the amusements and the enjoyments of the less well-informed classes; this sort of intervention is over and beyond that already considered, in which the benevolent move forward for the help of the destitute, and at the summons of outraged humanity.

A marked indication it is of the advance of a People toward a higher Civilization, when the Periodic Press assigns a fair proportion of its type-filled area to subjects of these several classes—namely, to projects, schemes, suggestions, the professed intention of which is to aid the industrial, and the small-trading members of the community in their efforts to take care of themselves. It is thus that at once the natural tendency to save and to hoard, and the natural tendency

alſo to ſpend and to enjoy, have both been met, and cheriſhed. And thus, too, the health of thoſe confined to large towns has been cared for; and thus that recreations of a humanizing, not of a brutalizing kind, have, on ſo large a ſcale, been provided. All theſe things are recent; many of us remember the earlieſt of theſe liberal movements, and well remember, alſo, thoſe barbarities, a very ſelective deſcription of which is enough to horrify a modern family circle. It is far from being true that the *morals* of the lower and middle claſſes have advanced in a ratio at all equal to that in which their viſible civilization has undergone improvement. It is not ſo; and yet this viſible civilization is by itſelf an incalculable gain. This gain and this advancement are mainly attributable to what we have mentioned—the thoughtful regard of the better-informed claſſes, turned toward the intereſts and the enjoyments of the leſs well-informed.

Vaſtly more has been boaſted of than common ſenſe and facts would warrant, concerning the efficacy of Fine Art Exhibitions, and of Muſeums, in "culturing the taſte" of the induſtrial claſſes. The Labourer—in any line below the profeſſional—if indeed Nature has ſo gifted him as that he, individually, may come to poſſeſs a cultured taſte, and a refined ſenſe of beauty in Art and Poetry—is a man who ſhould be moved up until he reaches a level where ſuch taſtes may be indulged, and

where they will not be his disparagement as a workman—his torture—his tax; in a word, his misfortune. If a rise in his case be quite impossible, then the frustrated faculty which Nature has bestowed is a discount to be reckoned off from his sum of happiness.

Lectures, Exhibitions, Museums, Galleries of Art, and Intellectual Entertainments, as related to the industrial and trading classes, are incidental aids in carrying forward a People's civilization, and they may be so in one mode, the mention of which may, perhaps, be resented as frivolous. These assemblages—or some of them do so—bring into contiguity, in a tranquil sedative mood, the two far-apart elements of the social body—namely, those who visit the Museum, the Exhibition, the Palace, the Botanic Garden, to spend a holiday, wrung out of the year, once or twice, or more, and those who come there to lounge away the heavy portions of a life of days and hours, at their own disposal. In and out upon the same boards pass these widely-diffimilar, and, in fact, alienated inheritors of the same nature; thus do they wander over the surface, like sparks upon a tinder-paper. Well would it be if directors, instead of going about to segregate, more and more, the two communions—the labouring and the leisurely—would aim rather to bring about these intermixtures of ranks.

Juxtapositions of this kind may, or they might

be, beneficial to ſome of the leiſure claſs; but greatly advantageous may they be to many of the labour claſs. Partly it will be ſo in teaching theſe to emulate thoſe, and even to *perſonate* them in attire, in toilette-making, in geſture, in utterance, in ſpoken Engliſh; all this is ſomething gained, for as to the affectation it may bring with it, this, in a broad view of a people's welfare, is an evil, if indeed an evil, which is of no account. Let theſe apings be abſurd—the abſurdity does not go deep; and it coſts little, or nothing; the imitation is a ſpur to ambition, and ſo to induſtry, and to enterpriſe, and to a gainful ſpecies of ſpending. The induſtrious —the elder and the younger—will make renewed efforts to command mere decorations; and the product of ſuch enhanced endeavours will greatly overbalance what may have been laviſhed upon vanity.

The promiſcuouſneſs of theſe aſſemblages upon the floors of Muſeums and Cryſtal Palaces, has another, and a more ſubſtantial good reſult—a reſult which tends powerfully to carry forward the civilizing of the maſs of the people—the million. For receiving that benefit of this intermixture which has already been mentioned, there is needed the *upward looking* tendency—the admiration ſentiment in human nature; and on this ground we calculate upon the "organ of veneration." But for receiving that more ſubſtantial benefit which we have next to name, accruing to the Induſtrial claſs, as they tread the platform along with the

well-dreſſed and the leiſurely, there comes into operation the contrary tendency—the *downward looking*—the critical, and the ſelf-approving tendency, which is alſo an element in the ſame human nature. To underſtand this influence, and to form an idea of its power, one muſt have had opportunity to know ſomething of the depths of certain moods of mind that are not apt to utter themſelves in words.

Many, it may be very many, of thoſe who ſpend their ſparſe holiday in Exhibitions and Muſeums are men of robuſt temperament; conſcious they are of energies, conſcious of faculties that are only partially developed. It is not in human nature to look, near at hand, upon a coſtly and a faultleſs attire, and upon an unblemiſhed complexion, and upon ungrimed hands; or to joſtle elbows with the ſweet-ſcented; and to meet the haſtily-averted eye of thoſe whoſe equipages are in attendance outſide; it is not in man—nor does the cripple Epictetus tell us how to do it—thus to encounter and to touch a more bleſſed condition without emotion; the feeling need not be *envy;* it may not be embittered by a grudge; but it will be a feeling that generates an intenſe reaction within a ſtrong mind. "I ſhall never be, I ſhall never poſſeſs, what theſe well-dreſſed and leiſurely folks are, and poſſeſs:—yet I care not.—I know that I *am*, what they are not; and I am more than they are, by all the difference of my daily achievements, and of my

practiſed ſkill, and of my powers of endurance—my fortitude, and my force of will; ſuch as I am, I am not unworthy to be compared with them, ſuch as I take them to be, looking at them near, and when they are off their guard."

So has muttered to himſelf many a workman who thus has been brought into contact with "his betters;" and in ſo thinking every energy of his nature has received a new impulſe; he leaves the place—amuſed, it may be informed, by the things he has liſtleſſly looked at under glaſs-caſes; but more than this—he leaves it in a mood of mind which nerves him afreſh for doing his part among the hard things of life.

It would ſeem that ſomething ſhould here be ſaid concerning Popular Education. How can one entertain at all the idea of an improving national condition, and of the progreſs of a people toward a higher civilization, apart from this indiſpenſable preliminary—namely, the univerſality of at leaſt rudimentary education? An indiſpenſable preliminary, indeed, is this letting in of the light of knowledge upon the millions of the people who, up to this moment, ſit in darkneſs; and all are now agreed as to the neceſſity of this impartation. To every man of intelligence, the ſlackneſs of others, and his own, in bringing about this needed reform has become a heavy grievance. To all men of ordinary intelligence, and of unſectarian feeling, the obſtructions thrown in

the way of popular education are cauſes at once of grief, of irritation, of amazement, and of humiliation alſo. How is it that many eſtimable men, undoubtedly benevolent, but narrow in underſtanding, and rigid in temper, will rather ſee millions die in ſtarvation than help in diſtributing among them loaves that are not baked in their oven, and are not croſſed with their mark! Alas! ſo it is; and, therefore, we at this preſent time, as a people, muſt put the finger to the lip, and exclaim, in reply to the inquiry—Where is boaſting? ſay—"It is excluded," or at beſt, it is poſtponed—*ſine die*.

On the ſubject, therefore, of popular rudimental education, as there is no reaſonable controverſy, there can be no need for enlargement; for, as regards the views and feelings of intelligent men, all think alike; and all ſtand ready to follow up their convictions in whatever mode may preſent itſelf in the courſe of events as the moſt practicable.

We have here ſpoken of *rudimental* popular education. What the limits are of ſuch a training of the children of the people we need not ſtop to determine. The bounds within which it will actually confine itſelf have been drawn around it by the good ſenſe of ſome, or have been extended by the ambitious benevolence of others, among thoſe who adminiſter and control it. Theſe limits, in the natural courſe of things, are likely to be in a ſtate of

gradual extenſion always; for the increaſing proficiency of teachers, and their emulations alſo, will be inducing them to pull up the old ſtakes, and to thruſt them in upon new ground continually; nor need we be careful to plant prohibitions upon the off-field of philoſophy and literature. Theſe extenſions, in ſchools for the children of the working-claſs, in towns, and even in the country, have already ſometimes touched upon the ludicrous, and will do ſo, unleſs driven in by the good ſenſe of Committees. A claſs of (might we call them urchins?) good boys and girls, who are preſently to hie themſelves away to attics or cellars, and to take their raſher and potato upon the door-ſtep, are queſtioned by a bright-eyed, pale-faced young teacher, after this faſhion:—"What in your view, my dear children, is the characteriſtic difference as to ſtyle between Chaucer and Spenſer; or tell me what were the ſervices rendered to our modern literature by Petrarch?"

Rudimental Education is education for children whoſe education muſt reach its concluſion in their twelfth or thirteenth year. But the benevolence of modern times—the all-embracing good-will of philanthropic profeſſors, has earned for itſelf a high praiſe—praiſe of peculiar meaning—in the endeavour to open wide the gates of the Upper Philoſophy and of Erudite Literature before the ADULT WORKMAN. And who that is liberally-hearted, and that has himſelf been

a partaker of the good things of ſcience and literature, would wiſh to interdict theſe endeavours, or would intimate an adverſe opinion as to their utility? None would do ſo:—in truth it is quite in the courſe of things that ſuch endeavours ſhould be made at this time. That which Solomon has ſaid of *Strife* might be affirmed alſo concerning Knowledge, namely, that the beginning of Knowledge is like the letting out of waters:—go on it will—ſpread it will. And yet, looked at apart from benevolent enthuſiaſm, the earneſt endeavours now made to teach to workmen what has heretofore been taught only in colleges carries with it a much deeper meaning as related to the Teacher, than it does as related to the taught. It means much for the profeſſorial claſs that men of this order ſhould undertake a taſk ſo irkſome as that of ſchooling unſchooled adults! and it means *ſomething*, although not ſo much, as to the working man, that he ſhould be willing to enliſt himſelf as a ſchoolboy, to receive the elements of learning.

This however ſhould be granted, that, in its bearing upon the breadth of the national condition—upon the wide ſtream of a people's progreſs—this upper education *inflicted* upon adults of the labouring claſs, ought to be thought of only as an exceptional, or a paradoxical fact. The working man's college is an admirable anomaly—a bright outbreak. It appears that intelligence and learning

are now ſo filling their wonted channels, as to burſt their banks :—the low fields are not as yet quite under water ; but ſtray ſtreams are running hither and thither. Unleſs we believe ourſelves to be juſt now entering upon what would need to be called a fabulous era—a time in which work ſhall not be *work*, but be ſomething elſe—unknown hitherto, unleſs it be ſo—then it muſt continue to be true that Philoſophy and Learning, and that the expanſion of mind which is connected with theſe, and the refinement of perſonal habits which culture induces, and which it will yearn after, muſt be much out of accordance with the conditions of a life of labour, or of ſedulous attention to trade. In the inſtance of the thouſand—all but one, it muſt ever be ſo. Thoſe who think otherwiſe are thoſe probably who have ſeen working men only, or chiefly, *in Claſs*, and by gaſlight, and who have not followed them—have not ſtood beſide them —have not talked with them—have not known their mood when they are begrimed at the bench, and are toiling within beat of the engine. There are men, it is true, and we have ſeen ſuch, who, at the dinner-hour, read Butler, and Locke, or Milton ; but we have not ſeen ſuch any the better workman at the anvil, or with the chiſel and hammer in hand, or getting up a ſcraped ſurface for a fit, on a chipping-piece.

To ſum up what thus far has been ſaid, it is to this effect—that *before* any reaſonable hope can be

entertained of a marked national progreſs, and *before* we ought to think ourſelves in near proſpect of a much higher civilization than has yet been realized, theſe following things muſt be done, or, if not *done*, they muſt, at leaſt, be in courſe of doing; and the earneſt mind and the reſolute purpoſe of more than a few muſt be ſteadily directed toward them—namely, *firſt*, the ſtatiſtic meaſurement and the fathoming of that wretchedneſs, and of that utter abandonment, which underlie, at preſent, the ſocial ſtructure, as a deep and wide rottenneſs. Then to *know* is to undertake the work of making continuous inroads upon this miſery, and of removing from it, piecemeal, the moſt extreme of the ills that prey upon it.

This done, or this in courſe of doing, then we next take thought for the Induſtrial claſſes, in thoſe ſeveral inſtances that have been named, and in any others that may be regarded as practicable, and as not queſtionable in their tendency. It is thus that we are to paſs over a ground which, if it be not ſurveyed, and be not put in repair, will be fruitful of diſorders, do what we may in promoting improvements upon higher levels.

VII.

YET upon higher levels it muſt be, if at all, that an advanced Civilization is to work itſelf out, and to become a fact, as well as a conception. The

proſpect of attaining a ſtate of Ultimate Civilization ſuppoſes ſo much actual progreſs in the people's condition as is implied in the introverſion of the national mind upon itſelf; and this muſt mean that more than a few minds are intently and fixedly regardful of its progreſs. Theſe muſt, of courſe, be the *inſtructed* minds; for the uninſtructed, or the ſemi-taught Popular Intellect is not merely *incompetent* to labours of this ſort, but it is always ſubjected to a *miſleading* at the impulſe of thoſe who may be intereſted in miſleading it. It is true that the popular mind may *come right* in the end; but it *never leads* aright: in ſo far as it actually leads the way toward change, it leads towards the diſintegration of the ſocial ſyſtem. Popular inſtincts are ſolvent, much rather than coheſive: they are more deſtructive than conſtructive.

The inſtructed—the educated National Mind, when it is ſent in upon itſelf, and comes to revolve the national condition, and to be conſcious of that condition, and when it ſets itſelf free from the factious influences of political rivalry, muſt alſo break itſelf away from, and renounce thoſe doctrines which, from day to day, are boaſted of as the very neweſt faſhion of Thought, or, in its own phraſe, as the belief of—the moſt advanced Thinkers—and which, aſſuming the tones of a high civilization, are likely to be its contraries—its irreconcileable antagoniſts; and which, ſo far

as they may take effect, tend to bring about the people's relapse into barbarism.

To find these retrograde tendencies, we must inquire *distributively* concerning things which, although separable, are not *two*, in a Scientific sense, but one, as thus—

The vast complexity of influences that are taking effect within a civilized community may be looked at either as they arise from the Mass, and thence work out their effect upon the Individual man;—or otherwise, as arising from Individual Minds, and from those centres work themselves forth upon the Mass. We take up this last-named aspect of things first.

The hope, and the only sure hope of an advancing social condition, is that which arises from the free development of Individual Minds. Nothing worth the having, or the thinking about, can be looked for, nor can there be any vitality in the social system, nor any freshness—there will be no new turns in the course of events—no unexpected welling-up of life from its sources—there will be nothing bright, nothing progressive, unless this full development of the Individual Man be favoured and cherished to the utmost.

To make sure of a settled enjoyment of this indispensable good, we need, *first*, a recognized and accepted DOCTRINE OF INDIVIDUALITY—a Philosophy, founded upon the belief of the independence, the spontaneity, and the proper Causality

of Mind:—and we need *alſo*—A POLITICS OF INDIVIDUALITY. This ſecond condition may be diſmiſſed in a few words.

A *Politics* of Individuality is beſt deſcribed by naming the things that are its contraries, and that are incompatible with it. The contrary of the full individual development of the human mind is—for example, a deſpotiſm which will be making itſelf ſeen and felt everywhere and always. It is the ſpectre of the Autocrat, haunting the path of common life. The Deſpot, in a thouſand inſufferable interferences, would control men's perſonal behaviour, and, from hour to hour, be cruſhing the ſoul of a people. It is a tyranny of this ſort that prevails almoſt throughout the Continent of Europe. Not only may not men be truſted to govern and manage the ſmall matters of municipal and rural routine; but they may not get in and out of a Diligence, otherwiſe than by an order from the heavens! The liveried man of office is always at your ſide, and will be ready with his tape to tie your hands—and then—to untie them;—for it is only by an Imperial Grace that you do ſo! How beneficent muſt the ſovereign man be who thus permits you the uſe of your hands and arms! Grant it—*minds* are ſtill free, and it will be true that Engliſhmen, fretted by theſe impertinences, ſpring up from it, ſo much the more free:—this may be ſo; but it is certain that nations long exiſting beneath a preſſure ſo intole-

rable, bow under it, and conſenting to it, become unconſcious of the load, nor will they fail to give evidence of the fact in the mingled ſervility and frivolity of their habitual mood:—they are, and they will ſhow themſelves to be—the creatures of the all-penetrative tyranny that has ſpun its films around its victims—their limbs, their wings, their bodies, their ſouls!

Things that are often ſpoken of as the very oppoſites of each other are likely to be nearly identical in fact; and ſo it is that the vexatious tyranny of the individual deſpot meets its analogue in the inſolent tyranny of the many—the "majority," which bears ſway in democratic communities. The autocratic cruſh, from the hand of the ſingle tyrant is felt here and there; or now and then; but the mob-cruſh takes effect more extenſively, and it touches the every-day exiſtence of the people at many more points; for your houſe is next door to the "majority." The autocratic tyranny obſerves, when it can do ſo—*a rule*, and it apes a decorum—it follows an eſtabliſhed uſage; it has a *ſtyle* even in its cruelties. But the mob-tyranny is in all things unmannerly—it is brutiſh; it is brutal often, and is gifted with the ſcent of blood:—it is not appeaſed, otherwiſe than as the carnivora are appeaſed. In terror of this tyranny—ſudden and fierce as it is—the individual man cowers, as by the inſtinct of terror, to the will of his maſters: he learns to

conform himſelf, and to hide his mind under conventional falſities of ſpeech; but it will always be true that mind—habitually hidden and falſified, diſappears—it periſhes.

When we thus ſpeak of "the many," the dreaded deſpotiſm of which breaks down the individuality of a people—formed on the purely democratic principle—it ſhould be well underſtood that "the many" are not in fact the *greater number* of the people; but are that number, ſpoken for, repreſented, and heedleſſly driven forward, by the ſelfiſh ambition of here and there a man who knows how to infuriate the multitude by the laſh of his tongue. It is thus that nations, purely democratic in their politics, are liable to be driven over precipices, and to be loſt in the deeps of barbariſm.

Under far gentler influences individual development is ſtayed, or it is quite prevented—by the tyrannies of faſhion, by conventional refinements, or ſuper-refinements, by the pervading dread of opinion, and by that inſulative egotiſm which makes it a rule to riſk nothing at the prompting of generous feeling, or of what the cold ſelfiſt calls —quixotiſm.

Againſt theſe forces, repreſſive of individual expanſion, and forbidding its utterance, a preſervative is found in what we have already named —a DOCTRINE OF INDIVIDUALITY; and by this we mean a philoſophy, founded upon the belief

of the ſpontaneity, and of the proper Cauſality of Mind.

This doctrine is not an abſtruſeneſs—proper to be diſcourſed of from a metaphyſic chair: it is not a hard-to-be-underſtood chapter, which the initiated only will read. What we mean is—nothing more than the import of every man's conviction concerning his own mind, and the minds of thoſe around him: it is the natural utterance of human conſciouſneſs—conſciouſneſs unſophiſticated. It is a doctrine which would never have come to be put forward in propoſitions, if there had not been a need, at times, to affirm great truths in contradiction of the whims, the paradoxes—the pantheiſtic faſhions of thought, which win favour for a day, in ſo far as they ſtartle the multitude, and profeſs to be intelligible to—the million.

To generalize upon an array of facts exceedingly ſlender is not leſs the fault of this age than it has been of paſt ages: in truth, it is, in an unuſual degree, the fault of the paſſing time. There muſt be a philoſophy of all things, whether we underſtand all things or not; and therefore there muſt be a philoſophy of the progreſs of ſociety; but then a philoſophy is not worth the having, unleſs its reſults may be tabulated, and put in figures. Human Hiſtory—the hiſtory of nations—is affirmed to be the conſtant development of a ſcheme of cauſation which we, of this time, may lay bare and expound. It is a ſcheme, the future

reſults of which, in remote ages, philoſophers are now—or ſoon may become, competent to predict. The future of the world's hiſtory may be predicted, as the future configuration of the planetary ſyſtem may be figured in an Almanack, becauſe both ſchemes of movement, alike, obey phyſical laws which are invariable, and therefore are calculable. Such are the pretenſions of thoſe who generalize upon axioms proper to Pantheiſm!

As a conſpicuous fact—a fact that is irreſpective of any philoſophy—it is true that the progreſs of nations—their conqueſts, their politics, their literature, their ſcience, and their moral condition, reſolves itſelf into—a few biographies. Give us a dozen, or a twenty, or a fifty noted biographies, and we may diſpenſe with many volumes of univerſal hiſtory. What is hiſtory? It is the doings of a very few men; and it is *their fortunes, and it is their chances alſo*, as well as their doings; for as the progreſs of nations hinges upon the acts and energies of individual minds, ſo alſo is it true that the *individualizing tendency* of human affairs has remarkably diſplayed itſelf in thoſe ſurpriſing incidents, occurring in the life of ſuch men, which have been determinative of their courſe. Pure accidents—near chances—narrow eſcapes for life—incalculable throws of fortune; it is ſuch things that have overruled the deſtinies of the few men whoſe doings have turned the current of human affairs—for centuries.

Phyſical cauſes that are eaſily enumerated do indeed take effect upon the progreſs, the riſe, and the fall of nations; and it is the occupation of a materialiſtic philoſophy to name theſe obvious influences, and to be profound in ſpreading them forth to view. But if theſe viſible cauſes are *real* in their way, it is far more the individual energy that is the *determinative cauſe*. Univerſal hiſtory is lit up by a few reſplendent minds; and theſe minds have been kindled, often, by flitting ſparks, blown by the winds.

Not in any ſenſe does the doctrine which brings the Individual into the foremoſt place put out of view phyſical cauſation; but it opens up a World —higher than the world of phyſical cauſation—a Mind-world, a Soul-world, a world wherein, and upon which the SOVEREIGN MIND works its purpoſes. The philoſophy of the Individual does not contradict Phyſical cauſation; but it does contradict, and it ſtands oppoſed to, and it excludes, the ſophiſms of the Pantheiſt and the Materialiſt. It is a doctrine which, if expounded theiſtically, and truly, yields a religious inference, as to the paſt; and it inſpires alſo a religious hopefulneſs, as to the future.

But now this ſame doctrine has another aſpect —another meaning, as related to the progreſs of nations, and the ſtability of their inſtitutions.

Bright Lights—one here and there in an age, and Burning Souls—one here and there in an age,

are the immediate inſtruments in bringing about national advancement, as well intellectual as moral. In theſe beſtowments "from above" there is a ſource of the higheſt hopes for the ſocial ſyſtem; but this is not enough; for the ſocial maſs muſt have its points of fixedneſs; and there muſt be *many* ſuch points; otherwiſe, what is achieved at one time will be loſt in the time next enſuing. The notable Individual Mind leads onward, and the many unnoted individual minds, each poſſeſſing in itſelf a principle of endurance—a ſteadfaſtneſs—receives and retains what has thus been achieved. If the illuſtrious Individual Mind be the moving power, it is the non-illuſtrious individual minds that become the fulcrum of the leverage. But whence is this paſſive power of ordinary individual minds to be derived?

It would be ſuperfluous—in truth, it would be an affectation—at this time, to inquire at large whence ſuch a power might be derived; for an adequate ſource of it we poſſeſs, at hand, in our Chriſtianity. Our modern Civilization—what it is as compared with the partial refinements of the ancient world—is, in a word, the conſequence of that Goſpel which has given to the individual man his conſcience towards God—his hope of immortality, and his ſenſe of reſponſibility towards the unſeen Judge, and the future tribunal. Such are the elements of that new moral life to which Chriſtianity has given exiſtence, and which is its

foremoſt intention, as related to the renovation of the world. Thence has ſprung the lifting up of the meaneſt of the ſpecies; thence the indeſtructibility of his religious convictions; thence the dignity, thence the ſacredneſs of the individual human being, irreſpectively of what may be his perſonal qualities or merits. Here we find the very centre of the centre principle of our modern ſocial ſyſtem; here the corner-ſtone of our politics, and of our univerſal liberty, conſorted as this is with the greateſt inequalities of rank and privilege. In a free country no queſtion may be aſked concerning the individual man, as to his deſerts, his talents, his acquirements, or his ability to uſe well his rights. He is—what he is, as he ſtands in the ſight of God; and it is the Goſpel that vindicates, in his behalf, whatever of privilege, or of dignity, attaches, or may attach, to him in virtue of this relationſhip.

In this principle of the ſacredneſs of the individual man, and of the rights of conſcience, and of the immoveableneſs of religious convictions—in this Chriſtian conſervatiſm is found the only effective ſecurity againſt the encroachment of tyrannies. So long as a people, or as numerous bodies within the community, retain modes of religious belief that are immoveably fixed, ſo long as there are many—and *too many* for the tyrant to pick them out, and cruſh them, one by one—ſo long as it is ſo, the deſpot quails—the autocrat counts what will be the coſt of attempting to

carry out his machinations againſt the liberties of a people. There are thouſands of men, and there are women and children too, who have courage enough to dare him to do his worſt upon them:—he knows this, and therefore he forbears.

Is not our Britiſh hiſtory—in ſubſtance, the hiſtory of this often-renewed thwarting of the deſpot by the power of the individual conſcience? Our Britiſh liberty—is it not the offspring of our Chriſtianity? Let thoſe contradict this averment who will profeſs themſelves willing to entruſt their own liberty, for the future, to monarchs, or to parliaments, or to hierarchies, or to mobs—Chriſtianity withdrawn! Thoſe who at this time are ſignalizing their hatred of the Goſpel, would themſelves tremble if they were ſuddenly thrown upon the chances of political agitation—deprived of the ſuccour of the religious conſtancy of Chriſtian men around them.

In a word, then, the advancement of a people on the road of civilization—its progreſs toward a higher and a more permanent condition, demands this doctrine of the power of the Individual, in theſe, its two ſenſes—*firſt*, that of the illuſtrious few, as oppoſed to pantheiſtic generalizations, and to the ſole operation of phyſical cauſes;—and *ſecondly*, that of the firm individuality of the non-illuſtrious many, apart from which there can be no ſtability or ſecurity—no truſtworthineſs, diffuſed throughout the maſs. There muſt be—the

few to lead, and the many, or, *a many*—a more than a few, to liſten to the challenge, and not only to liſten and to follow, but to keep firm hold of whatever has ſo been acquired and accepted. It is thus that, not merely a movement onwards may take place, but a ſuſtained movement. In ſtagnant or retrogreſſive ages—in dreary periods of national decline, not only have the few been too few, but theſe have failed to find around them thoſe who ſhould follow their call. A voice—once in a century was heard; but there was no reſponſe:—it was an echo, that died away at the next moment. Nearly thus was it throughout Europe from the ſixth century to the fourteenth.

The conditions of ſociety from that laſt date to this preſent time have been becoming more and more favourable to progreſs in both theſe reſpects:—the leading few have been many more than heretofore, and the liſtening few have been incalculably more than they were. At this moment theſe are ſo many (it is ſo within the Britiſh community) as that their counter-influence upon leading minds makes itſelf conſpicuous: it has become a fact that is characteriſtic of theſe times.

This reverberative influence is that which we have intended above, as the influence of the maſs upon its centres. It has become cuſtomary in the biographies of remarkable men to note this ſort of reaction. It is uſual for the biographer to admit that the illuſtrious man whoſe genius and energy

gave a new turn to human affairs, or who led the minds of his contemporaries upon a new path, was himſelf as much the creature of his time, as he became its maſter. He might be the creature of his age in a diſparaging ſenſe;—for he was leſs than he might have been, if he had ſtood exempt from the errors and prejudices of his age and country. This may be true; but it will be true alſo, and true in a more auſpicious ſenſe, that the leading mind takes to itſelf, and aſſimilates, and condenſes, and embodies, and iſſues anew, whatever is beſt in the beliefs, and in the feelings of the men of his time. And this will be more and more ſo in proportion to the rate of advance on the path of improvement. The more ſuch advances are ſubſtantial and rapid, ſo much the more true, and the more rapid will they thenceforward become.

What are thoſe moods of mind that diſtinguiſh the Reformer—the onward-going ſpirit that burns to bring about an improved condition of ſociety, and whoſe ambition from boyhood it has been, to leave the world better than he found it? It is of this ſort—whatever is true in the philoſophy, and good in the morals, or in the inſtitutions of the people—theſe things he has come into the knowledge and enjoyment of unconſciouſly—inſenſibly: theſe things are his own—they are his inheritance—they are himſelf: it is theſe things that give him his actual ſtanding; and it is from this vantage-ground that he looks around him. It is in the

light of the trueſt and the beſt things that he looks at whatever is not true or good. It is in the unconſcious poſſeſſion of things that are right, that the regenerator of his age gathers force for his combat with things that are evil and falſe. Thus it is that the Divine adage receives, in his caſe, its accompliſhment—"To him that hath ſhall more be given, and he ſhall have abundance"—and ſo it is that a period of ſocial improvement, or of intellēctual advancement, contains within itſelf a principle of acceleration.

Apart from any vague and groundleſs hypotheſis, as to the future condition of the human family—the fabulous quite excluded—there is, therefore, reaſon to entertain large expectations as to the progreſs of *an inſulated* people in well-being—in well-doing, in right-thinking, in right-feeling. Our poſtulates muſt be—exemption from foreign tyranny—from invaſion and interference, and from foreign *contagions;* and alſo, and chiefly, the perpetuity, and the free expanſion of that One Vital Force—THE CHRISTIAN FAITH—apart from which the body ſocial becomes putreſcent.

Theſe neceſſary conditions conceded, then it will be that the energetic ſpirits—the Lights and the Fires of the time enſuing, will find a people better prepared—incalculably ſo, to liſten to a challenge for the next needed reforms and improvements than were the people of the time juſt now gone by. The years of one generation paſſed,

if reckoned forward upon the dial of the future, may find the Britiſh people advancing in a geometric ratio of improvement: it may be ſo, inaſmuch as the reaction of the ſocial maſs upon individual minds is—as above ſtated, a principle of acceleration.

VIII.

If the fabulous be excluded, then we muſt exclude the ſuppoſition that the now-conſtant conditions of induſtrial life ſhall ever ceaſe to be difficult, and, in a ſenſe, painful: ſtrenuous continuous labour is pain: nevertheleſs it is a pain that may be alleviated by habit, and may be animated by hope, and rendered pleaſurable by ſucceſs. If *to live*—to eat, and to be clothed, and to be houſed—ſhould become eaſy—*eaſy to all*—then certain functions, indiſpenſable as they are to the right ordering and comfort of a community, would not be undertaken by anybody; nor would any of the more arduous occupations or profeſſions be carried forward with the requiſite energy. Unleſs the ſuſtenance of civilized life were difficult—unleſs to live were *coſtly*, and unleſs to keep a home in comfort were an arduous taſk, men would not be perſuaded to do ſome things that muſt be done; nor would they do anything with the needed reſolution. Chimneys would not be ſwept—ſewers would not be cleanſed—night watch would not be kept—ſhips would not be manned—ſurgeons'

work would not be done—(would boys be taught?) if it were not so—that, to live by industry is exceedingly difficult.

Never again will it be attempted in this country to forbid or restrict competition, or to build up monopolies by statutes. If any exceptive cases should actually arise, they will be exceedingly rare. Never again will licence be granted to those tyrannies—either of the few, or of the many, the intention of which is to reduce to a dead level the mind and the energy—the bodily or the intellectual superiority, of those whom Nature has eminently endowed. The restrictions with which the stupid, the inert, the arrogant, and the immoral, would be fain to bind down the intelligent and the strong, and the right-minded, must be put quite out of the way—they are relics of barbarism. But if so, then we must leave the less favoured of Nature to struggle for life at a sad disadvantage; and if so, then there will still be an undermost and a feeble class, weighted down by the class next above it. Nevertheless an advancing civilization will bring in its alleviations:—it will do so in the modes that have already been adverted to; and in other modes which will not fail to be discovered and applied when the diffused and quickened social consciousness, above mentioned, shall be bringing the sufferings of every suffering class under incessant notice.

Again, if the fabulous be excluded from our

anticipations of the future, then must room be left, even in the brightest of our prospects, for the hospital—for the asylum—for the functions of the physician, the surgeon, and the nurse. To bring a people near to the condition of a well-ordered family would indeed be a triumph for the patriot philanthropists who should effect it; but we may not forget that the home enclosure, at the best, is open to the invasion of ills that bring with them the physician and the nurse. Nevertheless at *this* point it is allowable to pursue to their probable issue, the recent advancements of science in the treatment of the public health. To a certain extent, or, if not so, to an *uncertain*, or an undefined extent, the public health comes within range of means that are as simple and as practicable as is the draining of a marsh, or the opening of a window in the house that has long been nailed up. A fever in a family comes no doubt by "the visitation of God;" and so does a national pestilence; but in both instances alike it is true (conditionally true) that if the master of the family drains and ventilates the house, and reforms the personal habits of his children and servants, then the "visitation" will not occur: and so the pestilence (the *limits* of human preventive means being always religiously kept in view).

Apart from accidents, from malformations, and peculiar constitutional tendencies, the health of a

family is not a myſtery:—it is quite a practicable achievement, demanding in its heads—good ſenſe—firmneſs—temperance—early habits—religious order. And ſo for the community—the healthfulneſs of the maſs of the people may be ſecured on the ſame conditions. The firſt *item* in this liſt of requirements, namely—good ſenſe, muſt be held to take a bearing upon the medical profeſſion, and upon its uſages. An advancing civilization will undoubtedly ere long take cognizance of many antiquated uſages in each of the profeſſions; and foremoſt of thoſe of the medical profeſſion, in bringing into contempt thoſe ſpurious modes of dealing with the ſick, to which the ſick man's temporary infirmity of mind, and his ignorance, offer too ſtrong a temptation: there is a remnant of obſolete practices which the improving good ſenſe of the community ſhall at length reſent, and inſtead of which it ſhall demand—not drugs, but cures.

The *public* health, as diſtinguiſhed from *domeſtic* health, has this chance in its favour, that the means which may be recommended by men of ſcience to promote it, are likely to come under the ſuperviſion of the laity (the non-medical) and when thus looked into, they may be ſtripped of ſuch things as whimſical theoriſts may be eager to propound. Whoever, *as layman*, has had acquaintance with medical uſages will be ready to admit the praiſe that is due to thoſe who effect as

much good as they do, in alleviating human ſufferings, notwithſtanding the waywardneſs and the ignorance of the patient, and of his friends, and ſtill more, in ſpite of fallacies inherited from ages when ſuperſtition and quackery, along with medical ſkill, entered the ſick man's chamber.

The Public Wealth, the Public Health, and the Public Peace are fruits of an advancing civilization too nearly related, and too intimately blended in their cauſes, and in their conſequences, to be well treated of diſtinctively. The oppoſites of theſe—namely—helpleſs Indigence, Diſeaſe—perennial in the haunts of indigence, and Crimes of violence, are, ſeverally, the cauſes, as they are the conſequences, each of the others. The Three Woes—Want, topical Peſtilence, and Crime, go hand in hand:—where one comes, the others are ſure to make their appearance. Yet this is the dark ſide of a truth which has its bright ſide; and it is with the bright ſide juſt now that we are concerned. Whatever it is that it may be poſſible to do, or hopeful to deviſe and attempt, in the removal or diminution of one of theſe ills, will not fail to take ſome effect upon the other two, at leaſt for their alleviation, perhaps for their removal. Undoubtedly, if it were poſſible to remove from the baſement of the ſocial ſtructure the moſt extreme indigence, then the ſiſter evils, diſeaſe and crime, would be leſſened; and thus if want and diſeaſe were in courſe of diminution, crime might

then be ſo dealt with as muſt reduce it within limits, more and more narrow, every year.

A cautious writer would abſtain from giving expreſſion to the fulneſs of his belief as to thoſe improvements which another twenty or thirty years may ſee realized in the habits and behaviour of the claſſes in which, chiefly, at preſent, inſtances of criminal violence occur. Always ſuppoſing the continuance, for ſo long a time, of the tranquil onward courſe of all things, and the ſtability of our Inſtitutions.

A period ſuch as we have named—or a little more—may bring about a ſocial condition in which crimes amenable to law would be of the rareſt occurrence; — grand juries finding no "true bills," becauſe the clerk of the court has in hand no indictments! A ſtate of things ſo auſpicious as this muſt not be ſuppoſed to imply, what it might ſeem to mean—a correſponding or equivalent riſe in the moral condition of the community at large:—far from it. Thoſe overt acts and palpable miſdoings of which Courts of Juſtice take cognizance, are to be accounted as *accidents* of the barbarous condition of the lower orders, and therefore they are removable, as that condition comes to be ameliorated. As to the *guiltineſs* of the perpetrators of ſuch offences, it is often far leſs deep than that of many whoſe vices no human law may reach, and whoſe enormities touch only uncomplaining victims. But inaſmuch as crime, for the

moſt part, is an accident of ſavage life in the loweſt claſs, it will undoubtedly be driven off from that claſs in ſo far as an aſſimilation with the habits of the claſs next above it is going on. Bring the rudeſt man—the brutal creature of ungoverned paſſions — into frequent and cloſe communion with thoſe whoſe deportment is governed by opinion and habit, if not by better motives, and he inſenſibly yields himſelf to an influence which, like the preſſure of the atmoſphere, ſurrounds us, and ſuſtains us, though we know it not.

It has been thus that, at length, the ferocities in which, forty years ago, the upper claſſes took their ſhare, have been driven off from it:—duelling, and a participation in ſanguinary conflicts, have had this end. The men who now do not murder each other upon a meaſured ground may not perhaps be more virtuous (yet there is a chance that they are ſo) than were their ſires who did ſuch things:—but the community has gained immenſely by the reform.

A fallacious hope indeed it would be, that the *deeper* ſources of crime might be abſolutely cloſed by any imaginable ameliorations or refinements in the habits of the people. Thoſe impulſes, whence murder and violence take their riſe, are ſo deep-ſeated that—though it be rarely—they bring men of education before tribunals, and therefore will they, with greater frequency, take effect among the ruder claſſes. Deſpair, jealouſy, revenge, remorſe, mo-

mentary paroxyſms of paſſion, are incident to man, and lurk even in bright homes; and ſo are thoſe tranſient overthrows of the reaſon which inqueſt juries wrongfully deſignate as "temporary inſanity." From theſe ſources, and others, murders, and murderous aſſaults will not fail to ariſe. It will be ſo while the phyſiological, the pſychological, and the moral elements of the human conſtitution are commingled, and continue to interact upon each other in a manner that perplexes equally the philoſopher, the legiſlator, and the religious teacher.

There is yet a ſource of crime, and how abundant is it! which needs to be ſpoken of when we are conſidering what may be done by the inſtructed claſs, for the uninſtructed. The abounding intemperance of the lower claſſes of the Britiſh people is emphatically *the* cauſe of crime. Drunkenneſs, if in a ſenſe it be *accidental* to the rude condition of theſe claſſes, has a deeper origin, nor is it to be removed by merely civilizing the man:—alas! many of thoſe who are hopeleſſly intemperate are among the moſt highly civilized. Conſidered only as a cauſe of violence and outrage, drunkenneſs might eaſily be compelled to be leſs *obtruſive* than it is:—the brutal diſturber of the peace of a ſtreet may be ſo far tamed as that he will hide his vice, and thus ſubſide into the ſullen victim of his own miſery, and the curſe of a devaſtated home. Yet little is gained by the ſubſtitution of a

pallid wretchedneſs for a florid and noiſy nuiſance. Vice had better brawl than be ſilent.

In proportion to the vaſt extent of this evil, and to the intenſity of the ſufferings it entails, muſt be the deſire of enlightened philanthropiſts that it ſhould be encountered on TRUE PRINCIPLES. Great will be the anxiety of ſuch when it is ſeen to be coming under a haſty treatment in the hands of agitators and theoriſts. What ſhould be ſaid on a ſubject ſo perilous as this—*muſt* be ſaid, for if, from over caution, or from a miſtaken modeſty, we throw up our common ſenſe, in deference to thoſe who have thrown away their own, we do them an injury, by leſſening the chances of their recovering ſo precious a poſſeſſion.*

Not to be miſtaken are thoſe ſymptoms of whimſical prepoſſeſſion, and of eagerneſs to carry its own wiſtful will, which, from the firſt, have marked the courſe of what is called — "the Temperance Movement." But the leaders of this movement will be quick to retort upon us—citing on their ſide high authorities—even one or two of the firſt men in ſcience, and ſome leading men in political life:—"Such and ſuch men—philoſophers—ſtateſmen—have given in their adherence to this great cauſe. What have you to ſay in contravention of the teſtimony of ſuch men? Where is your reply?" Our reply is found *firſt*, in appealing to that not-noiſy, but rightful utterance

* See Supplementary Note.

of Engliſh good ſenſe, on the other ſide, which, as with a ſure inſtinct of reaſon, refuſes to be driven headlong in any ſuch manner. We next find our reply in looking back into the hiſtory of the benevolent infatuations of paſt times—errors—angel-plumed and long triumphant, but to which are to be traced ſome of the moſt fatal of the diſorders that have afflicted humanity in modern times.

The points of reſemblance are ſtriking between the "Total Abſtinence" doctrine of the preſent time, and the "Celibacy" doctrine of the early Church. Taking its riſe in the oriental myſticiſm, it ſpread its poiſon weſtward, until it had darkened Chriſtian doctrine, and perverted everywhere Chriſtian morality. The common people were told—and great pains were taken in perſuading them to believe it—that *Temperance* and *Virtue*, ſuch as are enjoined in the Apoſtolic writings, were wholly impracticable:—that there could be no *temperate* uſe of the things of this life:—that *total abſtinence* is the only wiſdom for frail humanity; and that therefore it is the only virtue:—between diſſoluteneſs and the "Vow" there could be no middle path. Men were left to draw, for themſelves, theſe two atheiſtic and anti-chriſtian inferences:—the *firſt* this—that God's appointments are evil, not good;—and the *ſecond* this—that a ſpecies of virtue, far more elevated in its aims than that which we may gather from the New Teſtament, is the only morality that is worth the labour

of the acquiſition. There can be no need now to go in ſearch of what were the conſequences of this falſe teaching. Yet it was taken up, and it was zealouſly promoted by the chief men of three conſpicuous centuries.

Throughout the long ages which followed thoſe times, the maſſes of the people were ſubjected to a driving force that was all of one kind:—there was little or no counteraction—there was no balancing of forces; there were no aids, no open road in another direction. The ſtate of things was analogous to that of which the modern inſtances are found in democratic ſtates, wherein a Driving Force is at the command of a few overweening or fanatical dogmatiſts, whoſe vehemence intimidates the inert multitude. Who is it that ſhall have courage to meet the ſtorm of fire which theſe men have it in their power to raiſe at a moment? In communities of this order—"carried unanimouſly"—means—carried by terror. But thus it is not among ourſelves in the "old country." With us there are ſeparate orders—there are independent claſſes; and theſe ſo ſtand apart, and they ſo maintain their ground—each for itſelf, as to forbid the audacity of thoſe who would otherwiſe quickly trample upon public and private liberty.

As on the one hand the miſeries of which drunkenneſs is the ſource can never be over-ſtated; ſo on the other ſide, thoſe *many* inſtances of reformation, of which this abſtinence movement makes its

boaſt, are not to be denied:—nor ſhould we be reluctant to admit them to the full, ſo far as they are authentically reported. Further than this we may ſafely go. We may aſſent to this movement, we may encourage and promote it, and may join ourſelves to it—if indeed it be the only means, or the beſt means left us for ſtaying the plague. But we deny that it is our only means, nor believe it to be the *true* means.

So difficult is it always to touch any ſingle ſubject, linking itſelf with the moral condition of the people, and in doing ſo to abſtain from ſubjects of a wider bearing, and of a more perplexing kind: ſo it is now. Never far from the haunts of the drunkard are thoſe haunts where woman—man's victim, endures miſeries far more extreme than any that are the penalty of intemperance. This ſubject—in an equal degree painful and embarraſſing—ſtands acroſs our path, nor ought it to be evaded. Aſſuredly a community that, under the guidance of religious principles, interpreted in a Chriſtian ſenſe, is making progreſs on the road toward a higher civilization, will find the means of excluding from the ſocial economy horrors and wretchedneſs, ſuch as that which is now in view—the lot of fallen women.

If now it were granted that, for the prevention of drunkenneſs, or for its reſtriction, certain paradoxical ſchemes of reform might be warrantable, no one, or none that are well-informed and wiſe,

would venture upon any ſuch perilous modes of encountering evils like *theſe*. Nothing that is temporizing—nothing that involves a compromiſing of morality—nothing bringing with it the riſk of exchanging vice for vice, muſt here be attempted. The ſtern requirements of Chriſtian morality ſhould be looked to as *the only means* applicable in this inſtance. Whatever may be leſs than theſe will bring with it—not a remedy, but an aggravation.

No doubt it is a good work to ſeek the unpitied victim, and to lead her away from her path of final ruin; but it would be a far better work—if a charity like this were poſſible, to forfend the cruelty that makes her its victim:—to do this may be difficult; but it is not impoſſible. Each ſad hiſtory of ruin would ſhow that, ten years ago—or it may be a much leſs time—this loſt one—this outcaſt—was a laughing thoughtleſs child;—her girliſh faults ſuch only as mother-like care would have corrected. Is it not now an intolerable anguiſh to think of her, as what ſhe has become? or how ſhall we fitly ſpeak of wretchedneſs like hers? She treads the earth—throughout the brief remaining years of her courſe—a living ſample of damnation! You reſent theſe ſtrong terms; and ſay they are unſeemly:—would to God we might blot them out as unwarrantable!

If it be ſaid by any, in exculpation of their backwardneſs in duty, "We *are* painfully conſcious of the depth of the miſeries that are now ſpoken of;

but believe that, for these evils, there is no remedy. Meantime we keep in check—so far as vigilance can do it—what neither law nor public opinion will prevent; moreover we support Penitentiaries."

This is well:—it is bare justice—it is less than mercy; but this charity of yours—or this justice, is *an after-thought*. Charity that is well instructed and sincere will be early at its work—it will—where it can do so, spare its latest endeavours, by rescuing those in time who otherwise will need them. Charity of a kind that might earn for itself unabated commendation would look to the *Child* years before the time when her perdition may have been sealed. These thousands of the "Lost at twenty" have come to be where they are from—a home; or from what should have been a home; and if, indeed, it had been a home, a mother's child would not have become—a ruffian's prey.

The first act of mercy, on this arduous path, is to fling from us with scorn, the corrupt insinuations and the mockeries uttered by men whose levity of speech poorly veils the pandemonium of their souls:—foul! is it a foul that such men carry about them? The second preliminary for doing with *confidence* what religious matrons will be called to do, is, to reckon at what it may be worth, and in truth it is worth very little—the pretentious wisdom, and the knowing cautions of men—reputed to be of high standing in physiological

ſcience, but whoſe philoſophy, as it is that of the materialiſt, ſo does it prompt them to palliate, or even to juſtify, the practices of licentious ſelfiſts.

Let us firſt rid ourſelves of ſophiſms—thoſe of depraved men, and thoſe of heartleſs philoſophiſts; and then addreſs ourſelves to a work the difficulty of which will demand confidence in the axiom that what is well intended, *and is alſo wiſely done*, will be crowned with ſucceſs—ſmall in the beginning, but great in the end.

The conduct of women—of the young eſpecially—much more than the conduct of men—is governed by an unſpoken participation in the moral tone of thoſe with whom they are every day converſant; and it is moreover true that even an infrequent and incidental intercourſe with the right-minded of their own ſex, does—*by itſelf*, and apart from any verbal teaching or admonition, take a powerful hold of the better feelings of girls at the time when they are paſſing from childhood to womanhood. It is granted that much of this ſort of beneficent intercourſe does actually take place among the thouſands of our Sunday Schools. This is true; and ſo far it is good; but it is not ſufficient, nor is it preciſely what is needed: there is needed that which the amiable and unknowing daughters of Chriſtian homes—our Sunday School teachers—cannot be qualified to do; it muſt be done by Chriſtian-hearted mothers; and theſe ſhould be wiſe enough to know that explicit cau-

tions, as they enter a too liſtful ear, are likely to be ſuggeſtive of evil, more than to become preſervatives againſt it. As in family treatment, where all influences are under our hand, it is not the rebuking of vice, but the practice and ſpeaking of virtue that takes a happy effect; ſo muſt it be in the caſe of that fragmentary inſtruction which we afford to children whom we ſee only once a week; or, if oftener, at ſtated hours.

If it be aſked, where ſhall we find thoſe whom we ſhould wiſh to fortify and to reſcue? The anſwer is—Make ſearch for them, firſt, in your own home. Two, three, five, or more, of ſuch, are receiving wages at your hand:—they are cooking dinners, and ſweeping rooms; and they are hearing, and making their ſport of, petulant rebukes on account of their many ſhortcomings; but are they not in fact more alienated, as to any kindly feeling, from the lady and her daughters, than are the pampered pets that ſleep on the hearth-rug? It is not *leſſons* that theſe young women moſt need: it is, on the part of a ſuperior, an unaffected humane communion with them:—it is a correſpondence and an interchange of genuine ſympathies, ſuch as would in no way be detrimental to conventional diſtinctions. If you ſay, in exculpation of your coldneſs and diſtant bearing, that thoſe who ſerve you, and who are the miniſters of your luxurious habits, have come to you already ſo ſelfiſh, and ſo much depraved as

to be capable of no better treatment than what you give them—to ſay this is to calumniate your kind: it is not ſo as you think. It may be true that *a few* who enter families are ſo far depraved as to be irreclaimable perhaps; but theſe excepted, thoſe who ſerve you might be ſo treated as would diſpel the ſelfiſhneſs they have acquired elſewhere, and which they have acquired in ſelf-defence; and then they would learn to render—and how bleſſed are thoſe who render, and thoſe who receive it—a daughter-like and a loving ſervice!

The Matron who thus does her part *at home*, will next look beyond it; and we may now think of her as reſident in a rural pariſh. Unleſs ſhe is quite new to country life, ſhe will not expect to find there ruſtic purity and ſimple-hearted honeſty. We do not—we muſt not dream of any ſuch Edens. But when we reject what would ſavour of romance, let us diſcard alſo what would be calumnious. It is the ſad fate of the rural population to feed the waſting population of cities; and as to the daughters of the cottage, they might receive a far better preparation than they do for encountering the trials which await them in paſſing forward from the country to the town.

When we ſay they *might* receive this better preparation, we are ſuppoſing only ſuch a progreſs to be making toward right-mindedneſs in the upper claſſes, as ſhall give efficiency to motives of which Economiſts take little account; or which, per-

haps, they hold in contempt. We need nothing here beyond the application of common ſenſe and of ordinary humanity to inſtances where deep-going reforms come within the range of ſmall coſts, and demand only conſcience and thoughtfulneſs. What we have to ſay is ſoon ſaid, and will be intelligible to thoſe who ſhould heed it. The caſes are not few in which the rural and induſtrial population is *ſo houſed* as to make a regard to the feminine decorums of domeſtic life ſcarcely poſſible. In the hovel of the agricultural labourer girls paſs on from childhood to the time when "places" muſt be found for them in town, habituated in a manner which too nearly reſembles the conditions of Hottentot life. The formation, and the preſervation—if it were formed—of the woman's inſtinctive ſenſe of propriety, *in ſuch abodes*, is extremely difficult. Might it be rendered more eaſy? Never, ſo long as Economic Arithmetic ſhall be allowed to trample upon Humanity. The caſe is this—and the landowner, with his ten thouſand a year, at the head of his table, ſhall be allowed to plead his own cauſe, in his wonted manner.—"Cottage property!—I aſſure you it does not yield *three per cent.* upon the inveſtment!—where now ſhould I be, think you, if I were to expend enough upon it to make all the cottages upon my property what—I grant you, they *ought* to be? The thing is demonſtrably *impoſſible:*—an *incumbrance* are theſe cottages

already—a dead weight on my means; and can you ſeriouſly aſk me to make the burden heavier than it is?—I ſhould ſoon be ruined!"

It is not true in ſuch inſtances that there is no kind-heartedneſs at the Manſion. The portly gentleman is reputed a good landlord:—the portly lady alſo—does ſhe not inſtruct the houſekeeper to diſpenſe gallons of ſoup, weekly, from the kitchen?—and as to the young ladies—they are as compaſſionate as they are blithe and bright-complexioned! What is wanted more than this is—CONSIDERATION. What is wanted more than the ſoup, or the bonnets for the cottage children—is—the bringing to bear upon the arithmetic of the eſtate-agent—an arithmetic that looks far forward, and that is incluſive of the value of the bodies and the ſouls of thoſe whoſe fate is in our hands. The coſt of a decorative reform throughout the houſe, or of decorative improvements in the grounds, would often much more than ſuffice for rendering every cottage upon an eſtate habitable for a family, in which a mother's and a woman's inſtincts of propriety would prompt her to cheriſh ſuch feelings—if it could be done. But the ever-repeated reply to matronly remonſtrances is that word of deſpair—"What *can* we do?—look at this cottage—only three rooms for nine of us; and then we are obliged to take in a lodger to make up the rent!"

It is as thus, and it is as there trained, that the

girl at fifteen is ſent up to ſervice, in her firſt place: —it is ſomewhere in Radcliffe Highway, or in Deptford! She is as good a girl as ſhe can be, reared as ſhe has been reared; but her womanly conſciouſneſs, which is her defence, would have been other than it is—if a ſmall outlay upon the cottage, fifteen years ago, had rendered it a fit home for a family. Are theſe things fables, are they exaggerations? Thoſe may think ſo who hav enottroubled themſelves to know any more of a rural diſtrict than its pictureſqueneſs.

Yet, notwithſtanding theſe, or any ſuch-like ſtatements of facts, England is moving on toward a better ſtate of things. This may be believed becauſe deep-ſeated and inveterate evils—one by one, are coming under notice; and this awakening is not that of here and there a fervent ſpirit; but of many who, although they are not *fervent* perhaps, yet are ſo minded, after the Engliſh mode of ſedate right intention, as ſhall bring in a train of reforms until the Body Social ſhall have become ſo far healthful as may conſiſt with its attainment of a fully-developed Civilization.

Part II.

I.

AT an advanced period of his career, the Individual Man becomes what the trials and the exigencies of that career have made him. His original talents and his early endowments had fitted him for the work he was to do; but it has been the work itſelf—in its greatneſs, and its difficulty, and its dangers, and its endurances—that has enhanced ſo much thoſe firſt gifts of nature, and thoſe youthful acquiſitions. So it will be with nations:—as to a people—it may be that nature has favoured them, and that their geographical poſition alſo has favoured them; and then centuries of arduous ſtruggles have ſchooled them; but at length, by the courſe of events, and by the manifeſted predeſtination of Heaven, they are called to a work—not leſs wide than the world itſelf, which—long before they ſhall have fully achieved it—will, by its greatneſs, and by its difficulty, and by its dangers, and by its endurances, have enhanced incalculably as well thoſe firſt gifts of nature, as that education which the training of centuries had conferred upon them.

If, then, we are to inquire in particular as to what ſhall be the Ultimate Civilization of a People—that of the Britiſh Iſlands for inſtance—the

queſtion preſents itſelf in this form—What is the work which, by the articulate voice of God, they are now engaged in, and which they are labouring to accompliſh?

Here, then, we find the text of what has further to be ſaid in this Eſſay.—The future, and the now-approaching ſocial condition of the Britiſh People ſhall be ſuch as that great work ſhall make it, which at this time this people is doing. The Ultimate Civilization of the Parent People ſhall be what its own energies, put forth over ſo large a field, ſhall have induced, and ſhall have brought it to accept, and to reſt in. It is not otherwiſe than by the interaction of forces, and by *reverberations*, that things excellent, in any line, are produced; and thus it is that the Britiſh People—predeſtined to a work to which no other people has ever been called, has now ſet foot upon a courſe the remoter iſſues of which it would be an unwarrantable boldneſs, in any one, to ſpeak of with diſtinctneſs. Nevertheleſs, anticipations of this order ſhould not be indulged apart from a frequent mention (already it has been mentioned) of that one condition whereupon the realizing of them depends—namely—the continuance, for long years to come, of Inſular Independence. And need the caution be added—that this independence—this inſular ſecurity—is every moment threatened by the jealous tyrannies that beleaguer it on every ſide—tyrannies, highly civilized indeed for

effecting mischief; but thoroughly barbarian in mood and purpose.

Assumptions of this order, made in behalf of one among the brotherhood of nations, cannot be exempted from an aspect of arrogance, and may be held to indicate an overweening estimate of a people's merits. Let, then, nothing be spoken of that is not matter of conspicuous fact, or that may, on any reasonable ground, be controverted. Our neighbours have also *their* destination; but it is not like ours—themselves being judges. Nor shall the result be the same; nor is the method of realizing it a method of the same order. Our European neighbours are ever and again bringing into debate the first axioms of social existence—the Theory of Society:—the deepest philosophy needs to be questioned anew concerning all things that touch a people's welfare. With ourselves it is wholly different, and it is different, not merely because—theory or no theory—we are well content, within a little, with things as they are; but more than this—because certain principles having long ago been ascertained, and assented to, on all sides—the British people—in consequence of its position at the centre of a world-wide occupation of distant lands—is every day called upon—not learnedly and at leisure to discuss abstract questions of political and social science; but, on some new and urgent occasion—sprung up in the East or in the West—in this hemisphere, or in that, to

determine a momentous practical queſtion:—its ſtateſmen are ſummoned to do this or that—or to forbid this or that;—and to ſend inſtructions to agents or to governors—"by the next mail." The Britiſh people—its ſtateſmen—its legiſlators—its daily writers—its platform orators—are inceſſantly called upon to move, and to make others move, at the moment, and, as the phyſician ſays, *pro re natâ*. So it is that, while ſtateſmen and philoſophers around us are deſcending into the heart of the earth—there to find wiſdom and to bring it, at length, to the ſurface—the public men of all claſſes, among ourſelves, are—writing deſpatches—are adviſing their ſons, ſettled at the Antipodes; or are framing treaties with barbarians; or they are giving "the word of an Engliſhman" to the chiefs of ſome ſavage horde.

Wholly diſſimilar, therefore, are the occupations and the training of nations throughout the European community, and among this Inſular People. And the product ſhall be as different as is the proceſs. Let our neighbours ſurpaſs us in whatever is of the gloſs and varniſh, the glitter and the monotonous order, of an advanced civilization. The Britiſh people will be content to ſtand foremoſt as having achieved for themſelves, and for their ſons and daughters—all the world over—the mighty and excellent reality—the very ſubſtance of ſocial well-being;—and then ſhall

they leave unenvied to others, its ſemblances, its ſhadows, and its counterfeits.

The ſilken phraſe—"an advanced civilization"—falls ſoftly upon the ear in academic groves—in college halls—in mirror-lined ſaloons. It ſhall carry with it a far weightier ſenſe when it ſhall come home to us, as an echo, borne over the ocean—from all ſhores whereupon, or near to which, Engliſh homes, Engliſh probity, Engliſh energy and wealth, and England's Chriſtianity, ſhall have eſtabliſhed themſelves for ages.

An axiom, or a firſt principle, univerſally aſſented to, may ſlumber in the memories of a people—itſelf long at reſt: or, if it be not quite forgotten, it may more often be found in books, than upon men's lips. Not ſo if it muſt daily be put in force, and muſt be relied upon, as our ſafe guide, on new and arduous occaſions, confronting us, or our ſons, at the world's end. Thus it is that GREAT TRUTHS—liable as they are to ſubſide into decrepitude, renew their vital forces—are ſuddenly lifted aloft, and become intenſified as they preſent themſelves in the form of Rules of Conduct which—coſt what it may to adhere to them—muſt never be violated.

The work of the Britiſh People—the work they are called to—not of choice, but by the Providential Ordinance of God—is of two kinds, very diſſimilar, and yet tending always to run the

one into the other. The first of these tasks is that of settling, and ruling, and of aiding, and nourishing, and advising, its own people—gone forth, as they are, and creating for themselves homes—new Englands—in all latitudes. This work, in almost every instance, *adjoins* the other work—namely—that of taming the ferocity of savages, and of instructing them in the arts of life, and of winning them over to their own good; and then, that also of ruling nations that are already advanced in culture; but which yet are necessarily subject to European control.

So it has come about that there is no condition of human life, from the very lowest upwards to the highest, with which the British traveller, or settler, or trader, or missionary, or soldier, has not come into near correspondence. All modes of existence, wretched and revolting as some of them are, have been witnessed, and submitted to, and conversed with, and have been brought under a civilizing influence. Moreover, these various forms of individual and social life have come into notice, and have been put under management in every imaginable variety *as to the terms and mode of it;* such, for instance, as that of a transient and distrustful intercourse; and that of amicable settlement, and that of permanent supremacy, and that of military domination. Thus it is, therefore, that all these phases of life, conversed with under all these diversities of circumstance, as to

the terms of the intercourſe, have had the effect of bringing into prominence, as well abſtract principles, as practical rules of conduct, political, economic, commercial, and religious. In a word, a broad field—the field of the world—laboured upon in all modes, has become the ſource and the occaſion of that various diſcipline which the Britiſh mind, and the Britiſh heart, is now undergoing. And ſhall not the greatneſs of the reſult correſpond with the extent of the ſchooling?

There muſt be a vaſt difference between an abſtract principle, verbally aſſented to, and the ſame truth, brought into its bearing, in a practical manner, upon great and unlooked-for occaſions. THE REASON OF CIVILIZATION may, indeed, be ſet forth in ſome ſix or ſeven formal propoſitions; but this ſame reaſon, actually worked out under the accidents of a ſpontaneous world-wide progreſs in national welfare, will preſent itſelf with ſurpaſſing force. All men will ſee diſplayed in their view—Reaſon in the concrete—Reaſon and Truth, made viſible and palpable, and which, inſtead of its being digeſted in a philoſophy that muſt be maſtered, ſhall be recorded and read as a hiſtory that is to be pondered.

This is a hiſtory which is now in courſe of being acted out; and it is alſo in courſe of being recorded—page by page—as faſt as it is acted out. Let us take an inſtance, and it ſhall be that which muſt ſtand foremoſt in any ſtatement, whether

formal or informal, of the Elements of Civilization. Put into terms abſtractedly, or expreſſed as a popular aphoriſm, that truth which is the corner-ſtone of ſocial ſcience is this—That MAN is *man*, irreſpective of colour, or of diſtinctions of race. If this be ſo—then, man and woman—huſband and wife—parents and children, may not be bought and ſold as cattle;—their labour muſt not be coerced—their bodies and their ſouls muſt be reſpected:—the diſtinction between man and the brute, it is the higheſt of all crimes—it is an abomination—it is a blaſphemy, to diſregard.

We may conſult our taſte, as to the wording of this firſt principle of Social Science; but *the meaning* muſt be the ſame, and the inferences ſpringing from it muſt be the ſame—namely, theſe—that no reaſons of expediency, not even the moſt urgent, can be admitted to excuſe the perpetration, and the perpetuation of Slavery; and that the exiſtence, and the tolerance of Slavery in any community, although it may conſiſt well with the gloſs, and the varniſh, and the ſhadow, and the counterfeits of an advanced civilization, muſt forbid, muſt exclude, and muſt render impoſſible, its ſubſtance.

Among ourſelves all this has become trite:—there are no reſpondents on the contrary ſide. Moreover, at this moment, Britiſh Supremacy—Britiſh Force—upon every acre of its occupation, all the world over, ſtands glorioufly free from imputation or contradiction. So it is;—yet this is

not enough. An abſtract principle, which none dare to call in queſtion, is likely, as we have ſaid, to fall out of its place, and ceaſe to be uttered, or to be affirmed with vivacity. But proviſion is made againſt any ſuch conſequence as this in the extraordinary conditions under which Britiſh colonization is taking place upon all the border-lands of ſavage life, and of ſemi-barbarous national exiſtence. Amid theſe various conditions the Great Truth—above affirmed, and now everywhere, among ourſelves, aſſented to—becomes liable every day to many ambiguous expoſitions:—it preſents itſelf often as open to ſpecial exceptions; or as if a regard to it were impracticable, and as if, although undoubtedly true in the abſtract, it muſt juſt now, be held in abeyance. This will happen as long as rude ſettlers—who are *immigrants*, in one ſenſe, and outcaſts, perhaps, in another ſenſe—ſhall be liſtening to the dictates of their ſelfiſhneſs and cupidity—far away from the control, either of opinion, or of law. But after a time a report of the violence and of the wrongfulneſs that have had their courſe upon the border-lands of colonies reaches home:—it is brought forward in Parliament:—it is repeated in newſpapers:—it is talked of around fireſides; it is noiſed on platforms. Then follow diſcuſſions, and controverſies, in animated and angry tones, it may be. Firſt principles are reverted to, and are affirmed with a new vehemence; and theſe axioms, quietly aſſented to by

all men, in the abſtract, are now ſhown to apply to the particular caſe in hand :—it is proved that the imagined exception is no exception ; and that —if England will ſtill be true to herſelf—ſuch things as have been done, in the remote land, muſt now be forbidden, and a recurrence of them henceforward muſt be prevented.

Such has been the courſe of things, again and again, and under many diverſities of circumſtance, in the modern hiſtory of Britiſh colonization. So it has been in Africa—weſtern, and ſouthern, and eaſtern—ſo in India, and in Auſtralia, and in New Zealand, and in Polyneſia. Nor have occaſions of this kind ceaſed to preſent themſelves ; nor will they ſoon ceaſe to occur ; but as often as they do occur, the under-work—the great proceſs of national education—is continuouſly going on :—it is going on unthought of perhaps ; but truly and really ; and toward its product, at the laſt, we are every year drawing nearer. And can we doubt of what ſort this product ſhall be? Or ought we to call in queſtion the reaſonable belief—that, by the ordination of God, the Britiſh people, with its Chriſtian conſciouſneſs, and its humane inſtincts, has ſo been ſpread over the world, and has ſo been driven forwards, and has ſo been thruſt into the very heart of all barbariſms, and has ſo been made to encompaſs and to interpenetrate the many forms of imperfect civilization, as ſhall bring it ere long into a place of bright ſupremacy, as the

World-Expounder of that Firſt Truth—that corner principle of ſocial welfare concerning the Rights of Man; and the proclamation ſhall be made—it is even now in courſe of being made, that, in Britiſh thought, and Britiſh conſcience, and Britiſh rule, colour is of no account—diſtinctions of race are of no account—caſte is of no account; but, on the contrary, that, wherever the ſun ſhines, man is man, and all men brethren. To ſtop at this point is to ſay that the Ultimate Civilization which ſhall diſtinguiſh this Inſular People, although it may fall ſhort in many refinements, ſhall be approvable in the ſight of God—it ſhall be—Truth acted upon and realized, for the good of all nations.

II.

THE rights of MAN, as *Man*, muſt be underſtood in a ſenſe that can admit of no ſingle exception; for to allege an exception is the ſame thing as to deny the principle: we reject, therefore, with ſcorn, any profeſſion of reſpect to the principle which in fact comes to us clogged, and contradicted by—a petition for an exception.

It is not ſo in regard to what are called *Political Rights;* for theſe can be enjoyed, and made good uſe of, by none but thoſe who are competent to demand, and are capable of entering upon them as their undiſputed inheritance. There is *a na-*

tural capacity for the enjoyment of political rights which is the characteristic of a Race;—it is its distinction—it is its *difference*, as one among the families of mankind; and it is the prerogative of such a race, as a consequence also of centuries of discipline; and it is a prerogative that must be asserted, and defended, anew for itself, by each following generation of that Race.

As to the infirm, and the infantile Races, and as to the barbarous and the sluggish, or the stationary, and as to the oriental races, and as to nations debased by inveterate superstitions, and as to those of the European community that have long tolerated the negation of these rights, and that have lately taken despotisms upon their shoulders anew, they all have very much to learn, and many arduous achievements to accomplish, before the tranquil and assured enjoyment of POLITICAL RIGHTS can in any way be possible to them. Until those lessons have been learned, and until that discipline has had its course, such nations—afar off, and near—must consent—*To be governed as they may, for their good;* and perhaps the more such despotisms are cast in iron, and are framed in brass, so much the better will it be for the enslaved and prostrate people.

There is one idea of human nature which shows its presence in all those various forms of despotism to which the infirm, and the infantile races are subjected—whether Asiatic, or Euro-

pean. This idea is a compoſite conception, bringing into one two heterogeneous notions of humanity:—in ſuch inſtances the Governing Power pleaſes itſelf in thinking of men—mixedly, and alternately—as brutes and as babies; and it deals with them accordingly—now in reſpect of their ſuppoſed ferocity, and now in reſpect of their actual imbecility. If inquiry were made concerning various forms of government—all the world over, a very ſimple claſſification would be amply ſufficient for repreſenting them, in this way; in ſome—the brute idea is the moſt prominent; in others, it is the infantile that prevails. It is quite otherwiſe with the Anglo-Saxon Race, ſuch as it is either in its home, or in any of its far-off ſettlements.

There are, indeed, thoſe among us who allow themſelves to ſpeak diffidently, or diſtruſtfully, concerning the perpetuation of conſtitutional government in England, and the preſervation of the liberties, civil, political, and religious, of this Inſular Commonwealth; nor would any one dare to deny that political decay may at length ſtrike into the very heart of our inſtitutions; or that the dry rot of moral ſophiſtication may bring the venerable ſtructure to the ground! And who can affirm it to be an inconceivable event, that the cowering deſpotiſms near around us—hating us, and trembling in the preſence of Britiſh Liberty—may, in ſome evil day, muſter in force that ſhall be ſuffi-

cient for their purpoſe :—no doubt the Demon revolves this purpoſe ; and his legions may find their opportunity—who ſhall ſay how ſoon ?

Diffident ſpeculations of this order, always tending, as they do, to realize themſelves—for fear often converts ſpectres into ſubſtances—take their riſe mainly from the profitleſs uſage of philoſophiſing *in the abſtract* upon principles, and upon theories of government. So it is that Ariſtotle is read, and Plato is conſulted :—Monteſquieu, and Machiavelli, and Hobbes, and Grotius, and Puffendorf, and many others, down to J. Bentham, and J. S. Mill, are read and quoted. This may be well in its way ; but there is another field from any poſition upon which theſe thick clouds of ſpeculation may be looked at with advantage, and at leiſure, and without diſmay. Theories, liſtened to, or not regarded—not even known, or mentioned—the great problem of the conſervation of political, civil, and religious liberty, is now in courſe of being ſucceſsfully worked out ; it is now in actual progreſs, from the rudeſt inchoation, to the moſt elaborate finiſhing, on the borders, and upon the breadths of Continents, in both hemiſpheres ;—and to us, here at home, thoſe eſſential conditions of Ultimate Civilization, concerning which we may have given way to tremors, ſhall come back—they ſhall be *reimported*—realized, in all the energy of young life—the life of new-born Anglo-Saxon nations !

It is a queſtion ſcarcely worth the putting, and certainly not worth much trouble in ſeeking an anſwer to it—under what actual conſtitutional forms theſe remote Anglo-Saxon policies may at length congeſt themſelves:—they may be more or leſs monarchical and ariſtocratic; or they may be democratic and republican. Nor does this other queſtion much concern us—whether ſuch far-off colonies ſhall retain their political connection with the Mother country, or ſhall ſever the tie. Be theſe things as they may; and let the reſult be ſuch as may flatter, or ſuch as may mortify, national pride. This is enough—that, under every ſky where the ſons of the Inſular People ſhall be growing wheat, and rearing cattle, they will alſo be realizing and maintaining the prime requirements of ſocial exiſtence—namely, civil, political, and religious liberty. Thus ſhall the *ſubſtance* of an advanced Civilization be conſerved in the world—deſpite of the deſpots—our neighbours.

The inauſpicious uſage of thinking and of writing concerning forms of government in the pedantic terms of abſtract philoſophy, has induced the belief that free inſtitutions, conſtitutional government, and the conſequent liberties of the people, are, and have been, the products of a certain counterpoiſe of political forces; and that an artificial ſtructure, and a ſcientific and careful putting together of the framework of ſociety, are eſſential to the conſervation of theſe liberties.

This can be true only to a limited extent. The Britiſh Conſtitution, with the liberties it ſecures, is the product of ſpecific NATURAL QUALITIES in the Anglo-Saxon race. The contrary ſuppoſition—or the abſtract conception of a happy national exiſtence, as if it were the *reſult of Forms of Government*—has no doubt operated prejudicially in leading aſtray thoſe of the European community that have ſet themſelves, in recent inſtances, to the taſk of amending their domeſtic conſtitutions—after a Britiſh pattern. Continental philoſophers have thought that, if only they might ſet up, at home, ſomething like a working model of the Engliſh Conſtitution, this would give them at once—Engliſh liberties! Every ſuch attempt, or all but one, has hitherto miſerably failed to get itſelf realized.

Thoſe ſpecific qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race whence its Conſtitutional Forms have ſprung, may eaſily be enumerated:—they are not to be ſought for in depths of ſpeculative thought:—they are patent upon the ſurface. The hiſtory of England ſhows us the Products;—but it is the phyſiology of the people that gives us a clue when we inquire concerning the Cauſes. It is true, in a ſenſe, that Engliſh liberties reſt upon ſuch things as Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, and the Repeal of Intolerant Statutes; and, it may be, alſo, upon Parliamentary Reform. Grant all this to the full; but it is of far more ſignificance to bear in mind

the fact that these liberties—these substantial good things of our social existence, take their broad bearing upon the bone and muscle, upon the animal force and elasticity, upon the nervous energy, upon the restlessness, upon the power of endurance, upon the steadfast holding to a purpose—upon those things that are *the physical distinctions of the Insular People.* It is these qualities of the race—qualities—animal, mental, moral—whence comes impatience of impertinent interference and useless control;—it is hence that springs the self-reliance, the determination to achieve a work in the best manner—and thence also, and indirectly—the love of order, the respect for law, the loyalty toward constituted and rightful authorities, and the jealousy of insidious infringements of any right or privilege.

It is out of its physical and of its mental conformation, in their commixture, that arise the practical tendency, and the distrust, in all things, of merely theoretic guidance. A vigorous good sense is the natural product of bodily vigour, conjoined with the unworn integrity of the intellectual faculties. In harmony with a national conformation of this healthful order is the feeling, and the doctrine, that self-government, in the detail, is better, is cheaper, is more *timely*, than the impertinent omnipresence of the Central Power. A People, mentally and bodily in health, may well govern itself in all things—short of what concerns its foreign relationships, and its matters of form.

As a rule, the maximum of political good will beſt conſiſt with the minimum of the liveried, ſtaff-bearing, ſeal-bearing, wig-and-gown-wearing ſtipendiaries of Government.

Of a piece with theſe characteriſtics of the race (and it is the product of them) is that now-eſtabliſhed uſage of the Britiſh People to conceive great projects, and to inaugurate them, and to carry them forward, in the mode of ſpontaneous aſſociations, and "Public Meetings," gathered without aſking leave from authorities; and which are promoted fearleſſly, nevertheleſs in awe of that public opinion which is arbiter of all movements, and which gives judgment upon all enterpriſes. The diſcuſſion of theſe ſpontaneous deſigns in the columns of a vigilant free preſs—free within each ſmall circle, and free in the larger circle—gives to the national energies at once all the ſcope that can be deſired for them, and all the corrective ſuperviſion that the moſt timid need wiſh for. Then upon all this wide field of popular energy a wiſe Government looks down, from its high ſeat, with unanxious complacency:—"Theſe things may go on, and they will go the moſt ſafely, when they are left to go by themſelves."

Again, then, we are to look out toward the ſkirts of the world—to the borders of the wilderneſs, and into the heart of ſubjugated nations—wherever trade, colonization, unavoidable military advances, and Chriſtian zeal have already carried the Britiſh

ſettler, the traveller, the miſſionary, or the ſoldier. If this one condition of theſe offsettings be granted —namely, that the Anglo-Saxon race ſhall maintain its original energy, and ſhall conſerve the vital force of its blood—then it will be that, at diſtant points, and under many and various conditions, the principal elements of an advanced Civilization will be going through a proceſs of development, and this always with a new force and freſhneſs. Firſt—the RIGHTS OF MAN muſt everywhere, all the world over, be recognized, and reſpected, and religiouſly watched over, and courageouſly defended:—to do this is the audible call of God, now addreſſed to the Britiſh People. The ſecond call is that which ſhall ſecure POLITICAL RIGHTS for whoever it may be that is qualified to enjoy and uſe them. Theſe rights, if definitely named, muſt leave nothing unprovided for that may be needed in ſtopping the way againſt inſidious infringements, or encroachments, or machinations, or forcible invaſions, of whatſoever is precious to the thought, the feeling, the domeſtic ſanctity, and to the religious conſciouſneſs, of all men—individually, and ſocially regarded.

It may be, or in time it may come ſo to be, that the Britiſh people—ſophiſticated, and enfeebled by too much intercourſe with thoſe neareſt to them, who themſelves are cringing under deſpotiſms, and are uſed to the feſter of the chain upon their necks, ſhall remit their watchfulneſs, and ſhall be

weary of their jealouſy of the encroachments of power, and ſhall learn to lull themſelves in refinements, and to amuſe themſelves with the glitter of a falſe civilization;—it may be that the Britiſh heart ſhall thicken, and that its pulſes ſhall intermit;—yet even then, the ſame blood, beating in young arteries abroad, ſhall return to its ſource, and England ſhall thus "renew her youth as the Eagle."

We have juſt now ſaid, in relation to the Rights of Man, that they are univerſal and *unexceptive*; or, if not ſo, then they are none at all. To profeſs the principle, and then to plead for an exception—let the plea be what it may—is to deny the principle, and it is to utter a treaſon againſt humanity. The ſame is true, and it is true with an emphaſis, in relation to thoſe Rights which are at once the ſureſt guarantee of every other, and the moſt precious of all—namely, the Rights of Conſcience. We ſay *Rights*; for although they are *one*, they yet include what muſt be carefully ſpecified, in detail, as a caution againſt all contradictions, and againſt any infringement. If you affirm that the right or liberty of every man *to think*, as he pleaſes, need not be mentioned, or be formally claimed, inaſmuch as it cannot be refuſed or reſtricted; this may ſeem to be a truiſm; but it is not true in fact; for Liberty of Thought, if liberty of *utterance* be denied, or if it be reſtricted, or if liberty of teaching, preaching, proſelytizing, and worſhipping, be in the leaſt degree hedged about

with conditions, is a liberty which will only pine itſelf away as a ſmothered anguiſh; the freedom of *Unuttered Thought*—what better is it to a man than a cancer, rooted in his ſoul? Free he is to muſe, and free to ſigh, and free to wiſh himſelf in a lone wilderneſs—a thouſand miles away from the haunts of his fellows:—this is a miſery from which a man will ſeek to relieve himſelf, by ceaſing to think—by lulling the inquietudes of reaſon and of conſcience too, in ſordid or in ſenſuous purſuits.

Beſides:—Liberty is no liberty, in any ſenſe, if at all it be bandaged. Thoſe reſtraints which attach to ſocial life for the ſafety of all alike are none in the feeling of the right-minded. But the bandaging of men in reſpect of their religious convictions, and profeſſions, and conduct, is a reſtraint which is uſeleſs more than any other; for danger on this ground does not come, if it be not created; and it is prejudicial more than any other; becauſe religious liberty, in its amplitude, and when it is enjoyed by many, does, by itſelf, render deſpotiſms impoſſible.

The Rights of Conſcience not underſtood, or if they be miſunderſtood by a government—then the Civilization of ſuch a people is—a glittering barbariſm; it is nothing better. The refinements of the upper claſſes of ſuch a people are a falſeneſs, concealing the want of reality, the want of earneſtneſs, the non-entity of all profeſſions. If, in

fact, there be ſubſtance and truth among the people, who ſhall know it to be there? For every utterance of men's ſouls has become habituated to a uſage which may beſt ſerve to ſecure it againſt the notice of the omnipreſent tyranny. It is not ſo among ourſelves. But is this amplitude of religious liberty in any jeopardy here in its home? Let it be granted that it is not, any way, in peril. Yet if it were ſo, and if, from the eaſineſs of our unqueſtioned enjoyment of it, there ſhould enſue indifference, then do we find a remedy—then do we find a means of its renovation, in looking to the out-planting of the Britiſh Stock—out-planted under conditions the moſt favourable for imparting a new energy to the religious conſciouſneſs of the people.

It might be made to appear a probable ſuppoſition that, by the even-paced advancement of popular inſtruction, and by the gradual ſoftening of popular manners, down even to the loweſt claſs, and by the ſpreading humanities of claſs toward claſs, and by the coming in of a reign of courteſies, thoſe deeper and ſtronger motives wherewith Chriſtianity concerns itſelf ſhall loſe their place—if not in individual minds, yet in the ſocial ſyſtem at large. In ſuch a ſtate of things—what becomes of the Rights of Conſcience? They are not violated, for no one cares to invade them; but they are not guarded, they are not thought of, they are not affirmed—they fade away as obſolete. Of

this ſort, no doubt, are thoſe anticipations of Ultimate Civilization which ſome at this time are entertaining. But never ſhall it be ſo; or if it might be ſo, we have at hand, and afar off too, our means of recovery.

III.

THE poſition of England as the Mother country of Settlements that are ſpread, and are continually ſpreading over all the world, and its poſition alſo as Miſſion-Centre towards ſo many peoples, has no parallel in hiſtory—ancient or modern. From this ſingularity it might follow that any ſort of anticipative reaſoning—as if founded upon experience and analogy—muſt be fallacious; or at beſt muſt be very uncertain. Who ſhall dare to conjecture what iſſue any courſe of events ſhall have, to which we find no reſemblance among the paſt experiences of mankind? This uncertainty muſt ſeem all the more cloudy in the view of thoſe whoſe habits of thought, and habits of life too, lead them to think of a yet-diſtant and an ultimate civilization on the ſide of the probable advancements that ſhall attend it—in Philoſophy, in Social Science, in the Science of Government, in Literature, in Taſte, in the Fine Arts, and in the poliſhing of manners—or, in three words, as incluſive of—The Reign of Intellect, the Reign of Æſthetics, and the Reign of Courteſies.

While ſoft anticipations of this order are in view, the rough and rude things upon the far-off world of the Britiſh outſpread, come in upon us only to diſturb us—only to diſtract attention from our own loftier aims; in fact, they are—a ſo much, come in, not to promote our advances; but to hinder them; not to lift, but to depreſs, the *mean level* of our Home-condition, as to its refinements and its civilization. It may be thought—if England were but as free from theſe remote attachments as is Germany, then might ſhe give herſelf, at leiſure, to the profundities of Abſtract Thought, and to the elaborations of critical learning. Or, if England were but clear of colonies otherwiſe than as held by the ſword, as is France, then might ſhe beſtow all her mind upon whatever is the moſt finiſhed and the moſt taſteful, in art, and luxury, and amuſement. This is one view of national progreſs; but there is another view.

The call, coming in from afar, every day, to the Britiſh People, in its Inſular Home, is an urgent ſummons to concern itſelf—for the ſake of its own ſons and daughters, and for the ſake of many ſavage tribes, and for the ſake of the millions of inert and enſlaved nations, and for the ſake of all tribes of earth upon whoſe borders Britiſh influence touches—a call to give attention to, and to take in hand, whatever is the hardeſt to do, and the moſt difficult to decide upon; and whatever may not be touched at all, except—let the words be here permitted in a true ſenſe—except by God's

Elect. What we mean, conveyed in the ſimpleſt terms, is this—that the unexampled vocation of the Britiſh People is of that ſort that ſhall call forth, from out of its nurturing boſom, men of the higheſt quality in mind, and in moral force ;—men devoted as martyrs—prompt to riſk life and all things in their path of duty ;—men who, although they are themſelves cultured, and accompliſhed, and habituated to every refinement, ſhall freely break away from all, and ſhall count all ſuch things as droſs, and ſhall tread painful paths into the gloomieſt depths of barbariſm—there to teach, to reclaim, to civilize, to govern, and to immortalize their brethren of all races. Theſe things are not fables :—they are not dreams of the future :—they are ſuch things as are taking place, even now, in our view.

Whatever is the moſt robuſt, the moſt healthful, whatever has in it the quality of a genuine heroiſm, whatever brings out the choiceſt virtue, and the higheſt wiſdom, whatever engages the thoughts of the moſt thoughtful, and is carefully conſidered at home, and is reſolutely carried forward abroad, and is nobly achieved there ; it is theſe things that now are, and that ſhall be, more and more, the moſt held in honour among the Inſular People :—more admired ſhall ſuch things be than military achievements ; and they ſhall be ſpoken of with a reverence that ſilences the pretenſions of ſoul-leſs Intellect, of ſelf-pleaſing Taſtes, and of heartleſs accompliſhments.

Facts of this order ſubtend a very ſmall angle in the view of luxurious and eaſy-going people; and to ſome ſuch, or to moſt of them, the ſubject is altogether unattractive—nay, it is repulſive. Yet it is true that great revolutions in the moral world have taken their courſe, notwithſtanding the indifference, or the expreſſed contempt of the ſame claſs of perſons. But is it indeed a ſmall angle that is ſubtended by the outſpread of the Britiſh Stock at this time? Take the Map of the World in hand—or rather, take two ſuch maps. Give to one of them the date, 1760; to the other, that of the year now current. Upon the firſt mark, in red, the then Engliſh occupations upon all ſhores, whether that of Colonies, or of Factories only, or of Forts, or of a tranſient trading contact. Mark upon the ſecond Map, in the ſame colour, the colonial occupation, at this time—the Imperial Governments—the trading ſettlements—the points of intercourſe, which ſhow the part which England is playing upon all Continents and Iſlands—the world over. On grounds of the ſureſt calculation (calculations which are irreſpective of what may be the *political* fortunes of colonies) look forward another fifty years, or another hundred. At this time it is ſo;—and at that time it ſhall be ſo in a new ſenſe—that the Anglo-Saxon Race, led on always in noble and royal ſtyle by the Inſular People, ſhall be in courſe, at a rapid rate—to Anglicize the Habitable Earth. A boaſt

this may ſeem in its *ſound*—but a homely matter of fact it is in its *ſubſtance*.

To eſtimate duly what this Britiſh out-planting includes, and what it muſt bring with it, it is needful to look to the conditions under which it is everywhere taking place. It is nothing leſs than a ſetting out, upon new ſoil, of the Engliſh Domeſtic feeling—this centre feeling of all our feelings. The Engliſh home, with its enjoyments, its cares, its tear-ſheddings, and its ſanctities, goes wherever Engliſhmen go. The Engliſhwoman is always there :—her better conſciouſneſs of what is right and good is there :—her ſenſe of fitneſs and order is there ; her mother's inſtincts, and not the leaſt, if laſt to be mentioned, her fond undying recollections of a home in England, and the loved perſons—parents, brothers, ſiſters—of that home. The Engliſhwoman abroad, not unfrequently, is one of the ariſtocratic claſs ; often ſhe is of the fully-educated claſs :—greatly ſhe is of the claſs next below this, and yet is not wanting in the qualities which life abroad ſhall call into action. Conditions ſuch as theſe are wholly unlike thoſe that have attached to the conqueſts and colonizations of Spain, or of Portugal, or of Holland, or of France, or of Denmark, in paſt times : an approach toward theſe conditions, in a few exceptive inſtances, is all that can be claimed for any of thoſe European outſpreads, of the fifteenth, the ſixteenth, and the ſeventeenth centuries.

We have ſaid—as is the *work* which, in his term of years, the man has to do—ſuch is he. With a peculiar meaning the affirmation ſtands good, as to the other ſex. As is the part ſhe is called to act in life—ſuch is the WOMAN. Signally has this averment received illuſtration in the courſe of recent events. A ſeven years, dated back from this year, with the unexampled events of that time, have given to the heroiſm and the conſtancy of Woman a new aſpect:—a ſplendid page for woman has found a place among the dark pages of recent Engliſh hiſtory. And ſo it ſhall be, ever and again:—dangers—ſufferings—patient continuances in well-doing, theſe things, and not luxurious modes of life, not the amplitude of accompliſhments and refinements—it is theſe that make the WOMAN. Life in the lone wilderneſs, and life on the ſkirts, or in the heart of lawleſs hordes—the life of the ſettler, and that of the Miſſionary, and that of the Civil and Military reſident in pagan countries, is of a ſort that is likely to give to the woman who takes out England in her heart, the very trueſt of all forms of female goodneſs.

In all this, if we chooſe to call it an hypotheſis of Engliſh life upon the waſtes of the world—there is a condition aſſumed. There muſt be preſent in the underſtanding and in the affections and convictions of thoſe who ſhall ſhow this courage, and this patience, and this devotedneſs—

there must be A FORCE adequate to occasions of so unusual a kind. In quest of such a Force it would be a vapid affectation to suppose this or that influence or motive as sufficient; and then to grant in candour to each its due. There is now but one Power in the world which indeed is sufficient for every arduous occasion, and for the most arduous. It is Christianity, and nothing less than this, that will animate the courage, and sustain the patience, and nerve the fortitude demanded in those —the men and the women—who shall undertake and achieve the great and various labours which, by the ordinance of God, are to be carried forward throughout the world.

It would be a superfluous courtesy as toward any rival scheme—religious or irreligious, to challenge it to come forward when great things of this kind are to be done, and to say—"A danger the most extreme is just now to be encountered; a labour the most irksome is at this time to be undertaken; a service that is equivalent to a martyrdom is to be performed:—there is an earnest outcry for help. Will *you* listen to this cry? Will *you* rise from downy cushions, and leave your place at banquets, and turn away from golden appointments at this call?" The call need not be urged in any such quarters. It is Christian men and women, and these only, who do step forward at the summons. Christian men and women have already left their all, and are gone out, hastening

to their fields of ſervice. This courſe of things is not conjecture. Theſe things are doing before our eyes, and in our hearing. Such men and women are now found in the fore-front of labour and danger, both at home and abroad :—they have diſtanced rivalries, if there were any competitors : —they are gone out of hearing of cavils ; and they are contented to leave to their leiſure, the profeſſors and teachers of a nugatory pantheiſtic myſticiſm—leaving them to talk—to write—to advance frivolous exceptions, and to detract from merits which they cannot underſtand.

It ſhall be in the act of doing a far greater work in the world than any other people is, or has ever been called to attempt, that the Inſular Anglo-Saxon People ſhall attain (more or leſs perfectly) that condition of intellectual and moral eminence to which, and to nothing leſs than which, the phraſe which ſtands at the head of this Eſſay ought to be applied. In taking this as our mark, there is no need that, at the impulſe of a ſour or fanatical mood, we ſhould denounce, or ſhould ſpeak contemptuouſly of thoſe poliſhings of the *ſurface* which we muſt deny to be of the *ſubſtance* of an advanced civilization. The ſpontaneous ingenuity of thoſe who are well paid in meeting the never-ſatisfied requirements of luxury—luxury *intellectual*, as well as ſenſuous and ſenſual, will no doubt go on—heightening, and yet heightening more, the dazzle of the ſocial maſs, in its upper grades. All

this will be; and let it be. But after all, we must still be seeking for that which is not only of another sort, in itself, but which shall have sprung from motives wholly of another order.

The ULTIMATE CIVILIZATION we are looking for must be such as shall leave no miseries unheeded at home:—it must be such as will take no rest so long as there are *classes* of the people lost in intemperance and profligacy. This same energy of national health—this strong pulse of the moral life, will carry out its own health and its consciousness of right to every land where the sons and daughters of England have already gone. The Social Equilibrium we are looking for is the opposite —not merely of stagnation, but of rest. The Insular People, safe at home in its social adjustments, and too wise, politically, to indulge ambition or to covet conquests—ambitious only to make full proof of its appointed ministry in the world—takes possession of the wastes of all Continents, in right of its deserving so to do; and of its fitness to rule the nations by its own Moral Force.

Grant it, that, in large averments of this sort there are assumptions as to the future, as well as there is a statement of visible and indisputable facts. It is so: and these very assumptions assume another; and in this last instance a due religious modesty ought to prohibit a tone of over-confidence, as well as of arrogance.

What then we further assume is this—That

there is A PROVIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT of human affairs, which, however ſlow it may be in bringing about its purpoſes, intends, and will give effect to, a ſcheme of beneficence for the good of all nations. We aſſume this alſo—that THE DIVINE BENEFICENT INTENTION is, and will be, carried forward through the inſtrumentality of men who are granted to the world, and are perſonally gifted, and are trained, and are ſent forward in furtherance of this intention, and are ſuſtained in accompliſhing it.

The final aſſumption which is needed in the inſtance before us is this, and it ſhould not even be named without diffidence—That THE BRITISH PEOPLE has thus been gifted, and has ſo been trained in the ſtruggles of centuries, and has ſo been brought into a poſition that is wholly unexampled—for the accompliſhment of the Divine Intention toward the Human Family—to tame, to teach, to guide, and to rule, with Truth and Goodneſs, all that are afar off.

The ULTIMATE CIVILIZATION of the Inſular People itſelf, ſhall therefore be that condition—intellectual and moral—which will be the reſult, and the proper fruit of its continuing to fulfil its miſſion, throughout the World.

In what has thus been ſaid nothing is included that ſhould belong to the ſubject of Coſmopolitan Civilization—a ſubject not only difficult in the higheſt degree, but wholly conjectural or ſpecu-

lative, as to the grounds on which it muſt reſt. We enter upon Dream-land the moment when we begin to imagine thoſe changes, thoſe revolutions, thoſe advances which may occur anywhere, throughout the European Continent, but toward which, at this time, no progreſs appears to be making. In reſpect of each of the prime Elements of ſocial health, and of political equilibrium, and of moral amelioration, and of a well-underſtood doctrine and practice of Religious Liberty, the European Empires and Kingdoms—two inconſiderable inſtances excepted—and theſe are ambiguous exceptions—are now in retrogreſſion. There were aſpects of the European commonwealth forty-five years ago, and again twenty-ſix years ago, which looked like breaks in the cloud-maſs of dark centuries:—all things good might then have been ſpoken of as probable. But the cloud-maſs has again cloſed over the gap through which a ſunbeam had made its way; and it muſt be left to thoſe who can pleaſe themſelves in ſuch an employment, to tell us, at hazard, what ſhall be the condition, twenty years hence, of all countries, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the White Sea. Throughout the greater part of this extent of lands—far as they are advanced in material civilization, and in whatever belongs to the gloſs and glitter of refinement—and how great ſoever are the attainments of ſome of them in ſcience, and high their merits in literature—the maſs of the people (upper and lower claſſes alike) are almoſt as unfit for the enjoyment,

and for the wiſe uſe of political rights, and of conſtitutional government, as are the people of India, or the millions of China. In thoſe European States where theſe rights and enjoyments are ſomewhat better underſtood, and are eagerly coveted, there is ſtill wanting, not only the long habitudes of Civil Liberty, but that vigorous *practical ſenſe* which ſhould give reality to free conſtitutions. Theories, and the bootleſs metaphyſics of Social Science, are dreamed about by thoſe who affect to lead opinion. The fruit of Theories are—periodic outburſts of popular impatience—ending always in a new tightening of cords—a new riveting of chains.

Nations overſhadowed by vaſt ſtanding armies, arrayed—in pretext—againſt neighbour armies, in reality againſt the maſſes of the people, muſt be content to wait for their liberties to the coming in of the millennium! And furthermore, muſt it not be held as a truth, ſubſtantiated by all experience, that an unexcepted, an unconditioned enjoyment of Religious Liberty—apart from which no other liberties are ſecure, will never conſiſt with the dominance of vilifying ſuperſtitions—ſuch as that of Rome, or that of the Greek Church. Never ſhall there be breathed, in any land, the health-inſpiring atmoſphere of perfect liberty of thought, of ſpeech, of teaching, of worſhip, where the prieſts of theſe ſuperſtitions are everywhere to be ſeen, keeping the people in awe. The preſence

of a prieſthood, the dealers in falſities—at the beſt occupied in mummeries, and too many of them enacting the immoralities of the clerical celibate —ſuch a preſence in a country removes to an incalculable futurity the hope and the poſſibility of national moral health.

Wholly irreſpective, therefore, of its European aſpect, muſt we learn to concern ourſelves with what relates to the miſſion and the work of the Inſular People, as at this time it is in progreſs throughout the world. What the Britiſh People has now to do is—to fulfil its deſtiny on all continents; and, while earneſtly thus employed, to defend itſelf, as it beſt may, againſt the jealouſy, and the fear, and the hatred of its mighty neighbours —right hand and left hand.

ESSAY II.

Mind in Form.

1.

WE leave untouched, at this time, all queſtions—metaphyſical or phyſiological—concerning the interaction of Mind and Matter, and the dependence of the Mind upon the Body; as alſo of the functions of the Brain in relation to Thought and Conſciouſneſs. Our ſubject we find more upon the ſurface of things; and it is of a kind that taxes no powers of abſtraction. We have before us the wide world of organized beings—vegetable and animal; and we are to aſk concerning theſe infinitely diverſified objects, in what way, or on what principles, we may ſafely interpret FORM, conſidered as the ſymbol, or as the viſible expreſſion of MIND. This word—*Form*, muſt, in this Eſſay, be made to include more than in ſtrictneſs it is held to mean, that is to ſay—more than ſhape or figure, as cognizable by the ſight and

touch; for it must comprehend, along with the visible *configuration* of bodies, all diversities of colour, and of texture, as well those that are fixed and inherent, as those which are incidental and momentary. For example, the Tree now in my view has its permanent *specific* form of trunk, branches, foliage, and leaf, proper to it as oak or elm. It has, moreover, its *individual* form, determined as this has been by the circumstances of its position and growth:—it has, moreover, its *specific colours*, and its *incidental* colouring—which may be that of June, or that of October. Then, besides these differences, whether permanent or incidental, this particular tree has its mathematical *perspective*, as seen from the spot where I stand; and it has also its aerial perspective;—together with the accidents of light and shadow, and those many pictorial phases which come and go while I am looking at it. The meaning of the word, as thus exemplified, embraces therefore whatever it is by means of which the senses of sight and of touch—sight especially—distinguish one object from another, at the passing moment. All such differences are included in the meaning which we now attribute to the one word—FORM.

In what senses, then, does *Form* symbolize, or give expression to Mind? In two senses it does so;—or it is in two senses, now to be mentioned, that we are here intending to speak of it.

FORM symbolizes MIND in so far as it is the

viſible expreſſion of the *Intention*, or of the purpoſe, or of the feeling, or taſte, which we attribute to the plaſtic or conſtructive Thought whence we believe it to have ſprung. The pen in my hand ſymbolizes the purpoſe it ſubſerved when it was one of twenty feathery blades—like itſelf conſtituting a wing; but in the configuration it has lately received from the knife, it ſpeaks of a different deſign, attaching to another mind—the pen-cutter, and he, whoever he might be, has thus adapted it to my uſe, as an inſtrument in writing.

Form, as an expreſſion of Mind, may indicate not merely, as aboveſaid, what may be called *mechanical intention*—as does a hammer, or a ſaw—but *Feeling* alſo, or Taſte. The tool may be decorated;—the handle may be curiouſly carved;—it may be ſtudded with brilliants. An article of furniture, good and proper for its purpoſe, as chair or table, may have been ſo overloaded with carvings and inlayings, with gildings and varniſhings—all which are expreſſions of the maker's taſte and feeling, that we forget the mere uſe of the ſtructure;—and give it a place among our ſpecimens of decorative art.

Theſe inſtances belong to one ſide only of our preſent ſubject:—the other ſide, and the more ſpecial of the two, is that which brings before us the ſymbolization of Mind in Form through the medium of contours, or of lines, and other diverſities of the ſurface, conſtituting *Character* and

Expreſſion. In the conſideration of inſtances belonging to *this* ſide of our ſubject, we ſoon find ourſelves in depths, where we have to feel our way, and where it is at once as impoſſible to doubt the reality and the ſignificance of what we have to do with, as it is to give a clear, or a perfectly ſatisfactory account of the ground of our convictions. What *are* the grounds of thoſe inſtantaneous phyſiognomical judgments which we are tacitly paſſing every day and hour? This queſtion is not ſo eaſily anſwered as we may at firſt ſuppoſe; for as to the reaſon or the *ſource* of our phyſiognomical intuitions, there is room, as we may ſee, for various ſpeculations; and the hypotheſes we may accept as probable are far from having a ſcientific aſpect. Nevertheleſs there are ſome principles and inferences, phyſiological and moral, connected with theſe ſpeculations which aſſume a practical meaning, and concerning which it may be well to reach a concluſion, if only on probable grounds—if ſuch grounds there are.

Mind *produces* Form; and then, in the reſulting ſtructure or organization we read the *intention*, and we read alſo the *quality*, and often—ſo it is in human works—we read the *quantity* alſo of that Mind. But Mind itſelf *reſides* in Form, and as therein reſident it moulds and faſhions its material abode to itſelf:—it puts itſelf forth in contour, and in colouring, and (within limits) it brings its habitation into accordance with itſelf as to its material

—the ſolids, and the fluids, until a harmony enſues between Mind and Form. This correſpondence has reſpect to power, and to temper, and to temperament; and alſo to thoſe after-formed habits and modes of exiſtence which belong to the individual. In this ſenſe underſtood—by the phraſe *Mind in Form* we aſſume the exiſtence of an occult Force which gives utterance to itſelf in what is viſible and tangible in its material lodgment.

It will be expected, here, on the threſhold of our ſubject, that we ſhould ſhow reaſon for aſſuming, as we do, that the occult Force—the indwelling mind—does thus ſubjugate to itſelf the material organization. Is not this a doctrine too bold to be advanced without proof? Manifeſtly the contrary may be affirmed, as equally probable; or a queſtion of this ſort may be put—"Which of the two is indeed the plaſtic force? Which is it that is determinative of the other?" Or, otherwiſe ſtated—"In what direction does the dynamic current flow?—Is it the Individual Mind that gives law to the Individual Form?—or does this give law to that?—or do the two forces intermingle their influences?"

At this point we muſt fairly beg the queſtion, and take with us the doctrine that Mind *is* the uppermoſt authority; but yet not ſo as that it rules the Form in an undiſturbed, or undiſputed manner: *this* is far from being true. If now we have before us an Individual human form, and we are pro-

poſing to treat it as an object of ſcience, we ſhall ſoon find ourſelves perplexed among the indications of many confluent cauſes, each of which has its claim to be regarded as foremoſt; or at leaſt as on a par with others. Not to recognize theſe ſeveral cauſes would be to throw ourſelves upon gueſſes, ſuch as thoſe with which Lavater, and his diſciples, have filled volumes.

If we would do better than this, we muſt learn to ſet off, one by one, thoſe various influences or cauſes—ethnical, phyſiological, and artificial, or accidental—which make themſelves viſible in the human exterior, and which are ſuperadded to, and which overlay that individual Mind-Force of which we are in ſearch. In ſeeking for this it may be well to take a ſtart from a poſition a little higher up than might be quite neceſſary: as thus.—

Among the various means by aid of which one mind conveys itſelf to other minds, language, with all its conveniences, and its copiouſneſs, is far from being always the beſt, or the one that is the moſt preciſe, or the moſt concluſive. A pictorial conveyance of thought is often much more ſo. A geometric figure is at once more ſignificant, and it is more ſure than the words that might be employed inſtead of it. Works of art have the power of conveying *in combination*, and at a glance, meanings to which many pages of writing would not fully give utterance. A ſet of carpenter's tools ſpeaks much of the mathematical and the

mechanical ſcience, and of the civilization, and of the habits of the people among whom he labours. Still more, the tools and weapons of the ſavage man ſymbolize his condition and his habits: they do this in the ſtyle, and in the abundance of the decorations—the carvings, and the inlayings, that give them their value in his view; for they ſhow that the weapon is not a tool of ſlaughter merely; but that it is a ſymbol of thoſe habits of feeling that, among a barbarous people, make war a glory, and ſlaughter a virtue. As our companion in making our way over an unknown country, ſhall we take a Guide-book, or a map?—both, if we can obtain both; but a map, if we muſt chooſe between the two.

When ſeveral meanings are to be conveyed, at once, the palpable and the viſible object is at once more ſure, and it is more ſignificant than the ſpoken, or the written utterance of thoſe ſeveral meanings. A plank thrown acroſs a chaſm or torrent, and well ſecured on both ſides, is evidence of a Mind—my precurſor on this path. A place of reſt provided for me at even diſtances throughout a journey carries with it an infallible proof of ſuch precurſive intention. But if the place of reſt has been ſo choſen as to command an extenſive proſpect, and if this *election of taſte* preſents itſelf repeatedly throughout the track of a long pilgrimage, then I have evidence, not merely of a benevolent intention, but of a feeling alſo, as to the

beauty of landſcape. This latter indication—this utterance of Mind—is not at all leſs ſure, or leſs explicit than the other; and the two together are at leaſt as intelligible as any verbal utterance could be. It is thus that we read off, from the ſurface of the viſible world (or we may do ſo) the qualities or attributes of the Creative Mind;—for there is before us, not ſtructural reaſon only, but, added to this, ornamentative feeling, or conſciouſneſs of beauty alſo. The one claſs of utterance is quite as articulate as is the other claſs.

FORM, ſuch as it preſents itſelf in all inorganic maſſes—ſolid, fluid, aerial—is in no ſingle inſtance —let the ſoleciſm be allowed—*formleſs*, in the ſenſe in which that word is colloquially employed. Every maſs, whether it be mountain, or cloud, or wave of the ſea, or caſual heap of ſtones—ſpeaks of the force, or the forces, whence it has become what it is; which may be gravitation, or chemical action, or magnetic action, or atmoſpheric action, or the actinic influence of light, or of electricity. Form, in every inſtance without an exception, ſpeaks of cauſation, which itſelf ſpeaks of Mind—for Mind is the only CAUSE.

But from FORM, inorganic, we paſs on to Form organic—vegetable and animal; and in conſidering theſe—our proper theme in this Eſſay needs to be ſet off from that with which, in fact, it is always cloſely intermingled. Organizations invite attention (1) in reſpect of the REASON of the

ſtructure, which is the ſubject of Phyſiological Science (2) in reſpect of the ornamentation, or BEAUTY which they carry on their ſurface; and, in animal organizations, in reſpect (3) of the CHARACTER, the diſpoſitions, and the now-paſſing emotions of the Individual Mind which is therein reſident. It is with this laſt-named aſpect of organic Forms that we are now chiefly concerned. Yet as this character of animal organization never offers itſelf to the eye otherwiſe than as intimately commingled with what is proper to the other two — namely, the ſtructural Reaſon, and the Ornamentation—it becomes needful to mark, with ſome care, the boundaries of each.

An organization, vegetable or animal, is a congeries of parts, each of which is related to, and finds its purpoſe in, certain functions of the entire ſtructure; as to its growth, or its reproduction, or its movements, or its defence. The conſtituents of an organized being are, in moſt inſtances, related *concentrically* to one or more principal organs; and from this organ, or theſe organs, ariſe thoſe interior movements in the circuit of which all the functions of the ſtructure are completed. There is thus at once a direction of the vital forces from the exterior inwards, and a counter-direction, from the centre outwards.

It is not poſſible otherwiſe than on the aſſumption of a *purpoſe*, or deſign, on the ground of what are called *final cauſes*, that we ſhould regard an

organization as *interpretable*, either in its ſeparate parts, or as a whole. If this aſſumption of a Final Cauſe, or Reaſon, or Purpoſe, may not warrantably be taken as granted, then we may as well ſtop ſhort at this point; for there can be no room for reaſoning concerning ſtructures that have no reaſon in themſelves. If we are ſeeking for Mind, we do ſo on the belief that *it is* where we are looking for it. We hold it for certain that Mind *is*, wherever we find that we can read it off, and ſo come into communion with it, by a coherent interpretation of its ſymbols. Mind *is* in any ſtructure the conſtituents of which are cauſally related—each to the others, in a mode that fits them to conſtitute a whole;—and fits the whole to its purpoſe, or its final cauſe.

Throughout this Eſſay we uſe the phraſe—FUNCTIONAL FORM, as indicative of whatever belongs to the *ſtructure*, as related to its purpoſes of life or movement, conſidered ſimply in the *phyſiological*, or ſcientific ſenſe. The phraſe DECORATIVE FORM has relation to that which is appreciable by the ſenſe of Beauty, or Taſte, and which is found on the ſurface only; whereas Structural or Functional Form attaches to the interior principally, and to the exterior incidentally. The phraſe—CHARACTERISTIC FORM carries a very different meaning, and it brings before us whatever it is upon the exterior of an animal organization that gives ground for inferences, or ſurmiſes,

as to the permanent diſpoſitions, or as to the tranſient emotions of the indwelling mind.

Intimately as the three principles of Form are commingled in almoſt every animal organization —above the loweſt grades—each has its proper *order of line*, or, as we muſt call it, in want of a better term—its characteriſtic *ſtyle of contour*. There is alſo to be noted the characteriſtic contour, or that ſtyle of line which diſtinguiſhes vegetable from animal organizations; and this peculiarity, which is ſeldom abſent, attaches as well to the interior ſtructure, as to the decorative exterior. If we bring into compariſon, as we eaſily may with the aid of illuſtrated books of vegetable and animal phyſiology, either the vaſcular ſyſtem, or the ſolid framework of the two orders, it will be eaſy, in moſt inſtances, to ſet off the one from the other, as vegetable or animal; and we may do ſo without referring to the appended explanations of the figures. And thus too, as to all kinds of ornamentation—whether in contour, or in colour—the two kingdoms of Nature, moſt often, if not always, exhibit, each its *proper ſtyle*. On this ground a diſcrimination might be effected in thoſe border ſpecies, concerning which, as to whether they are vegetable or animal, phyſiologiſts are ſtill divided in opinion.

It is true that among the rudimental forms of vegetable and animal organization, ſome inſtances preſent themſelves which muſt perplex all but

professional eyes to determine whether the stem and the branches—whether the root, and the fibres, and the flower, be those of a plant, or those of an animal. This must be granted; nevertheless there are some distinctions that are seldom, if ever, liable to ambiguity: as thus—

In the animal, the vital functions are carried forward by means of organs closely packed, one upon another, in a central position; and they are so attached to a solid framework as may best favour locomotion—slow or swift. The organs, thus packed or stowed away, and thus made to adhere to their solid supports, are embraced by a muscular system; and these again are wrapped about by ligaments and integuments; and these, in their turn, are vested decoratively. But it is otherwise with the functions of vegetable life, which (the exceptions are rare) are carried forward by means of attenuated films, and throughout infinitely minute vascular expansions; and these are disposed upon, or very near to, the exterior surfaces, and so it is that an adjustment—admirable if we duly think of it! brings two of the above-named laws of Form—the *Functional* and the *Decorative*, into the nearest possible juxta-position; and yet, while they seem so to impinge one upon the other, each in fact holds its own with a marked distinctness, as we may have occasion to point out.

The Animal restores oxygen to the vital fluid

in lobes, that are packed out of ſight, and out of harm's way, in the well-fenced thorax. But the Plant tranſacts the analogous chemical proceſs abroad, and in the very beams of the ſun; and it inhales, and it exhales its gaſes, throughout the gloſſy films of its foliage:—its ſpongy, or its ſilken gloves, are its laboratory. The Animal ſnatches its nutriment haſtily, and ſends it where it may elaborate its ſuſtenance in the ſtew-pans of its interior apparatus. But the Plant, ſeeking a part of what it needs underground, a part above, brings it into day for the preparation of its juices, and for depoſiting them on the very ſurface, or next to the viſible ſurface.

Take a leaf of any kind, and examine its organization—thinking of it ſimply as a ſtructure—adapted to its chemical purpoſes in the economy of vegetative life. Thus regarded, we might eaſily imagine it to be of a ſimpler or more homely pattern than it is; and we might diſpoſe its parts ſo as to be more rigidly mathematical in its outline than it is: ſome leaves in fact are nothing more than filmy expanſions, adapted to their functional purpoſes. But if the contours of ſome plants are functional only, all but a few are what we ſhould require them to be, if the intention was that of ſatisfying the requirements of taſte, and of meeting the ſenſe of beauty. Then, along with the beauty of outline, there are the many graces of attitude alſo, in each of thoſe poſitions in which the ſingle leaf

may happen to preſent itſelf to the eye. To theſe incidental graces, are added the grained texture, the emboſſments, the tracery, the tinges of colour, the tints, compounded of the primitive colours in thoſe proportions that are the moſt grateful to the eye. Such is the ſingle leaf; and almoſt the homelieſt leaf we may find in the hedge has theſe recommendations, or ſome of them. But we here touch a large, and a moſt inviting ſubject—which is of a kind that requires to be treated by itſelf; and in this place it can only be adverted to in paſſing.

II.

At the moment when we quit the Vegetable Kingdom, and ſet foot upon the platform of Animal Life, we find that the two laws—that of Functional Structure, and that of Decorative Form, or Ornamentation—are developed under new, and wholly different conditions. What we have now to do with are not parts of an organization each of which is ſeparately beautiful, and beautiful ſtill more ſo in cluſters and in groupings, and by the facility with which theſe may be combined, in larger and ſtill larger maſſes—conſtituting the broad charm of landſcape. It is not ſo in the Animal Orders; for we have here to do with *individual life*, and its nervous conſciouſneſs. The animal has an importance, ſingly, to which the plant or tree can make no pretenſion. He may

himſelf be gaily attired, or be graceful in figure and movement; but he is better looked at by himſelf, than in the group or herd.

The animal, becauſe he is conſcious of his own exiſtence, and becauſe he is ſenſitive of pleaſure and pain, muſt be conſidered and reſpected in his individuality. His limbs are his own; he can ſpare none of them;—he muſt not be pruned and lopped as a tree; and not only does he aſk better treatment than this, but he may ſuddenly reſent a worſe treatment. He may do you ſervice, or he may do you harm; and this will be determined, partly by his conſciouſneſs of the extent of his bodily powers; but mainly according to his temper, his inſtincts, his diſpoſitions, his mood of mind at the moment when you meet and offend him. Inaſmuch, therefore, as it is the temper and diſpoſition of the animal—whether we think of the *ſpecies*, or of the *individual*, that it concerns us to underſtand, theſe conditions of the *inner nature* are, with more or leſs diſtinctneſs, ſpoken of in the exterior form. Animal forms, in various degrees, are ſymbolic of the quality of the thereinreſident Mind; and the reaſon why it ſhould be ſo, is obvious.

This, then, being the general intention of Nature throughout the animal world, or at leaſt in the upper grades of life, there reſults from it a peculiar relationſhip between the ſtructure of the animal, conſidered *phyſiologically;* and his exterior

proportions, and his outlines, conſidered either in the ſenſe of Beauty, or regarded as the indication of Character; or as the means of expreſſing the emotions of the moment. Mind, as thus indicated by its exterior ſymbols, may, we ſay, be regarded either in relation to its permanent qualities (and then we ſpeak of ſuch qualities as conſtituting CHARACTER) or it may be in relation to a ſtate of tranſient excitement; and in this latter caſe we apply to ſuch viſible ſymbols the term—EXPRESSION.

FORM, therefore, throughout the animal world, or in its higher orders, aſks to be conſidered under a fourfold claſſification, as thus:—FIRST, we find upon it *Decoration*, or Ornamentation; and this conſiſts often in varieties of colour, or in richneſs of chiſelling (if ſo we may ſpeak of it). The inſtances need hardly be named:—they are ſuch as abound in the collections of the Conchologiſt, and in thoſe of the Ornithologiſt and the Entomologiſt. Marvels of taſte are diſplayed in theſe inſtances, eſpecially in ſuch as are revealed by the microſcope.

The *Second* Claſs might ſeem to be embraced in the Firſt; but in fact the diſtinction on which it reſts includes a difference of principle. Forms that may rightfully claim a place under this ſecond head are deſignated as Beautiful: and in ſtrictneſs this word ought to be held ſacred, and to be ſparingly applied to a very few forms of the higheſt order among animals; and in the fulleſt and more

proper ſenſe it ſhould be reſtricted to the human form; and among theſe, only to the rareſt ſamples of it. BEAUTY is a prerogative of Humanity.

The THIRD Claſs includes thoſe Forms that are, or that are aſſumed to be, ſignificant of CHARACTER; that is to ſay, thoſe in looking at which we inſtinctively (or we do ſo from acquired feelings) impute certain mental powers or qualities, or permanent diſpoſitions, to the being then in our view.

The FOURTH Claſs includes all thoſe momentary attitudes or geſtures, and thoſe muſcular and integumentary changes, which indicate the riſing and the paſſing away of paſſions and emotions.

As to the *Firſt* of theſe claſſes of Form—the Decorative—it abounds indeed with materials of an inviting kind; but in this place they are paſſed by with a mere recognition of them, to the effect that they are not forgotten. Decoration throughout Nature ſpeaks of the attributes of the CREATIVE MIND, and is properly conſidered in relation to Theology, which is not now our ſubject. Forms of the ſecond claſs, like thoſe of the firſt, are beſt treated of by themſelves—Decoration, or Ornamentation, under the firſt; Beauty under the ſecond.

III.

LET it be that we have before us, by aid of drawings, engravings, ſtuffed ſpecimens, or, better than

theſe, the living realities, ſix or eight pairs of animals, ſuch as may well be taken as repreſentatives of many claſſes and orders. For inſtance—the wolf or hyæna, and the ſheep or the lamb. The lion or the tiger, and the ox. The eagle or the vulture, and the linnet or the ring-dove. The horſe, and the camel; the crocodile, or caman, and the hippopotamus; the buffalo, and the antelope. The wild boar, and the hare; the bull-dog, and the ferret.

Theſe portraits, or theſe living forms, ſpeak their meaning at the inſtant, to every eye; and we aſſign to the animal his *diſpoſitions*, or, as we now ſay, his *character*, and we pronounce him to be fierce, or mild, or rapacious, or iraſcible, or cunning, or docile, or ſtupidly patient, or petulant, or ſurly, or bland. There would ſcarcely ever ariſe, among a hundred ſpectators at a menagerie, a difference of opinion as to any ſuch intuitive and inſtantaneous judgments. But now ſhall we be able to give an intelligible reaſon for theſe unreaſoning impulſes—theſe averſions, and theſe preferences? To a certain extent we may do ſo; for there is at hand a *rationaliſtic* explication of the phenomena, which may avail us ſome little way in ſolving the problem. For it may be ſaid —We feel thus and thus, in ſight of the wolf and the lamb, becauſe our experience has taught us ſo to feel:—we have always found a wolf to behave himſelf like a wolf; and a lamb like a lamb; and

this has happened in so many instances, as to warrant our pronouncing an instantaneous judgment, on every new occasion.

And yet hitherto, perhaps, in the whole course of our experience, it has not happened to us, so much as once, to make acquaintance with wolf, or tiger, or crocodile; nevertheless we do not hesitate to condemn them—unknown and unheard. On the mere evidence of their uninviting physiognomies, we arraign them as rapacious and cruel beasts! Or perhaps this prejudice has taken its rise in some fancied, or some real analogy or resemblance, in feature, to some other animals, that may have been better known to us. Or, perhaps, a rule of analogy—stretched a little too far—has suggested a resemblance of the fox, or of the snake, or of the ox, or of the ass, to certain human visages; and we then judge the brute, by help of an hypothesis drawn from our experience of mankind. In taking this course, we go round a circuit, and draw inferences from other inferences, as thus:—

When human visages are before us, and we instinctively give judgment upon the persons, as to their dispositions, and when it is required of us to show cause for such decisions, our first reply may be, as above stated:—resting on the ground of experience. We say, "I have always found such and such a form and style of features to be conjoined with such and such dispositions." If, how-

ever, we are not able to allege the actual instances in human nature, then we say—"The man has the very contour of the hog, or the very look of the shark, or the grin of the tiger; and you will find him to be such in temper." Thus it is that we first seek a reason for the instinctive prejudices that beset us at the menagerie, by making references to human analogues;—and then again, we excuse the judgments we pass upon our fellow-men, by seeking for their resemblances among the brutes! This mode of reasoning in a circle, although it is not quite satisfactory, is not to be discarded as wholly unsatisfactory; and the feeling is as if there were a truth, near at hand to us, which yet conceals itself among the facts. Shall we be able to draw it forth?

Whether or not we may succeed in such an endeavour, we are still safe in assuming it as a *fact*, whether it be explicable or not, that a law of correspondence between FORM and MIND does indeed prevail throughout the animal orders—human nature included. For if the feeling instinctively produced at the sight of certain forms were a mere illusion, and *entirely groundless*, it must have met so many contradictions in the course of our ordinary experience as would have utterly dispelled it long ago. But such instinctive feelings, instead of having been dispelled, do in fact receive so many confirmations in the world around us, that we come to regard them as *not instinctive* feelings,

but as ſure deductions from experience. Our inference, therefore, is this—that the belief of the correſpondence between animal forms and the Mind, as to its diſpoſitions and its qualities—as well thoſe of the ſpecies as thoſe of the individual—is an inſtinctive feeling; and *alſo*, that it is an induction from experience. As an *Inſtinct*, and which, in a few individuals, is a ſpecial gift of nature, it is ſeldom at fault. As to our deductions from experience, on this ſame ground, they are open to many fallacies, and in following them we are almoſt as often wrong as right. Nevertheleſs there are means of correction, if we be ſkilled in the knowledge and the uſe of them, which are of ſome avail.

The much-noted Roſetta Stone—a treaſure of the Britiſh Muſeum—bears upon its ſurface a trilinguial inſcription:—one of theſe, as to its character and its language, is quite intelligible:—a ſecond—in hieroglyphics, gueſſed at heretofore, is now interpretable by aid of the firſt; and the third—the enchorial, has, in like manner, become interpretable; and, in turn, it gives its aid where there is what might be ambiguous in the other two. Might we thus far liken the human form and viſage to the Roſetta ſtone? The exterior man ſpeaks of the Mind within, as to its powers, and its diſpoſitions, and as to its emotions, through three ſpecies of ſymbols; one of theſe—thoſe of Expreſſion—as it is the moſt familiarly known of

the three, is the reading which we rarely misunderstand. Another is not interpretable otherwise than as under conditions that are recondite; so that the renderings are more or less ambiguous:—a third might better be relied upon; but then it would be the occupation of a life to learn the Alphabet.

We thus apply this comparison;—the *first*, and the best understood of those symbols by means of which the inner man is uttered forth upon the outer man, are those movements of the features, and those attitudes of the limbs and trunk, and of the arm and hand especially, which accompany sudden emotions, of whatever sort. Of *this* language we may well say—it is a universal dialect—never much misunderstood, either by savage or by civilized man—by the adult, or by the infant. Exceptive instances are apparent only; namely, those in which Expression is counterfeited, for purposes of deception. The *second* species of these symbols are those permanent shapings of the features, and of the skull, of which Physiognomists and Phrenologists profess to give us the meaning; but in the rendering of which egregious errors are often fallen into. The *third* kind of symbols are those forms, and proportions, and those relative magnitudes, and, still more, those peculiarities of *texture* and of *colour* which, as they do not obtrude themselves upon notice, are often wholly left out of the account, as well by scientific, as by unscientific

obſervers. Such, for inſtance, are the configuration of the ear, with its outer rim, and the lobe; and the cartilaginous quality of the expanded ſurfaces;—and the relative magnitudes, and the packing of the teeth; and their angle of inſertion in the jaw:—and the quality of the facial integuments, whether theſe be thick, thin, flaccid, or ſhowing a tympanous tenſion; and the purity and clearneſs, or the hirſute condition of the ſkin; and the form and proportions of the hand, and the ſetting on of the fingers, and the quality of the nails. Theſe, and many other ſuch like ſpecialities of the individual man, are of a kind that is not interfered with, in any appreciable degree, by Habitual Expreſſion, or by any unmeaning uſages of the features; moreover they ſtand quite out of the reach of falſification. Theſe occult indications of the power of the mind, and of its intellectual and moral qualities, might be much relied upon; and yet, even theſe are liable to croſſing diſturbances which render them ambiguous. To theſe ſources of error the reader's attention is now invited.

The Individual Form, comprehending everything that is viſible, and by means of which we inſtantly recognize, in a crowd, thoſe who are known to us, is each man's diſtinction, as he moves about among other men. In this ſenſe a man's phyſiognomy is his own; and moreover, it is, to ſome extent, an indication of the quality of

the individual mind, and of its temper, and of its power, and of its tendency;—but then, there is a ſenſe ſtill more comprehenſive, in which it is true that the individual form is not the man's own, otherwiſe than by *inheritance*;—his exterior has come to him through a long-dated pedigree. The figure, the ſkeleton, the muſcular proportions, the dimenſions of the features, the colouring, have come upon the individual man through many channels of tranſmiſſion; and theſe are obſcure, circuitous, and attenuated. We ſee in him not merely (perhaps not at all) his parents—one or both of them; but more often, and more deciſively, he repreſents his anceſtors in the oblique line of aſcent. It is theſe *derived* peculiarities of form—it is theſe *inherited* features, it is the cranium which has come to be his as a legacy—that perplex the candid and truthful Phyſiologiſt and Phrenologiſt, and that drive the unſcrupulous profeſſor into pretenſion and abſurdity: and thus it has happened that between the perplexities of the one claſs of inquirers, on this field, and the baſeleſs theories of another claſs, uncertainty enough has attached to the ſubject to exclude it altogether from the circle of the authentic ſciences.

In the working of the ſocial ſyſtem it is a matter of incomparably higher importance that the individual man ſhould be inſtantly and infallibly recognizable by thoſe with whom he has to do, than that his inner diſpoſitions—his character, and the

rate of his powers—ſhould be readable by his friends, on his face, or on his ſkull. Welfares the moſt ſacred, and welfares the moſt ordinary, and yet important, would everyday be put in jeopardy, if it were not true that the outward form and viſage—whatever it may *indicate*—is ſo broadly diſtinguiſhable that inſtances of miſtake (beyond a momentary error) ſhall be accidents of the rareſt occurrence. As to the few perſons with whom our own welfare is the moſt intimately connected, we ſhall not fail to find much ſurer and more ample means of coming to a proper knowledge of their characters than could be afforded by any imaginable ſkill we might acquire in Phyſiognomy, or in Phrenology. In our daily intercourſe with the perſons of the home circle, or with thoſe of the circle next beyond it, a liability to miſtake, or any uncertainty, as to the *perſon*, would throw the domeſtic life, and the ſocial ſyſtem at large, into utter confuſion, and would become a ſource, daily and hourly, of the moſt tormenting diſquietudes.

Againſt fatal riſks of this kind, and the miſeries of any ſuch poſſible ambiguity, an effective proviſion is made in the inter-working of thoſe phyſiological and pſychological laws which take effect upon *the origination of the individual form*, in its primæval period, and the complications of which give ſcope for infinite diverſities:—diverſities, conjoined with thoſe reſemblances which bring the individuals of a race, or of a clan, or of a family

into groups, and which give evidence of pedigree.

It is of the utmoſt importance that A, B, C, D, ſhould ſeverally be recognizable, at a glance—each of the four, by the other three; and it is alſo often of importance that B ſhould be recognized as related by conſanguinity to D, and alſo to K, or to Y, from whom he may juſt now ſtand remote in the ſocial ſcheme. Theſe indiſpenſable requirements of the ſocial ſyſtem would not be ſatiſfied unleſs individual forms were open to what we may here call accidental, and infinitely diverſified cauſes of difference. But now, as to the differences of individual *minds* and *tempers*, theſe (there is reaſon to think ſo) may be reducible to a very few *genera* and *ſpecies*, and to a few varieties. Countenances, therefore, muſt be open to *other influences* than thoſe that belong to the individual mind; for if it were not ſo, and if the exterior man were *only as is his mind*, and nothing more—we ſhould every day be taking one man for another—to his damage, and our own. The indiſpenſable *infinitude of difference* is drawn from thoſe other phyſiological ſources to which we are now inviting attention. Not only are the permanent characteriſtics of the perſon *inherited*, but even thoſe momentary variations of feature which indicate tranſient emotion—even in theſe brief utterances of feeling, the law of deſcent, or of *remote derivation*, gives evidence of its preſence. A ſmile of good-nature, perhaps, or

oftener, a ſarcaſtic ſuppreſſed laugh, or a glance of envy, or the rigid lines of ungoverned petulance—theſe lights and theſe ſhadows which paſs over—it may be, an amiable countenance, will ſometimes recall the recollection of ſome remote relative, in the oblique line, now deceaſed, between whom and this deſcendant there may be no other point of reſemblance whatever, either in the features, or in the diſpoſitions. That peculiar ſmile, or that ſiniſter momentary look, or that curl of the lip, has ſeemed to raiſe the dead in our view:—years have paſſed ſince that very look, paſſing over a countenance long ago ſealed in death—caught the eye, and left upon the memory an indelible impreſſion.

Thoſe who have lived to ſee "one generation paſs away, and another come in its place," will, if they have been obſervant, be able to adduce many inſtances confirmatory of what is here affirmed. Such a looker-on we ſuppoſe to be preſent at a family meeting, where couſins and ſecond couſins, uncles and aunts, as well as ſires and grandſires, mothers and grandmammas, are aſſembled. In the younger group ſeveral will appear who, in the ſtyle of the features, and in the contour of the head, and in the complexion, and the colouring, it will be eaſy to trace whatever is the moſt diſtinctive of the individual, up to ſome of the ſeniors of the party;—or, perhaps to ſome abſent, who are remembered. Whatever the portrait

painter will labour at for ſecuring the verdict in his favour—a moſt ſtriking likeneſs—every ſuch mark of the individual face and figure, may often be traced along a line, direct or oblique, to an anceſtor. But now it will not be found that the *character*—the qualities of the mind, as to its powers, its taſtes, its temper, are alſo traceable along the ſame line, up to the ſame ſource. A correſpondence of this kind will be far from manifeſt. As to what is intellectual and moral, conſtituting the individual character, it will appear that the *contraſts* and the *contrarieties* are as great, as the reſemblances of form and feature are ſtriking. There may not be wanting ſome few inſtances of likeneſs, or even of *identity* of mind and temper, conjoined with the outer reſemblance; but any ſuch caſes of what might be called *double likeneſs* will be exceedingly rare.

If, then, ſo much as this may be affirmed, and if the concluſion it ſeems to warrant may be eſtabliſhed by abundance of inſtances, then what will have become of our ſyſtems of phyſiognomy; or where, henceforward, ſhall we find room for the dogmatic ſkull-maps of the phrenologiſt? Are theſe ſchemes all at fault? Not entirely ſo; but it is certain that concluſions haſtily drawn from ſingle inſtances, and deciſions pronounced on the faith of formal rules, are open to many and to large exceptions; and are liable to conditions in

disregard of which, or in ignorance of them, blunders of ill consequence are gathered from heads in great abundance.

There seems, then, to be need of a Theory of some sort, by aid of which we may at once retain our belief in the reality of the correspondence between MIND and FORM; or, in other words, may continue to confide in the truthfulness of those irresistible impressions of character which we receive at the sight of certain faces and heads, along with an exceptive doctrine, which allows for the derivation of every individual form, from progenitors. Such a theory, or at least some scattered hints available in constructing it, may perhaps come within our compass.

IV.

LOOKING back to the question propounded in an opening paragraph of this Essay—Is it the MIND that gives law to FORM; or is it the Form that gives law to Mind? We must now assume the first of these suppositions as true, and therefore, so far, must reject the latter (exceptive cases allowed for).

A course of argument on this subject which should embrace all that belongs to it, must include certain portions of physiological science that are unsuited to these pages. But alongside with what is directly physiological, there is much that is en-

tirely proper to an Eſſay, intended to come into the hand of general readers.

In animal phyſiology, human and comparative, it is true—

(1) That, throughout the animal world the direction of the vital Force is from a centre toward the extremities; or from within toward the exterior. (2) Determinative or characteriſtic Forms are the reſults of a central vital energy, working itſelf out from fluids to ſofter ſubſtances, and from the ſofter ſolids to the harder. (3) A *viſcus* or organ is—in relation to its function, or its *energy*—proportioned to *the area of its enveloping membrane;* or it is as its denſity; or it is as both, as co-ordinate forces. (4) The exterior contour of a *viſcus* or organ is open to many modifications, and it may ſuit itſelf to the convenience of its packing with its neighbour organs; or it may yield itſelf to reaſons of mechanical convenience:—i. e. Given an organ, and its enveloping membrane, and its area, and what we may call its *cellular infinitude*—its incalculable ramifications—and then it might be moulded and packed in this form, or in that form, almoſt with indifference: or again:—Given a branular maſs, ſuch as that which was found to be contained in the cranium of Paſcal, or in that of Napoleon Bonaparte, and you might lodge it in a ſkull ſhaped as you pleaſe; or you might put it into the cavity that is appropriated to the ſtomach.

If only the Vital Energy be not cribbed or

cramped, and so long as the peculiar function of an organ is allowed plenty of elbow room, then we may mould, or chip away, or round off, the angles of the exterior, without much damage to that function. If this be so, then the inference will be this—that many disturbing influences may come to take effect upon that exterior, none of which shall go deep, or shall show any results, as to the working of either the bodily or the mental powers.

Nevertheless it will be true that the Central Energy—call it what we may—the MIND-GERM, or the Vital Nucleus, or the Individual Monad, with its peculiar constitution, its *quantity*, and its *quality*, will be always tending to express itself, radially, from the germinating point, toward the exterior. Therefore, and if this be true, the exterior of the individual man *is* as THE INDIVIDUAL GERM—excepting only those various perturbations that have come in upon it in the course of its derivation from its ancestry, and from other influences. As to these disturbing forces, the laws they obey are at present unknown to science: facts, patent to observation, are all we find to be in our possession.

If there were in our view an animal that had started into existence—*underived*, or by an immediate act of creation, we should expect to find in it a pure expression of the inhabiting mind, as to its powers, and as to its dispositions; or as to its *Quantity*, and its *Quality*. But, in fact, no

ſuch inſtance of unparented exiſtence does ever come under the eye. Whatever we ſee around us in the animal world is *a birth;* and it is a birth of births—aſcending to a point indefinitely remote in the origin of the ſpecies. Each of theſe tranſmiſſions—each of theſe new ſendings forward of life, has left its traces upon the newly-originated form: the anceſtral hiſtory is written in cypher upon each individual animal.

In the individual animal—or we ſhould now think only of the human organization—we have before us theſe two independent forces—croſſing each other, and contending, with variable intenſity, for ſupremacy:—there is the individual mind—which is the germ of character—with its qualities, intellectual and moral; and then there is the derived, or the tranſmitted type, which obeys an obſcure law of parentage, and of oblique relationſhip.

Theſe counteractive forces are of variable and unequal intenſity:—ſeldom do they ſeem to be evenly balanced. Once in every hundred births, or in every thouſandth, or in a hundred thouſandth, or in any other number which we may chooſe to take as our integer, there occurs a Mind which, as to its quantity, or as to its quality, or as to both together, *greatly exceeds the average rate:* it is extraordinary, in ſome one ſenſe, or perhaps in every ſenſe. In theſe rare inſtances the law of pedigree, whether direct or avuncular, gives way,

and is driven off, and is almoſt merged; or it wholly vaniſhes. The Individual Mind triumphs over the phyſiognomy of race, and of tribe, and of family, which remains only as an inappreciable reſiduum—a mere ſhade of the parent ſtock. Therefore in this inſtance there is thrown in upon the family type a new type:—ſhall we ſay, an Uncial, brought from another fount, comes in to break up the uniformity of the page. But then this, in its turn, reproduces itſelf among deſcendants—right hand and left hand. The ſharp and bold *alto-relievo* of this viſage—this *novelty*, commingled with new elements, and elements inert, in its paſſage forwards through two or three generations, becomes leſs and leſs diſtinctly traceable, until at length it is quite gone; or it exiſts only as an unaccounted-for peculiarity in a few of the clan. As to ninety-nine individual forms—the head and the face taken together, or as to the thouſand, all but one, if the queſtion were aſked—What does this form indicate? A *ſufficient* anſwer would be this:—It indicates the unknown facts of its derivation from remote anceſtors. This or that viſage ſignifies little or nothing but the inſignificance of the individual mind. The face means what it may mean in its relation to a parentage aſcending, perhaps, through centuries.

Abundantly is the twofold principle ſuſtained by facts—namely (1) That the Anceſtral Type, as to outline, and as to texture and colour, and as to

the quality of the integuments, does not either control or exclude Mind, in the Individual: and (2) That no such Type, whatever it may *seem* to indicate, according to physiognomical rules, or to our intuitions, may be taken as a sure voucher for the actual existence of any eminence of Mind in the Individual. Otherwise worded, what we here affirm is to this effect—that Mind in the Individual Man may be of *greater force*, and of more *sovereignty* than that it should be limited or controlled by any limitations or conditions belonging to the Inherited Type:—that Mind may be existent, and may possess even the highest energy as resident in Forms with which our physiognomical intuitions would impel us to pronounce it incompatible. Yet in such instances we are not compelled to reject these intuitions as if they were in themselves delusive; for to do so is scarcely possible; but only to have recourse to the saving doctrine—here affirmed, that Mind, in the individual, or, as we may call it, the Single Mind-Germ, is of higher authority than the Ancestral Type, and freely overrules, or surmounts its limitations.

Further in explication of the principle, above stated, it may be affirmed—that a type of form—say that of the Cranium, and which has come to the Individual in a line of oblique, and perhaps of remote descent, may be such that, on any ground of physiognomical or phrenological discrimination, it would be pronounced to be of a high order; ne-

vertheleſs this ſpecimen—perchance of a Shakeſpeare, or of a Bacon, or of a Newton—*in Bone*, may ſhow himſelf to be in fact fit only for a very humble poſition upon the commoneſt walks of life. Inſtances of *this* order, though they may baffle the profeſſor of craniology, will not much perplex the anatomiſt or phyſiologiſt; for in the diſſecting-room a branular condition will make itſelf manifeſt which amply ſuffices for ſhowing how the want of a Newton's intelligence may conſiſt with the poſſeſſion of a Newton's cranium. It may be, that the branular maſs has little denſity; or that the area of the encloſing membrane—the *pia mater*, is very ſmall—the involutions of the cerebrum, which it repreſents, and of which it is the ſuperficial meaſure, being exceedingly ſhallow. But then, in accepting an explanation of the difficulty, on this ground, it muſt not be ſuppoſed that we are tracing mind to its ſource in the nervous organization; for we ſtart with the admitted principle that Mind is the central force, giving law to the organization:—the mind determining the quality of the brain. If it be aſked—Wherefore then is this waſte?—or why ſhould a cranium be beſtowed as if only to ſignalize the abſence of mind? To ſuch a queſtion Phyſiological ſcience, in its preſent ſtate, furniſhes no reply. The laws that determine the tranſmiſſion of forms—according to certain types, are unknown, and they may perhaps be regarded as wholly inſcrutable.

A *general* purpoſe ſubſerved by this tranſmiſſion of national and family types has already been mentioned (p. 157) that it is by means of theſe patterns, giving riſe to infinite varieties of individual phyſiognomy, the important object is attained of ſecuring inſtantaneous recognitions—the man ſeldom, if ever, miſtaken for his fellow. This general reaſon ſhows its adaptation to the varying occaſions of the ſocial ſyſtem in this manner—that, in proportion as a community is more numerous within the limits of frequent intercourſe—as where the population is crowded in cities and diſtricts, theſe individual diverſities are more extreme, and thus are more infinitely varied; while among ſcanty populations, and in nomadic tribes, they are much leſs marked;—little more ſo than are the viſages of the ſhepherd's flock.

No ſerious miſchief is likely to ariſe in thoſe inſtances in which the patrimonial form—that of the ſkull for inſtance—holds forth a promiſe which the in-reſident mind fails to make good. Little or no notice is taken in ſociety of theſe unſuſtained craniological dimenſions:—there may be a half inch too much in the perpendicular; or an inch of exceſs in the parietal dimenſions:—as to the perſonal ability of the man it matters little—it has become known in modes of eſtimation that are more ſure. On the other ſide, important conſequences, moral, political, and educational, are involved in THE DOCTRINE, of the non-importance of the *anceſtral*

type as to the powers of the indwelling Mind; or, to ſtate this doctrine otherwiſe—MIND exiſts, and developes itſelf with indifference within this or that race-type, or national type, or type of the family. Mind, which is the germ of life, and its ſovereign power, diſowns the tyranny of the Callipers, and ſpurns the gauge, or the plummet line. It will dwell at eaſe wherever it may chance to be lodged; and it will find the means of doing well, even in narrow apartments.

The moſt ſignal inſtance, in illuſtration of this principle, is that afforded by the African race;—the proper Negro; or, to take up its ancient deſignation—the Æthiopian. The facts belonging to this now trite ſubject are familiarly known to moſt readers: they are abundant; they are various in their quality, and valid in argument, ſo far as in this place we ſhould reſt any concluſion upon them. The Æthiopian type is the moſt widely diſtinguiſhed of any from all other types; it is diſtinguiſhed in its oſteology, and in its proportions or ſymmetry; it is diſtinguiſhed in colour, and in other conditions of the integuments; and moreover it poſſeſſes a peculiar *perſiſtence* or pertinacity, and it adheres to its peculiarities with more conſtancy, through many centuries, than any other type, in the courſe of its admixture with other races. One might be tempted to ſay—that the Negro Model, in form and in colour, has been thrown in upon the hu-

man ſyſtem for the very purpoſe of demonſtrating, in a manner that ſhall be the moſt flagrant and concluſive, the Independence of Mind, as well as to Form, as to Colour, and as to other accidents of the exterior man.

The *ancient* portion of the evidence which bears upon this much-controverted ſubject, is concluſive to this extent, that, under theſe ſame phyſical conditions—the ſame in an abſolute ſenſe—intellectual development has had place, if not in *every* department of mental achievement, yet in *as many* departments as can be claimed in behalf of other races, the type of which has more nearly approached that of the Caucaſian, or the Semitic. The *moſt ancient* civilization of India, the moſt ancient civilization of Egypt, and that of northern and eaſtern Africa, found room enough within the Negro ſkull, and beneath a woolly *chevelure*, for its expanſion. As to the *modern* portion of this maſs of evidence, it is in an equal degree availing in proof of everything which the largeſt philanthropy might wiſh to ſee put beyond doubt; and it is to this effect, that, under due culture, and in the routine of ſchool and college diſcipline, neither the contour of the face and cranium, nor any other ſpecialities of the African boy and youth, afford ground of diſtinction between Mind and Mind, as if they might be ſeparable into *race claſſes*. In a hundred youths of the European type, there will be one or two—ſeldom ſo many

as three—who distinguish themselves by a *spontaneous* and animated devotion to their studies. In about the same proportion there will be African youths in a school or college, who attract the teacher's notice, and win his favour by their quick intelligence, and their eagerness to learn. European or African, it is the *few*, and it is *a very few*, who are gifted of nature, and born to lead the way in thought and action. Mind has its laws, and skulls have their laws, and the *rete mucosum* has its laws; but the *independence* of these two orders of causation, is forced upon our observance with peculiar meaning in the instance of those Ancient Races which—persistent as they have been in Type, and this type being, as it is, a contradiction of our physiognomical belief, and an offence to our European tastes—nevertheless has been found to give play to the intellectual, as well as to the moral and emotional endowments of our one human nature—mainly the same in all races, and in every age.

V.

THERE is not in our hands any fixed gauge of minds, by help of which we should set forth what those *quantities* of intellectual or of moral power are, which may be symbolized in any expression that can be given of the difference between—let it be—the largest and loftiest of human minds,

and a mind of the ordinary rate. This difference, if only we could ſpread it out to view in any mode of fitting meaſurement, would need to be likened —to what?—to the difference between "the cedar of Lebanon and the hyſſop that groweth on the wall;" or between the loftieſt of the Pyramids of Gizeh, and the hut of the Bedouin beneath it; or between the planet Jupiter, and one of his moons. The difference between mind and mind (not going down beyond the average of undiſtinguiſhed ſamples) is a difference of *intenſity* and *power*, and a difference of capacity or largeneſs of retentiveneſs, and a difference of ability to graſp a multitude of objects ſimultaneouſly; it is a vaſt difference in the power of apprehending and of purſuing pure abſtractions. Then come the incalculable differences that attach to the vividneſs of the Conceptive Faculty—to the Imagination, and to the energy of thoſe emotions with which the Imaginative faculty connects itſelf, and which are its life and ſpring.

Familiar inſtances might eaſily be adduced in illuſtration of what we here affirm—namely, that Mind differs from Mind in a degree to which no compariſon we can think of will give a due expreſſion. The inequality is indeed immeaſurably great. But now what is the amount of that *viſible difference of the organization* which ſhould ſeem to be proportionate to ſo vaſt a diſparity? It is ſo inconſiderable in moſt inſtances as at once to

force upon us a conviction, as above uttered—that Mind has its laws—organization its laws—and that while the two lines of Causation do in fact intersect, and thus become, as we may say, tangled together, they are absolutely different—they represent Forces between which, until this intermingling takes place, there is no correspondence, no analogy, no abstract reason why they should so come into combination.

There are in existence what may be regarded as authentic profiles of the most noted men of modern times. Now take any six of such profiles, which may warrantably be accepted as true. Furnish yourself also with a corresponding half-dozen of carefully-taken profiles of average men—those who may be well known to you in the circle of your everyday social intercourse. They are persons whom you have known long enough, and have conversed with often enough to exclude the possibility of your having wholly misunderstood any of them, as to their mental quality. You have not so misinterpreted some worthy man who has been your neighbour for twenty years, as to attribute to him nothing more than plain common sense, whereas in fact he is one who *might* have revolutionized Philosophy by a *Novum Organon*, or might have been the author of another *Paradise Lost*. Take tracings of these six profiles of your sedate acquaintances, or of your kindred, and (supposing that they are all delineated on the same scale)

lay them ſucceſſively—one ſet over the other ſet. Differences will appear: there is a riſing or a depreſſion, here and there, to the extent perhaps of a line, more or leſs: at the moſt the exceſs of the dimenſions—longitudinal, or perpendicular, or tranſverſe—between one of theſe European heads, and another, will in no caſe exceed what might fairly be regarded as *proportionate* to the intellectual difference between one *ordinary mind* and another *ordinary mind.* One man, at a Pariſh Veſtry, ſpeaks more to the purpoſe than another:—one is ſhrewd; another is dull; and it may be that the two crania do actually differ in ſomething like a correſponding amount:—or it may be that they do not differ in any ſuch manner, or to any extent that can be conſidered as ſignificant of the inequality of the minds in queſtion.

The next proceſs will be to meaſure one of theſe—your worthy neighbours, in whoſe company you never abide an hour, if you can do otherwiſe—meaſure him as to his *mind*, and as to his *doings*, with any one of the ſix notables whom you may chooſe to ſelect as fitteſt for the purpoſe: let it be the originator of a philoſophy; or the diſcoverer of a phyſical law; or the founder of an Empire; or the ſtateſman who carried his country triumphantly through the tempeſts of a revolution; or take the poet, or the painter, who lives, immortal in his works. If the twelve men are regarded on *this ground*, the diſparities among them are greater far

than any forms of language can ſuffice for expreſſing. As we have already ſaid, *minds differ* in ratios ſuch as that of the mountain to the mole-hill; but *heads differ* in no proportion that can be thought of as ſymbolic of any ſuch vaſtneſs of diſparity. The lines or contour of a noted head, or its *dimenſions*, may indeed dimly adumbrate the ſweep of THOUGHT which, within that narrow compaſs, has had its ſeventy years' uſage of the cavern. A mind that might have aſked the girt of a planet, as the fitting meaſure of its home, has quietly made itſelf at eaſe within limits which the ribbon around any man's cap will meaſure. Herein is exemplified the modeſty of Nature, which, when ſhe beſtows great gifts, will not encourage the diſplay of them.

Already we have adverted to thoſe differences in the branular maſs which the anatomiſt detects, and which attach to it as a *viſcus*, adapted to the ſupply of the nervous energy. Theſe are differences of abſolute *weight*, and of the denſity of the nervous matter—bulk for bulk—and of the depth of the convolutions of the cerebrum, as theſe are meaſured by the *pia mater*. As to any ſuch individual peculiarities of the branular maſs, they bear reference to thoſe peculiarities of *temperament* of which we find the viſible indications upon the exterior, and which afford grounds of phyſiognomical diſcrimination that are ſeldom fallacious, if only we are ſkilled in the reading them. Of theſe differences of tempera-

ment ſomething ſhould be ſaid; if it were only for the purpoſe of fencing our doctrine, as to the relation of Mind to Form, againſt a contrary theory.

VI.

THE word—Temperament—has been much uſed popularly, and alſo by phyſiologiſts, and yet with little diſtinctneſs or conſtancy, as to the ſenſe it ſhould carry. There can, however, be no doubt that a term for which a need has always been found, has a ſubſtantial import in the nature of things; it is a term uſeful in its undefined colloquial meaning; and indiſpenſable in medical and phyſiological diſcuſſions; it muſt, therefore, be admitted to ſtand as the repreſentative of a claſs—and it is a large claſs—of facts. In truth, a Science of Human Nature—conſidered as Mind in organization—muſt treat *Temperament* as a principal ſubject: in this Eſſay the moſt brief alluſion to it muſt be our limit; that beſides this ſubject, conſidered phyſiologically, muſt embrace ſeveral inquiries that would be unſuited to a place in a volume of miſcellaneous eſſays.

Queſtions concerning Temperament, as affecting the individual character, might be paſſed by, in this place, except for this reaſon, that, in ſo leaving the ſubject untouched, room would be left for alleging, in contradiction of the affirmed Independence and ſovereignty of the Mind, as related to the animal

organization, that its dependence thereupon is proved by innumerable facts, atteſting the counter principle—namely, that the individual Mind—as well as to the intellectual faculties, as to the diſpoſitions and the moral ſentiments, takes its tone from the idioſyncraſies *of the body;* or, in a word, from the temperament of the man. Of this maſs of facts none can be ignorant or unmindful who have given any attention to the philoſophy of human nature. On this field there is brought into view, with great diſtinctneſs, the alternating action of the Mind upon the Body, and of the Body upon the Mind; and as this laſt-mentioned influence has been much inſiſted upon, and is no doubt real, and is of great extent, it has almoſt put out of view the contrary action—namely, that of the Mind upon the Body—in actually ſubſtituting one original temperament for another; or in greatly modifying its viſible characteriſtics. This counter-influence is ſo much the more ſignificant, and is ſo much the more concluſive, as to the inference it ſuggeſts, becauſe it is of an occult kind, and is ſo inſenſible in its advances as to eſcape obſervation. The phyſiologiſt, and the medical practitioner, and, often, even the religious adviſer, does not fail to have in readineſs, ſcores or hundreds of trite caſes in point—eſtabliſhing beyond doubt the doctrine that the mind—incluſive of the reaſoning faculty, and the temper, and the views a man

takes of life, and alſo his behaviour in meeting the occaſions of his lot, are all determined by the condition of the animal organization, or temperament of the body; and by its preſent ſtate, whether of health or diſeaſe. On this beaten road an ingenious teacher, eſpecially if he be incited by the *animus* of the materialiſtic philoſophy, may gather inſtances fit for his purpoſe, as eaſily as nuts and blackberries are gathered in paſſing along a rural lane.

We ſhould know where it is that we are to look for thoſe characteriſtics of the Individual Temperament which may warrantably be regarded as indications of the qualities of the intellect and moral ſentiments, in ſo far as they are products of the mind.

Temperament ſhows itſelf in the ſofter materials of the organization—in the elaſtic force and texture of the integuments and their coverings, down to the muſcular ſyſtem; and in the ſecretions, and their depoſits; and in the ſize and tenacity of the ſuperficial veſſels—arteries and veins; and even in the proportions and the denſity of the muſcular ſyſtem; and in the nervous ſyſtem alſo; and in the abſorbents, if theſe were expoſed to view. It is upon the *ſurface*, and upon ſo much of the penultimate ſurface as may be judged of without diſſection, that we are to find what belongs to the individual temperament.

What is it then, as concerning the Mind of the

Individual man, which may warrantably be inferred from these superficial conditions of the Body? From these visible characteristics there may be inferred, with an approach to certainty, much relating to the Force of the Mind—the Reason, and the Moral dispositions included. From the quality of the integuments, and their colour, and tension, and quantity, and from the style of contour it sustains—where the outline consists of, and is formed by integument, an opinion may be formed, *first*—in respect of the habitual *Intensity* of Thought—and of its *rate of going;* or, as it may be called, the speed of the Mind; and of its power of sustained action. But then these indications leave undetermined what the field of Thought may be; nor do they show whether its habit be abstractive, or inductive, or analytic, or cumulative, or inventive. As to the Emotional Nature, inclusive of the animal propensities, and the moral dispositions, and the temper, and the disposition (temper and disposition are often of very opposite quality) and as to the force of the Will, or the determinative power of the Mind—its adhesiveness to a purpose—these things, and the like, are more or less certainly inferible from those characteristics of the exterior persons which belong to, and which denote the temperament.

All this may safely be granted, and much of this sort might be assumed if we were in search of the basis of a physiognomical science. But then

there comes in upon us an appalling amount of anomalous inſtances, or grounds of exception. Yet by no ſuch reſtraints will the Theoriſt—the empirical phyſiognomiſt—be held back or impeded in giving judgment upon heads and faces; and in truth, his tact, and his experience, and the frequent correctneſs of his judgments, avail to confirm him in the oracular confidence with which he gives forth his verdicts. Something better than this might perhaps be done; nor is it quite unlikely that progreſs may at length be made in digeſting what ſhould be admitted as a Philoſophy of Human Nature, drawn from a large induction of its *individual diverſities* of form.

We turn to take account of facts of another order; and the Reader who may not have given much attention to this claſs of facts will be likely to refuſe his aſſent to what we may now think it warrantable to affirm.

Granted, that the Individual Mind does, to a great extent, receive its character from the animal organization, and that it is greatly dependent upon the temperament. This admitted, then we go on to affirm, as a counter-truth, that, to an equal extent, or in a degree which we may not at firſt be prepared to ſuppoſe, the temperament itſelf, and the animal organization, receive their character from the Mind; and they do ſo often in a manner, and under conditions that exclude reaſonable doubt as to the reality of this alleged influence.

What is here intended may be more distinctly stated in other terms, as thus:—The Integuments, measured a little way in from the surface—the epidermis, the cuticle, the secretions of the *rete mucosum*, the complexion, the quality of the fluids excreted by the skin, and indeed whatever it is that contributes toward the visible and recognizable personality, often take their characteristics from those states of the Mind which are the most purely *mental*, and which are not transient or emotional only;—as, for instance, from peculiar opinions, admitted in consequence of a showing of reasons, and of listening to dry argumentation.

Sometimes philosophical opinions — political opinions often—religious opinions very often, if not *ordinarily*—exhibit, in this way, the mysterious force of the mind, in moulding to its own mood the animal organization. A peculiar Belief, accepted, and zealously embraced at a time of life that is not too far advanced toward its middle term, shall be seen to have made to itself, in a course of years, a bodily envelope that is very significant of itself, and is such as may be recognized in a moment by those who have habitually given attention to this class of phenomena.

In affirming so much as this we put out of view all those obviously natural mouldings of the features which result from chronic tempers, and recurrent emotions, and which are the accumulated products of thousands, and tens of thousands

of outburſts of temper; or of ſtrivings to quell or to conceal ſuch outburſts. Thence come rigidities, and contractions, and contortions of the facial muſcles; and thence thoſe uſages of the features which mean nothing but the habit of falſifying every natural expreſſion. There will be the petulant ridge or furrow in the integument of the forehead and brows; there is the ſardonic corner turn of the lips; there is the iraſcible glare-action of the eyelids; or there is the merry rotund of the front aſpect, or the benevolent dimple, and the graceful ſweep of the lines of the cheeks. All ſuch indications of the *chronic condition of the Emotions* are obvious, and quite intelligible in themſelves, and in their origination; nor need they here be ſpecified: every obſervant eye muſt be familiar with them. Given in the feweſt words, the difference between viſages of the lower order, and viſages of the upper order, it is this;—*thoſe* are the products of years of the undiſguiſed expreſſion of emotions: *theſe* are the products of years of the ſuppreſſed expreſſion of the ſame. Something different is intended when we affirm that a Scheme of Belief, a principle, remote from all worldly intereſts, or from the worldly intereſts of the individual man, or woman, ſhall ſhow itſelf in the lapſe of years, by bringing upon the exterior certain indubitable marks of an actual change in the conſtitutional temperament—a change, too, from one ſpecies of envelope to another ſpecies: in this ſubſtitution

there is what is palpable, there is what is visible: —changes have taken place that attach to the chemical condition of the organization. Each of the professions has its *acquired* temperament, each has its *authentic complexion:* each has—not merely its own gesticulation, and its attitudes of rest and of motion; but its hue, and its tint, and its under-colours. The several ranks and orders in the social system have their bodily or organic *styles;* or, as we might call them, their fleshly costumes. The same may be affirmed of most of the stated occupations of common life—the trades and the mechanic arts; nor would any extraordinary skill be needed in any one who should undertake to parcel off a hundred men in a crowd, despatching each man rightly to his forge, or his bench, or his table, or his warehouse, or his counter.

There will be room always, on this ground, for the rationalistic philosophy; and the instances will be many in relation to which it may plausibly be said—It is the temperament that has predetermined the calling, or that has ruled the choice of a profession, whether it be the military, or the legal, or the clerical, or any other. Let all such instances be allowed to pass, unquestioned, to the side to which they seem to give support;—but instances in much greater abundance will present themselves that defy explication by help of any such obvious and reasonable principles: instances they are—not of the animal organization, leading

the mind toward this or that path of life; nor of the *habits*, profeſſional or mechanical, which have ſlowly given a character to the movements and geſtures; but of the preſence of that occult PLASTIC FORCE OF THE MIND, the noiſeleſs energies of which work their effect upon the yielding ſubſtances of the body, from the interior outwards. It is well known that the very ſubſtance of the animal—bone, muſcle, ſinew, ſkin—is undergoing a perpetual removal of the old, and a ſubſtitution of new materials; ſo it is that the body preſerves its identity, not by an atomic perſiſtence of the materials that belongs to it, but by an inſenſible renovation according to the ſame type. Analogies enough give evidence of a law to this effect—That whereas the inertneſs of the Vital Force, or its undiſturbed ſameneſs, from day to day, from year to year, allows this ſhifting of the ſubſtance to go on, *in undeviating conformity with the original pattern;* on the contrary, a highly active condition of the Vital Force—or call it the Mind—ſhows its preſence as a gentle preſſure, or a prevailing *guidance*, giving form to forms, and moulding to its will each ſucceſſive depoſit of the crude materials.

VII.

TAKE the human Form in its very higheſt ſtyle of ſymmetry, vigour, and grace; and we may then aſk—What is the meaning of that Form, if we

regard it as the repreſentative of the Indwelling Mind? What are thoſe inherent qualities of the Spiritual Nature—the intellectual, the active, and the emotional—which are ſpoken of, or indicated by this embodiment of dignity and beauty? Put this queſtion in any variety of phraſes which may beſt accord with the philoſophy we may have adopted, as to the relationſhip of Mind and Body: —in any manner worded, the anſwer will be ſubſtantially the ſame. Whether our creed be that the animal framework gives law to the Mind, or (as we aſſuredly take it) that the Mind alſo gives law to the organization, it will be true that, in this combined action, the Viſible does ſymbolize the Inviſible—the ſpiritual and the imperiſhable ſhows its quality in the material and the periſhable: the corruptible does witneſs for the incorruptible; the natural does vouch for the ſuper-natural.

Whence ſoever may have come our intuitive beliefs concerning the ſignificance of Form—theſe involuntary convictions—this unprompted confidence in the meaning of the outward man has too much of force to allow of its being ſet aſide as a fallacy:—we take it, and we *muſt* take it, as true. Aſſuming, then, the truth, or the truthfulneſs, of this perſuaſion, then we repeat the queſtion, and aſk—What is the meaning of the human Form, taken in its higheſt perfection, as to the Indwelling Spiritual Nature?

Now we might ſeek an anſwer to this queſtion

by consulting our individual feelings and consciousness—our own modes of thinking, influenced as these will be by our opinions, religious and philosophical;—or, otherwise, we may take a course which must be far more satisfactory, and in adopting which we exempt ourselves effectively from every personal prejudice. We have at hand a means of appeal to those whose judgment, in such matters, carries the greatest weight, and who, in giving their verdict long ages ago, were altogether unconscious of those beliefs or impressions which have come to mix themselves with, and to influence, our modern judgments in matters of taste.

Again, then, we propose our question, and we seek an answer from the gifted men of that bright age in which the SOUL OF FORM uttered itself in a matchless manner—by the Sculptor's chisel. In the sense of Phidias, and of his peerless comrades in Art, what is that MIND which the human FORM symbolizes? These great artists have left us (and Time has spared fragments of their testimony) their convictions on this ground.

Those must consent to be adjudged utterly destitute of a true feeling in Art who imagine that the Greek sculptors of the best age laboured to impart such things to marble as were aimed at by the artists of the times of Imperial Rome, or by many of those of modern times. It was neither Individual Portraiture (this was incidental) nor was it Character, abstractedly thought of; nor

was it Paſſion, or Emotion, or the Expreſſion of tranſient dramatic feelings. A far loftier aim guided the genius of the Greek ſculptors of that brilliant time. That which Phidias and his contemporaries ſaw in the human exterior, was—the Divinity within. When they would breathe the Immortal into marble, they felt no need of an exaggeration of what they ſaw, or of any factitious graces to be ſuperadded to it:—for the Human Form, in the ſeverity of its truthfulneſs, embodied, in their view, the Ἄμβροτος:—the grace and the grandeur of that form ſpoke of nothing leſs than of unearthly perfection. In their feeling it was the Ἀθάνατος—the Divine, the undying, which this Form ſymbolized. The genuine, and the inevitable interpretation of the θνητός, and of the βροτός, was this rendering of it into a conception of a ſuperhuman mode of exiſtence. Inſtructive, on this ground, is the contraſt between theſe artiſt philoſophers, and the artiſt courtiers of that degenerate age when the flatterer—chiſel in hand, took into his ſhop the imperial portrait, and thence iſſued it with a lie, when he ſaid—this is the DIVUS, to whom the world is bound to offer incenſe!

Socrates had reaſoned concerning immortal humanity:—Plato had tranſlated the logic of his Maſter into a grand conception, and a poetry, and a profound philoſophy; and he had given to the divinities of the Iliad that air of abſtractedneſs which was needed to bring them into accordance

with the advance which the Greek mind had made in the lapſe of centuries. But now, that which Socrates had drawn out of the rudiments of human nature, by reaſoning, and that which Plato had obtained by idealizing its conditions, the Sculptors of the preceding time had ſeen in its FORM: theirs was the direct inference;—that of the ſages was the indirect inference. The Men of Thought laboured to bring the Idea of Immortal Perfection down from the heavens:—the Men of Art had found this doctrine before them, in their living models of humanity: with them—MIND in FORM, was—MIND IMMORTAL—immortal in power and in felicity.

Among the exiſting remains of Greek Art of the beſt age, the choiceſt ſamples are thoſe which embody the idea of Man—as a being exempt from the accidents of his earthly condition—Man, in the plenitude of animal force;—free from neceſſity, unknowing of toil or pain—free from paſſion, free from fear, and from all immediate concernment with any conditions upon which his well-being may be dependent. The one Commanding Idea of theſe Forms is that of REPOSE—repoſe full of life: it is not ſo much Reſt, as if reſt were a welcome ceſſation of labour:—it is the reſt of body and mind in the unchanging fruition of all good—unſought good—the eternal inheritance of him who has it. Whatever in Art differs from this conception of abſolute Repoſe, is ſo far leſs than

Art, in its higheſt ſpecies:—it is a deſcent from the idea of the immortal to the conditions of the mortal.

To follow a natural track of meditation on this ground would bring us quickly near to conceptions of the future life which are too remote from the ordinary pathway of Chriſtian meditation to be eaſily conſorted therewith. We therefore leave ſuch ſpeculative muſings, and turn aſide from a field whereupon it is likely one may wander out of the way of ſobriety; and ſtop ſhort in a word. MIND in FORM (we may be allowed to believe this) ſhall at laſt ſhow the entireneſs of its ſignificance in human nature at that moment, when the terreſtrial body ſhall have given way to the celeſtial —when that which was ſown in corruption ſhall have been raiſed in incorruption — when that which was ſown in diſhonour ſhall have been raiſed in glory; and when that which was ſown in weakneſs ſhall have been raiſed in power;—and when that which was ſown a natural body ſhall have been raiſed a ſpiritual body;—yet ſtill, and for ever—A BODY.

ESSAY III.

Modern Advancements, and Lay Inventors.

I.

SEVERAL expreſſions, all nearly of the ſame import, have been coming into current uſe, which, although they may carry an air of exaggeration, do but inadequately repreſent the value of the facts to which they relate. Thus it is that the time in which we live is ſo often ſpoken of as an era of mechanical marvels—an age of "miracles;" and, in fact, ſo ſurpriſing are ſome of the inventions which have ſignalized the nineteenth century, that, if they could have been foreſhown in their bare reſults to the great men of the ſeventeenth century—as for inſtance—to Bacon, to Paſcal, to Newton, ſuch a report would have ſeemed to them to indicate the arrival of almoſt a ſupernatural diſpenſation; or as if the men of the coming time were to be maſters of the powers of magic; or were to compel ſpirits of a higher order to ſtoop and do the drudgery of this world. In the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word, a mere report of ſome of theſe modern inventions, and of what has been ac-

compliſhed by the means of them, would, even to the moſt intelligent liſteners of a by-gone age, have ſeemed paradoxical—paſſing, and far ſurpaſſing the limits of reaſonable belief. The inſtances need ſcarcely be named:—they are ſuch as—the travelling at a ſpeed of ſixty miles *per* hour—the croſſing the Atlantic in nine days—the conveyance of ſpeeches and diſpatches a thouſand miles in ſeconds of time—and the production of perfect pictures in time that is alſo meaſured by ſeconds, and by proceſſes as cheap as the providing of a dinner.

The political and the commercial reſults of ſome of theſe inventions would ſeem, or would have ſeemed to our predeceſſors, even more paradoxical than the inventions themſelves: as, for inſtance, if it had been predicted that, by aid of the manufacturing wealth accruing from ſome of them, Great Britain would be able to hold herſelf in heart through long years of war, while all the world was leagued againſt her.

Facts of this claſs have now become trite—in books—in lectures—in popular addreſſes, and in ordinary converſational diſcourſe. Modern Inventions and modern Advancements, touching almoſt every one of the arts of life—mechanical and chemical—have given a great impulſe to the ſocial ſyſtem at large, and a new direction to ſeveral lines of human induſtry, the ultimate conſequences of which are ſtill veiled by an awful uncertainty; ſo that we have come almoſt to abſtain from putting the queſtion—"What ſhall

the end of these things be?—Shall the feet of men, in a coming age, spurn the solid earth, and speed away to neighbour planets?"

There is, however, a circumstance connected with these late inventions and improvements which, although it is highly significant, has been little regarded, *as a collective fact*, or as indicative of a principle. Frequently adverted to incidentally, and mentioned in connection with particular instances, it has not taken the place that may appear to be due to it in the history of human progress, and of the advance of the applicate sciences. This recurrent fact is this—that almost every one of the signal modern inventions, and a large proportion also of those supplemental improvements which have followed in the track of the principal, have been the offspring of Minds that were untrained in the professions—undisciplined—untaught; or, to say all in a word—a word which we must borrow for the occasion—it is LAYMEN who have placed the nineteenth century so far in advance of its predecessors.

A fact, consequential to this—as might easily have been anticipated—is this—that, in almost every such instance in which gifted and inventive laymen have given a new impulse and a new direction to human industry, they have done so in front of, and in spite of, the bristled array of the Professions—that is to say, of all instructed and disciplined men—the authorized occupants of the

ground in queſtion, who have continued their oppoſition to each novelty, in its turn, even to the very laſt moment in which to do ſo might be any way poſſible.

What, then, will be the inference—or what will it be if—by an adduction of facts, gathered from various quarters—we ſhall make good the allegation with which we ſet out?—Not this—that knowledge and diſcipline are obſtructive of advancement. Nor this—that ſyſtematic education has no prerogatives. Nor this—that diſcoveries are only lucky chances, and that whatever is practically good muſt be empirical, not ſcientific. No ſuch inferences as theſe will ſeem to be authentically derivable from the facts which we have in proſpect. The warrantable inference will ſcarcely fail to ſuggeſt itſelf to the intelligent and unprejudiced reader, as he follows a brief ſtatement of the facts.

When we bring into one point of view the various maſs of diſcoveries, inventions, improvements, which have ſignalized the hundred years, laſt paſt, ſome ſort of claſſification of them may ſeem to be needed to avoid confuſion. Within this range there are (1) Diſcoveries of a purely ſcientific kind, which have been made available in the arts; (2) Mechanical appliances, involving nothing new, but the adaptation and extenſion of long known mechanical principles, and heretofore partially converted to ſuch, or to analogous pur-

poſes; and (3) Inventions, in which were combined diſcoveries in ſcience, with novel adaptations of known mechanical or chemical principles. As an inſtance of the firſt kind, we might name—the modern Electricity, in its two departments—mechanical and chemical:—inſtances of the ſecond kind would be the Spinning Machine, and the Power Loom:—and an inſtance, moſt ſignal, of the third kind, is the Steam-Engine, in the ſtructure and action of which chemical and mechanical principles have been brought into the moſt intimate combination.

That development of free-handed intelligence, as diſtinguiſhed from the trammelled and trained intelligence of the profeſſions which juſt now we have in view, has been rare in the walks of purely ſcientific diſcovery; but it has abounded—beyond computation—in all departments of mechanical appliance: again, it has been leſs frequent where diſcoveries in ſcience have been brought forward, and made available in the mechanic arts, or have given riſe to proceſſes that are altogether new. When theſe outburſts of unſchooled genius in the mechanic arts are placed by the ſide of the canonical procedures of the Profeſſional Mind, an analogy preſents itſelf which may properly be noted as we paſs; although it ſhould not be too ſtrongly inſiſted upon. If the Inventive Faculty, as developed in man, be compared with the Inſtinctive Conſtructive ſkill of ſome of the

animal orders, it ſhows a diſadvantage—for an abundance of errors, and of failures attend it; but then theſe miſchances are crowned at length with ſplendid ſucceſſes: after all its miſtakes, and notwithſtanding many and coſtly miſcalculations, the human inventive faculty juſtifies itſelf in the end. On the other ſide, as no errors are chargeable upon Inſtincts, and there is perfect work invariably, ſo from one thouſand years to another no advancement takes place:—rule, and routine, and immobility have held their ſway, undiſputed, on the ſide of animal intelligence, from the creation, to this time.

In another place,* I have ventured to uſe the phraſes—Fixed Reaſon, and Free Reaſon, as diſtinctively proper to the conſtructive inſtincts of the animal orders, and the conſtructive intelligence of man. Now (no offence intended) one might be inclined to ſpeak of the Fixed Reaſon, or the diſciplined intelligence of the Profeſſions, as contraſted with the Free Reaſon, or the Inventive Genius from which have ſprung moſt—in truth, almoſt all—of thoſe great improvements that ſignalize our modern civilization. The aſſertion, if it be not puſhed too far, is true, that Mind, as diſplayed *within* the Profeſſions, is the mind—not of the individual; but of the corporation or guild; —the individual man, within the profeſſions gains

* World of Mind.

his diſtinction, and takes the lead of his brethren by his ſucceſs in ſome particular and authentic inſtance, and by putting a higher finiſh, or giving a wider application to ſome eſtabliſhed and conventional achievement. But the Gifted Man—the man who was born, and has been reared outſide the pale of profeſſional life—who gives a new direction, and imparts a new impulſe to human induſtry, does what he does in ſuch a manner as if it were an intended outrage upon all that is authentic; and in effecting his purpoſe he unavoidably and grievouſly offends each of the fondly-cheriſhed beliefs of that privileged claſs to whoſe tribunal he is ſure to be cited, and to whoſe authority he is required to ſubmit himſelf. But the aſſeſſors in that tribunal are not merely pre-occupied; for they are irritated and alarmed; nor is it their uſage to give in until long after the open world around them has pronounced a ſpontaneous deciſion in favour of the lawleſs benefactor.

This courſe of things, we have ſaid, has been leſs frequent on the upper grounds of philoſophy; but on the lower levels of mechanic art the inſtances of a contrary ſort are the exceptions, and they are exceedingly rare.

II.

THAT threefold claſſification of modern Inventions which has been named above, although it is

admiſſible, would be cumberſome in the application to inſtances where an admixture of the three ingredients ſo frequently takes place. An inartificial arrangement, by the ſimple rule of chronology, might eaſily be followed; and if this were done, it would appear that a law of ſequence, or of ſuggeſtion, or a proceſs of natural evolution, has had place in this advancing courſe of inventive development. So it has been that Inventions and Improvements, in this or that line of art, have been quickly followed by correſponding advancements in other lines; and this has happened, partly in the way, as we have ſaid, of *ſuggeſtion*—as thus, it has been aſked—Why not apply ſuch and ſuch an invention to this or to that *other* and very different purpoſe? For example, when the ſteam-engine had been brought up to a certain ſtate of effectiveneſs—employed as a ſtationary force—it would naturally come to be thought of as available for the purpoſes of locomotion:—and then, if this were done ſucceſsfully upon iron roads, it would be aſked—Why not apply it to *Marine* locomotion? Inſtances of this ſort of ſequency are abundant in all the arts; and many ſuch will occur to the inſtructed reader's recollection. On this ground, therefore, we might take our point of departure from ſome moment midway in the laſt century; and thence following the almanack of inventions, ſhould arrive at the date of the moſt recent of thoſe ſignal inventions

that are just now coming into operation; and the derivation of which from some earlier invention might, in most cases, be shown. Each improvement is, in a sense, a step forward on *one path*; and it gives support in its turn to another, which is soon to follow, on another path.

Yet, in making out this sort of natural series of inventions, the temptation would be strong to put a strain upon some of the facts, and to run them out beyond the reason of things; we decline, therefore, to follow precisely in this track. The usual distribution of the industrial arts, and of the applicate sciences, might easily be adopted; as thus—the primary and the secondary wants of human life call for—*first*, the arts and the methods that secure to a people a supply of Food—more ample, and more constant, and of better quality, than that wherewith the savage sustains his precarious existence, alternating between gorging and starvation. *Next* come those arts which clothe the civilized man—with textile fabrics mainly. *Next* to these, or alongside of them, are the arts that *house* him; *then*, or at the same time—those arts that put tools and weapons into his hands; and *after these*, come the long train, not easily numbered, of those arts which minister to the intellectual requirements of a refined and instructed community, and which meet its tastes, and satisfy the factitious desires of the leisure class, into whose laps have flowed the accumulating wealth of the

community. Laſt of all are the arts which have ſprung, as if by miracle, from ſome flaſh of diſcovery, and which at once provoke ſome new deſire, and ſatisfy it.

Embracing all theſe wants—primary and ſecondary—and miniſtering to all, and doing their bidding as the univerſal ſervant—the drudge of all (unlike a reluctant drudge are its rates of going) then come thoſe recent inventions which give to nations the means of locomotion—the tranſit of goods—the tranſit of perſons, and the tranſit of Thought—thought, written and ſpoken, and thought, neither written nor ſpoken, but ſymbolized.

But what we are thinking of in this Eſſay is, not the Sciences, or the Arts, but the INDIVIDUAL MINDS; we are in queſt of the ſolitary man, and his unaided achievements, and his ſorrows, and his triumphs, in that day when, at length, JOSEPH, on Pharaoh's ſeat, ſees his envious brethren on their knees at his footſtool. In looking at our liſt of names, we find that, if we were to bring forward a *ſample only* of inſtances, pertinent to our purpoſe, and a liſt which ſhould be drawn chiefly from the annals of *Britiſh* induſtry, there would be a long array of men who have ſprung up from *outſide of the profeſſions* to which their labours had relation; and who, for the moſt part, were deſtitute of profeſſional learning, and who—or many of whom—were contradicted, and perſecuted, and plundered, and who, neverthleſs, have done what has been

the means of clothing, and of feeding, and of expediting, and indeed of *calling into exiſtence*, millions of their countrymen, and of all nations. Theſe men have opened up mines of uncounted wealth; they have enabled an Empire to carry on deadly ſtruggles; and, if civilization in its many elements be a good, then have they conferred upon modern nations benefits that are of incalculable value. As a counterpart to any ſuch liſt, which includes a few only out of many—the *non-profeſſional* diſcoverers, the inventors, the benefactors —it would be difficult to make up a liſt of a twentieth of the number of profeſſionally-trained, and learned, and accompliſhed men, who might be matched with them on the ground of any equivalent ſervices done to their country, and to mankind, in the ſame, or in any other courſes of labour.

If now we are thinking of *the men*, and leſs of their ſeveral departments of labour, we may advance into the midſt of them, and bring forward in front of the band, a few ſamples—rude, it may be, in their habiliments and appointments, uncouth in guiſe and geſture often; unbleſſed of fortune — unlucky often, and thriftleſs; wan and waſted often;—ſcorned, deſpoiled, often; but yet each of them is now at this time ſtanding (or ſitting) in marble, upon his pedeſtal in halls and places of honour; and it is around theſe monuments that the youth of colleges are aſſembled, to

receive there the inſpiration which they may need in purſuing their future courſes.

III.

We have ſaid juſt above that, in the walks of *purely ſcientific diſcovery*, the inſtances of undiſciplined, or, as we now term it—*Lay* invaſions upon privileged ground, have been more rare than upon the levels of the applicate ſciences and mechanic arts. Nevertheleſs a few ſuch inſtances preſent themſelves, which are of a kind to elucidate and to confirm a general inference.

If we may truſt to his portraits—Benjamin Franklin is the man who, by right of his characteriſtic phyſiognomy and air, ſhould lead the van in this array of Plebeian Genius. We ſhould remember, however, that the extant portraits of this great man were taken after the time when his concernment with public affairs, and his intercourſe with ſtateſmen and accompliſhed European perſons had thrown ſomething of an ariſtocratic glow upon his ſquare and rugged features. He is, nevertheleſs, the man who is well qualified to head the band that includes Arkwright, Brindley, Stephenſon.

Among the many natural endowments which fitted him to ſhine as a practical man, and as a ſtateſman, he was gifted in a high degree with philoſophic ſagacity. If his deſtiny in life had been favourable

to ſuch a courſe, he might have taken up Bacon's work, and better perhaps than any of his ſcientific contemporaries, have carried it forward toward its preſent advanced poſition. He had the ſcientific genius—a gift of nature; and this, in his inſtance, was in equipoiſe with other faculties; and ſo made him a cautious theorizer. Then his early poſition in the ſocial ſyſtem was ſuch as ſecured for him a certain liberty of thought—a non-conventional habit of ſpeculation; ſo it was that, in his philoſophic range he was exempt from thoſe intimidations which ſurround, and often enfeeble, men of a higher ſocial grade. Theſe, finding themſelves early in the poſſeſſion of a European ſcientific reputation, which might be loſt by adventure, will riſk nothing. Franklin ſtarted on his courſe with nothing to jeopardize:—his name, until his later years, drew after it no cumbrous length of academic Uncials:—until the cloſe of his career, and at a time when his reputation could float without corks, he was the uncanonized of learned bodies. It was with a rude and forceful abſtractive faculty that he ſet foot upon the ground of ſcientific ſpeculation. The then-recently-noticed phenomena of electricity were of that kind that was likely to fix the attention of a mind ſuch as his. The veil was juſt then riſing which brought to view a world of myſtery; the *adytum* of Nature was about to be ſet open, and he ſtepped forward to gaze upon theſe new phenomena, not only ex-

empt from obligation toward any hereditary philoſophic theory; but ſingularly free alſo from what may be called philoſophic ſuperſtition. The bold, native thought of filling a bottle with the fires of heaven was an audacity which might have been culpable in the inſtance of a mind of inferior philoſophic quality; and then the ſimple means he employed for effecting his purpoſe were indicative of that homely diſregard of whatever is extrinſical, which belonged to his habits and to his courſe of life, and which we muſt admit to be "Poor Richard's" *own* characteriſtics. It is uſual to ſpeak of Franklin's eminently practical turn of mind, in connection with his ſcientific courſe. This, in him, was the combination of that higher intellectual faculty which brought into his view, from the firſt, the remoter bearings of an abſtract ſcientific principle, along with the notions and the habits and the rules of conduct which had grown up with him as a ſhrewd craftſman, who ſpent his week's earnings in the thriftieſt poſſible manner. On ſuch ground as this it is that we head our liſt of illuſtrious Lay Diſcoverers with the name of Benjamin Franklin.

An inſtance analogous, at ſeveral points, to that of Franklin, is that of JOHN DALTON. He was altogether a ſelf-taught man, and one whoſe early years had been paſſed amidſt drudgeries the moſt diſheartening:—meanly circumſtanced, niggardly remunerated — unaided — uncourted — miſunder-

ſtood; and as if a ſingular inſtance were to be given of the force and ſupremacy of MIND, there were brought together, in Dalton's training, ſome elements which are rarely found in combination—namely, Quakeriſm, and Unthriftineſs;—nor did the two together, in this inſtance, quaſh at all the intellectual force; but rather headed it up. The mighty revolution which he effected in Chemiſtry, and, by conſequence, in Phyſical ſcience, generally—in ſo far as he *pierced*, rather than *lifted*, the veil of nature—was not a lucky gueſs that had ſprung up out of a random experiment. As truly ſo as were Newton's triumphs, Dalton's philoſophy was a proper work of the higheſt conſecutive reaſon:—it was a genuine product of the inductive and the ſynthetic faculty, working itſelf forward on a ſolid path—not by leaps at hazard; but by a firm meaſured tread, a feeling of the ground—ſtep after ſtep. Nothing in the wide range of modern ſcience has been leſs fortuitous; nothing was more purely *rational* than was the bringing the Atomic Theory into a coherent form. Quite in harmony with what might be called the ruſticity of his ſelf-taught learning, was the rudeneſs, and the inefficiency of the apparatus of his laboratory. In Dalton's achievements—all was MIND—or—mind was all: nothing was extrinſic, nothing had to be ſupplemented by conventional aids. He ſtands well therefore as a Leading Inſtance in our preſent array.

Men may have been highly educated—they may have become decked with college honours; but if in fact they have had no professional training, as related to the departments of philosophy wherein they have signalized themselves, then a claim may be made good in respect of them, as LAY DISCOVERERS. Yet we refrain from the doubtful argumentation which might be needed in establishing a claim of this sort, in some of the instances; and therefore only give place, in passing, to the names of such men as Robert Boyle, and Cavendish, and Priestley, and Young; and room should be found among these for Napoleon Bonaparte, who, if his star had not led him to trample upon thrones, might now have occupied a high place among the philosophers of his time. The taunting question —"Why do you not look for planets outside the zodiac?" is said to have given the astronomic world a host of asteroids. The question (if indeed it was put) was precisely one of that sort which is characteristic of a man of genius, who is untrammelled by professional habitudes of thought.

IV.

BUT we pass on from instances that might provoke controversy, to those which can give place to none; and turning from science—strictly speaking—look toward the wide and various fields of the applicate and productive mechanic arts. Conspicuously fit

for our purpoſe is the inſtance of JAMES BRINDLEY—*the mill-wright*—a man who remained untaught to the laſt, and born—as if to ſhow what Mind—and nothing may do.

Whatever, in our modern material condition (we are thinking juſt now of Inſular Britain) is the moſt vaſt in its extent, or incalculable in its commercial value, and which, in its progreſs, has ſurmounted the moſt appalling difficulties, and which has triumphed the moſt completely over intereſted oppoſition—all ſuch things have come to us by the genius and labours of men of whom—if we were in ſearch of an eminently characteriſtic ſample—James Brindley, the unſchooled mill-wright, would ſtand as its trueſt repreſentative. Let the figures be given which ſhall ſymbolize the money-value—up to this time—of Brindley's engineering genius! Britiſh wealth, in moſt of its unwrought materials, and of its products, is every day ſeen afloat upon the boſom of the tranquil waters of our Inland Navigation. Britiſh wealth of any kind, if we follow it a little way toward its ſources, will bring us to the margin of a canal whereupon the patient drudge—a ſingle haggard horſe—is dragging after him the barge, laden, till it well nigh ſinks, either with the *means* of labour, or with its finiſhed *reſults*. It is now many years ago that fifteen millions ſterling had been profitably ſpent in England upon works of this claſs; and at this time it is very much more. Water-carriage

has come up to almoſt every man's door, or to a wharf within an hour of it; nor has this economic means of tranſit been ſuperſeded, or rendered otherwiſe than highly remunerative, by the competitive ſpeed of the Railway Train; and whereas the benefits of this latter mode have been purchaſed for the Public at a price (through the profligate folly of thoſe firſt concerned) ten times greater than it ought to have reached, Inland Navigation, for the moſt part, has been reaſonably effected at only its genuine coſt.

Brindley's merit was not that of conceiving of ſuch a thing as the digging a trench to be filled with water, upon which laden veſſels might cheaply be towed:—all this had been done long before his time, and elſewhere than in England; but it was his to achieve this enterpriſe in a country like England, the levels of which are nowhere extenſive, and which—ſuch as they are—ſtretch themſelves out upon different plateaus; few of them being overhung by elevated water-ſheds:—and beſides all this *natural* difficulty, England is cut up by roads, and by croſs-roads, innumerable; and it is a country upon every acre of which is planted the prohibitive token—"No Thoroughfare."—The rights and the uſages of a jealous proprietorſhip confront the Engineer on every foot of ground in this Iſland: he muſt not only ſhow how a navigable water-courſe might be carried acroſs the ups and downs of the country, but

he muſt fight for every mile of his way over it, in parliamentary committee rooms: he muſt not only be able to traverſe expanſes of mud, and to ſtanch abyſſes of ſand; but alſo, and more than this, he muſt know how to dig a pathway for reaſon athwart the clays and the bogs of dull intellects!

A phraſe very uſual with writers who have eulogized men like Brindley is this — He was a man inexhauſtible in reſources :—when difficulties aroſe which would have baffled, and which did baffle ordinary mnids, he roſe to meet the occaſion, and at moments when all around him had deſponded, he never failed to exhibit the fertility of his genius by ſome new device or expedient, that was equally ſimple in itſelf, and effective. The true, or, it may be—the *pſychological* import of expreſſions ſuch as theſe we ſhould aſcertain; for they carry with them the very point of contraſt which is now in view, between the profeſſional, and the non-profeſſional mind. The "reſources" of minds that have been trained and tamed and diſciplined—are uſually compriſed in the liſt of thoſe authentic means and expedients to which the "Profeſſion" has affixed its mark of approval, as proper and ſufficient for ſuch and ſuch occaſions, and which liſt is cloſed, implicitly or explicitly, with the interdictive deciſion—"if *theſe* means will not avail, the thing may ſafely be ſet down as impracticable."

But now the untrained man—the interloper as to the profeſſions, is, it may be, altogether ignorant of the exiſtence of this catalogue of legitimate devices:—or perhaps he has looked at the liſt, and he holds them in utter contempt—as lumbering, cumberſome, circuitous; and whether they are better or worſe, he barely troubles himſelf to inquire. Nature has enriched him with one of her rareſt beſtowments—namely, a clear viſion throughout the region of abſtractions (i.e. mechanical abſtractions) and along with it, the analogical and the ſynthetical faculty—the ſame that, in another mental department, makes a man a wit, and gives a ſparkling brilliancy to his utterances on all ſubjects. So it is that this rude ſon of Nature, when he is encountered on his path by "unthought of obſtacles," betakes himſelf, forthwith, to that region which is his own:—he converſes—near at hand, with the elementary principles of mechanical and mathematical relationſhip:—the occaſion calls up before him the deepeſt properties of things:—the *need* is ſuggeſtive of the *means:* cuſtomary and often-tried combinations—theſe are left in the rear—they ſtrew that ground in fragments whereupon the profeſſional, the "ſtaff," ſtick faſt in hopeleſs perplexity. The *effective* expedient that comes forth at the call of genius is that which is *the neareſt poſſible approximation to firſt principles in ſcience:*—when ordinary men ſee it they ſay—half in contempt—How ſimple is

this! why did nobody think of it long ago? In the *ſimplicity* of the thought, the inventor's praiſe is likely to be loſt ſight of; and ſo the world is ſaved the burden, and the coſt too, of its gratitude. Thus it was often with Brindley as he ſtood related to the Engineering world. Happily for him, and for England, the noble Bridgewater's intelligence was his ſhield at ſuch times.*

v.

THE feeding of Britiſh induſtry with its rude materials, and the cheap conveyance of its finiſhed products, hither and thither, had thus been achieved by the illiterate mill-wright of Macclesfield. Then came forward the alſo illiterate barber of Bolton, who at length gave to that induſtry its field and its reward, in deviſing the means of expanding the Cotton manufacture to dimenſions almoſt incalculably great. The wealth of England, as to a principal element of its trade and its commerce, is mainly RICHARD ARKWRIGHT'S doing. There can now be no need—and certainly not in this Eſſay—to enter upon the worn controverſy concerning the *ſtrict originality* of his inventions and improvements. Ample and laborious argumentation, carried on in courts of law, and before the general public alſo, has come to this iſſue—that

* A claim to Rennie might be controverted;—but Telford we may number in our liſt of ſelf-taught engineers.

Arkwright's fame—his honours, and his fortune, were fairly of his own winning; and that his individual genius—aided, or not aided, in particular inſtances by what he might have chanced to know of the doings of other men (and of which probably he knew little or nothing)—was of that order which, while it is ſurmounting obſtacles, draws to itſelf, and incorporates with its own, whatever ſtands neighbouring to it.

In thus giving to Arkwright the place which we believe to be his due—and which is now allowed to be ſo—it would not merely be an injuſtice, but a miſtake, in relation to our preſent intention, to paſs in ſilence the name of his predeceſſor, JOHN WYATT. In truth, Wyatt was a man of the very ſort we are in queſt of—nothing more than an "ingenious machiniſt;" but an inventor, *born*, and not *bred;*—and when, in his ſolitude, he ſtood watching the firſt performance of his "Rollers"—"being all the time," as he ſays, "in a pleaſing but trembling ſuſpenſe," he was looking out upon a field over which, forty years later, another—more fortunate than himſelf, ſhould drive plough and harrow, and carry the ſickle—gathering a large harveſt out of which millions of men, through centuries, ſhould be fed.

Arkwright's eminent ability, as a man of buſineſs, and a *manufacturer*, ought to be ſet off, in this our account, from the eſtimate we form of his genius, which was pre-eminent, as a mecha-

nical inventor. This proper distinction gives us our ground of comparison in bringing forward a man of genius, distinguished on the same path, who, as to his origin and training, takes his place in our list of Lay inventors; but who, as a man of business, or as thrifty and worldly-wise, lacked the requisite qualities. The informed reader will know that we have in view the inventor of the *Mule Jenny*—the highly intellectual and the melancholic SAMUEL CROMPTON. But we should first give a line to HARGREAVES—the "*poor weaver* of Lancashire;" for it was he that gave the most decisive start to that course of invention which, in the end, took the spinning process out of the hand of the spinner, with her wheel, her treadle, and her single spindle; and in doing so, though she suffered much meantime, gave bread to a thousand for one, of those who before had lived to starve; and gave cheap garments to tens of thousands, for one who had been clad hitherto in tatters. The inventor of the *Shubbing Billy*—the next important invention in this line—we do not certainly know; but it is true, with very few exceptions, that men of no professional quality—men the most obscure in birth and early occupation—were the authors of that prodigious revolution which has had place in the industrial arts—in the department especially of the manufactures of woven fabrics, during the last hundred years.

It was this Samuel Crompton, *a* "*needy work-*

man," who brought into a more useful form at once the elements of Hargreave's invention, and of Arkwright's too: his Mule Jenny was a plagiarism, or an infringement of both—hence its name. In the department of mechanical invention plagiarism follows in the *necessary order* of development and of practical applicability. Infringement of Patents is a wrong, to be punished by the State, which is, or which should be, a terror to evil-doers: but if we would forbid altogether mechanical plagiarism, we must forbid all progress in the mechanic arts. Crompton, a man of genius, saw what had not yet been developed in the contrivances of his predecessors; and he gave to them this development in his spinning machine—the *draw rollers*, the revolving spindles, and the adjusted and variable velocities of the two elements of the machine—these, when at length they were fully matured in the inventor's last thoughts, gave him a claim, rightfully, to the praise that is due to an original inventor. Crompton's position in relation to the spinning machineries was analogous to that of Watt, in relation to the steam-engine; or to that of Stephenson, as to the locomotive engine.

The application of these inventions to woven fabrics of other materials than cotton, namely, to flax, wool, and silk, required many adaptations of their elementary principles, and these were not effected otherwise than by the genius and assiduity of men who, nineteen out of twenty of them,

were men whom we claim, in this Eſſay, as our Induſtrial Heroes—men in whom Mind—mind as old as the infant man—illuſtrates its ſupremacy as related to whatever may be ſet off as extraneous, ſupplementary, adventitious, and advantageous to other men. To name the men in this order, whoſe ingenuity carried the primary mechanic conception out into its various adaptations, would lead us too far away from our theme. We are adducing *ſamples* only—and not more than may ſuffice to indicate, and to make good our concluſion.*

VI.

We ſhould ſtep forward from ſpinning to weaving; in which department, however, the improvements that have taken place, although highly important, have not been comparable to thoſe which put out of exiſtence the houſewife's ſpinning-wheel and her diſtaff. Highly important indeed were theſe inventions; for to what point of depreſſion would the Cotton manufactures of this, and of other countries now fall, if interdicted the uſe of the Power Loom? To whom then, does the garment-wearing world—all the world over—owe its cheap raiment?—it is to *a Clergyman;* ſo we muſt call him, if we judge him by the colour of

* William Kelly, of Glaſgow, might take his place here; but we are not fully informed as to his early hiſtory.

his cloth; but a *layman*, as to his relation to the profeſſion the province of which he invaded. EDMUND CARTWRIGHT, Perpetual Curate of Brampton, and afterwards Rector of Goadby Marwood, was a literary man too, and a writer of ſonnets; but we challenge him as one of our order—an inſtance in proof of a principle. Cartwright had completed his fortieth year when his mechanical genius broke the ſhell: it was in his forty-ſecond year that the Power Loom, of his invention, came into operation. At the moment when the then-expanding application of machinery to manufactures opened itſelf incidentally to his view, he ſaw with what advantage, and with what eaſe too, the new agent which Watt had brought to bear upon mining, and other operations, might be applied to the loom. "The thing is impoſſible:"—this was the unanimous verdict of the "practical men" of that time, and of the profeſſional clan, whoſe opinion Cartwright aſked:—"or if we were to grant you that the thing might be done, it would not be worth the doing:—it would never pay." This ſage prediction—ſo ſoon to be falſified in its mechanical ſenſe, and falſified alſo in its commercial ſenſe, as to the manufacturing world—was verified in one ſenſe only, namely, in its meaning as toward the individual inventor; for he, even after receiving his ten thouſand pounds from the niggard generoſity of Parliament, went to his grave a ruined man:—or, if not ſo, many thouſands out

of pocket. An instance parallel, in this respect, is the one which should find its place next in order; —it is that of the "poor Straw-hat Maker of Lyons," whose inventive genius has given to the Loom an incalculable extension of its powers. The Jacquard Engine, or rather this *supplement* to the loom, brings decorative weaving, as to *colour*, and as to textile configuration, entirely within the range of a merely mechanic adjustment.

JACQUARD, in consequence of an incidental glance at an English newspaper, was woke up to mechanical speculation: he succeeded in contriving a machine for net-making; and thenceforward this field engaged all his thoughts. The machine which passes by his name—and which was very slowly elaborated—did at length establish its claim to adoption in all varieties of decorative weaving, and as to all materials. But the inventor saw his exquisite organism destroyed, by order of the magistrates of Lyons, and himself the object of several conspiracies against his life. Nevertheless this invention has long constituted a principal element in the manufacturing means of all manufacturing countries. Whether the luckless "straw-hat maker" drew any personal advantage, from that which had enriched the world, does not appear.*

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* I have failed to meet with Jacquard's Christian name, nor have been able to learn what was his personal history in later years.

In the history of those manufactures which have to do with textile-fabrics, many names occur of improvers and inventors—most of whom were men of the operative class; or, if not so, at least they were men who were non-professional, and were untrained and untrammelled by established usages. To give them, all, and to each, his due, would lead us too far in respect of our purpose in this Essay.

VII.

We must now step back a few years in the order of time, and adduce an instance—a signal instance indeed it is, and one that is most proper to our purpose:—the reader knows that the man we have here in prospect is James Watt. But our right to claim him, as belonging to our illustrious company of the non-professional, may perhaps be disputed. Watt, at length, or *slowly in the course of years*, became a scientific, and a highly-instructed man. Within his department, and even beyond it, he stood abreast of the most distinguished philosophers of his times; and in some instances he led the way in science; nor was he, even in his earliest years, like Arkwright, or Stephenson, an uninformed youth—a mere cottage genius. At the time of his return from London to Glasgow—if not at an earlier date—he could hold converse intelligently with professors of science, and with such men as Dr. Black.

Yet, notwithſtanding his ſupplemented acquiſition of theſe advantages, James Watt is a man of our company, and we claim him on ſuch accounts as theſe following:—he was *ſelf-educated:*—his conſtitutional tendencies and infirmity of health made him always a ſolitary ſtudent:—he was an inſulated thinker. The habit of his mind was that of ſelf-prompted meditation:—his muſings were *from within;* and his trains of analogic reaſoning, when in queſt of a dimly-perceived fact in advance, were from the abſtract out toward the concrete; and theſe thoughts were followed in the mood of a high independence of what other men might be thinking of, or doing. He liſtened eagerly to Dr. Black, and others of the Glaſgow Univerſity; but it was as Columbus might have given ear to the aſtronomers of his time:—if what theſe men knew, and which he did not know, could be brought to bear upon his great telluric conception, and his enterpriſe, it was well: if not, he was not diſheartened.

If Watt had had no predeceſſors in the invention of the Steam-Engine, it is probable that he would have done nearly the ſame thing as he actually did—taking it up where he found it. The mereſt incident, which might direct his attention to the force of ſteam would have given him all the ſuggeſtive aid he needed. The analogic and the ſynthetic forecaſt, or, as we ſay, the mechanical ſagacity, would, at a bound, have carried

him forward from the ground of his firſt crude thoughts to the advanced ground whereupon he ſet his foot when he took in hand the repair of a Newcomen's Engine.

Neither as a mechanical inventor, nor as a civil engineer, was Watt, at any time, or in any ſenſe, a profeſſional practitioner: a Layman he was in all lines, from the firſt to the laſt. And ſo were thoſe who were his predeceſſors in the invention of the Steam-Engine; and ſo have been ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed of thoſe who, ſince his time, have ſupplemented it by important improvements. The early hiſtory of this prime invention—the one tool of modern *material* civilization—gives us the name of an illuſtrious layman, the Marquis of Worceſter—layman in every ſenſe; and ſo was Captain Thomas Savary, "Gent.," as he ſtyles himſelf; and ſo was Thomas Newcomen, *the blackſmith* of Dartmouth, and ſo his partner, John Cawley, *glazier*, of the ſame place, and ſo was Humphrey Potter, the inventor of the automatic valve-opener. The Steam-Engine, ſuch as Watt took it in hand, and ſuch as he bequeathed it to the world, is the triumph of undrilled and of non-profeſſional genius; and it is what it is in deſpite of the pertinacious oppoſition of thoſe whoſe ſucceſſors now call him their Apoſtle.

Upon the Eddyſtone lighthouſe we may lay a finger—taking it to ourſelves as a ſignal monument of non-profeſſional intelligence. The firſt

lighthouſe, on this difficult ſite, was conſtructed by WINSTANLEY — "a gentleman of Eſſex;" partly of wood, partly of ſtone: it gave way (November, 1703) in a hurricane, the moſt ſevere, perhaps, that has ever occurred in theſe latitudes. The ſecond lighthouſe, wholly of wood, was conſtructed by RUDYERD, *a ſilk mercer;* and we may accept Smeaton's opinion of it, who ſays—that it was "well deviſed, and effectively executed." This ſtructure was deſtroyed by fire, after withſtanding the ſtorms of fifty winters. The third, and the now extant Eddyſtone lighthouſe, was contrived and conſtructed by SMEATON—a man *bred to the law*, and who *made himſelf*, and was not *made*—a profeſſional engineer; and who took a foremoſt place in his profeſſion by force of genius, and by that aſſiduity which attends genius of the higher order.

VIII.

AN average ſpeed *per* hour, of twenty-five, or thirty miles for the Britiſh Iſlands, and a leſs ſpeed elſewhere; but a fifty miles for expreſs trains—this is the product before us;—but the project to bring it about, or to realize a half of it, or a third part, was pronounced, and was denounced, *by every profeſſional man in England*, as impracticable, and abſurd—it was nothing better than "a madman's ſcheme." Spite of facts before their eyes—ſpite of the cleareſt demonſtrations of ſcience—

this mindleſs obduracy—animated by the pitiful jealouſies of a diſciplined body, held to its own—its ſtupidity—through many long years. Throughout the years of GEORGE STEPHENSON'S uphill labours, from the time of the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, to that of the undiſputed achievement of the Manchester and Liverpool, it was leſs the titan phyſical difficulties of his enterpriſe, than the virulent antagoniſm of profeſſional perſons, that ſo long delayed his triumphs. Parliamentary Committees, prompted and inſtructed by the Profeſſion, more ſorely tried the patience of this great man than quickſands or than peat bogs—than Kilſby tunnel, or than Chat Moſs.

The life and labours of the *brakeſman* at Black Callerton, and the hiſtory of his ſucceſſes, carry in them, by condenſation, many leſſons of practical wiſdom, as touching the progreſs of the Induſtrial Arts, and the mechanical advancements of civilized communities. The pregnant pages whereupon thoſe labours are recorded will be peruſed in all time future, and muſt bring about a clearer underſtanding than has hitherto had place, of ſuch truths as theſe—that ſignal forward movements in the arts of life ſpring from MIND, not from Schooling; and this too—that thoſe congeſted modes of thinking which prevail within the profeſſions are oftener obſtructive, than promotive, of ſuch movements. In contravention

of this laſt-named principle many pertinent inſtances might be adduced, ſeemingly favourable to an oppoſite concluſion. Let them be brought forward, for they are proper elements of an equitable inductive argument, on this ſubject; but—ſo we aſſume—when they have found the place and the value which is due to them, they will prove this —That profeſſional training, with the vaſt ſum of its prerogatives and powers, has itſelf, in theſe times, been the product of UNDISCIPLINED MINDS. Brindley, Arkwright, Watt, Stephenſon, after ſeverally driving from the field the phalanx of the profeſſions that then ſtood in their way, have inaugurated the new profeſſions that now carry out their ſplendid conceptions.

Mind-Force! and what a force it is when ſome law of the material world—ſome principle which nature makes uſe of in ruling the movements of planets, or in the upheaving of mountains—is diſcerned in its ſimplicity, and is read off, without a blunder, from the mechaniſm of the heavens, and is brought, in its ſimpleſt form, to bear upon the labours of man! Was the reader one of the ſpectators when an iron tube, weight 1,800 tons, was lifted aloft from its barges, and poiſed high in air, and was lodged upon its ſupports, athwart the Menai Straits? This lifting was the work of the Hydraulic Preſs. But among any hundred of thoſe ſpectators, taking even the beſt-educated of the throng, it would probably

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have been only a few of them who could have given us a clear and true account of this mighty engine, as to the reaſon of its power. At this time it is the Hydraulic Preſs that ſupplements, in all lines of induſtrial art, the Steam-Engine; for it is employed in doing better, and in doing in a more manageable way, what this might be made to do; and in doing alſo ſome things which this could by no means be made to achieve. In entering any of thoſe places of enormous productive force wherein giant work is in progreſs, the viſitor may, if he pleaſes, imagine that he ſees, on his right hand, the Gog, on his left hand, the Magog, of Force:—to wit—the Steam-Engine, and the Hydraulic Preſs, each, in its way, multiplying or ſurpaſſing, in a million-fold proportion, the human muſcular power, and that of the horſe.

Joseph Bramah, the inventor of this Engine, was one of our illuſtrious band: he was of humble origin, and ſerved his apprenticeſhip to a Carpenter in his native town, Stainborough, Yorkſhire. This was his *only preparation* for his courſe, as one of the moſt fertile and ſucceſsful of modern mechaniſts. He began life, in London, as a *Cabinet-maker;* but he ſoon originated improvements in certain domeſtic appointments which opened a path of remunerative buſineſs before him: then came the Bramah lock, and ſome time later, the Hydraulic Preſs: afterwards, his planing machines, and then the improvements he carried

out in the printing and numbering of Bank of England notes. As with Watt and the Steam-Engine, so with Bramah and the Hydraulic Press; it was not his boast that he had discovered the law of which he herein availed himself; nor was he even the first to give it expression in an actual structure; but it was his merit to see, in the hydraulic paradox, an available force—a force illimitable—and to devise the means of rendering it easily available for practical purposes. When trees of the largest size were torn up by the roots—silently and with ease—two men only at the pumps—there was an exhibition, in brief, of that relationship of the human mind to the material world whence all advancement in the arts takes its rise; but the full meaning of which is not understood until the destined time comes for making it known, as opened to some rude intellect, born in a cottage, and unknowing, and unknown of science.

The much-entangled history of Steam Navigation, contested, as it has been, at every point, furnishes several names that would be proper for our purpose; but in making good a claim to individuals, controversies that are still undecided must be entered upon, and much documentary evidence must be examined and critically dealt with. A labour of this sort would be ill-spent in this instance; and in truth our conclusion stands good without the aid which it might yield. It would be more easy to name twenty, than to select five

names—that ſhould be the moſt fit to be brought forward in an argument of this kind; for in each of thoſe departments wherein, recently, the moſt remarkable advancements have been effected, there are many names that ought to ſtand on our liſt. So it is as to later improvements in the Steam-Engine, and in Gas Illumination, and in Marine Architecture, and in Paper-making, and in Calico-printing, and in Calico-engraving, and in Machine-printing, and in the ſeveral arts that are dependent upon Electricity—mechanical and chemical; and in Photography, and in Lithography, and in the various applications of Caoutchouc, and of Gutta Percha.

We have thus ſo often been led to trace our men of mind to their birth-places in cottages, and to follow them in their training in ſhops;—but there are not wanting inſtances of another order:—ſome have already been named, of men who, born in a higher poſition, have earned their fame apart from profeſſional training:—laymen they were, as to the profeſſions, which have at length recognized their merits. Such was Marc Iſambard Brunel:—ſuch is Mr. Talbot, the Photographic inventor; and ſuch, pre-eminently, was the nobleman to whom literature is largely indebted on account of his Printing Preſs, and his improvements in the methods of Stereotype Printing. The illiterate Brindley—companion as he was—from year to year, of a duke, will not feel

himſelf abaſhed, if he be aſked to lead a band of men which is brought up by a non-profeſſional inventor—even ſuch a one as Charles, Earl Stanhope.

IX.

A READER of this Eſſay who, although generally well-informed, may not heretofore have given attention to the ſubject of it, would be likely to ſuppoſe that *a few* inſtances, of the ſort we have mentioned, might perhaps be found if they were looked for, and carefully hunted up: two or three may occur at once to his recollection, and others might be found in the dim obſcurity of workſhops and mills—thoſe blackened dens of toil into which curious travellers are led to look, at Mancheſter, and Birmingham, and Glaſgow. In ſuch places, it would not be doubted, that a grim Daniel Scroggins, and an aproned Sam Smith, might be found—ſad tipſy fellows, both of them, to whoſe ingenuity this or that mechanical improvement has been due. But our inſtances have not been of this ambiguous order: far otherwiſe.

The haſty glance which we have thus taken, has comprehended the very chief, and the moſt ſtupendous of thoſe advancements that have ſignalized the paſt hundred years, and that have been the main means of placing Great Britain in its front poſition among the nations; and which have doubled its population, and have brought in

upon it incalculable perennial revenues. Now the men who have achieved all these triumphs—and there is barely an exceptive instance—have done it under those severe conditions of unaided spontaneity, and of non-professional initiation, which meet the requirements of our argument. These great men—Nature's own stamping is upon them—her mark on their fronts, after having first conquered the obduracy of material elements, and after bending things the most refractory to their purposes, have then vanquished, and have triumphed over, and have led captive at their chariot-wheels, the marshalled hosts of the Professional world—those men of might who dwell in cities walled up to heaven—even the bristled munitions of professional privilege and of selfish prejudice.

The facts herein glanced at bear upon them an aspect of uniformity which at once indicates the operation of a law, and suggests what sort of law it is. But first we may ask room for an inference which may be named, and which, if it were heeded, might soften a little the rigour of professional jealousy, and abate a little professional over-weening. Are we intending to disparage professional education, or to lower the estimate that should be formed of the importance—the *necessity* of special discipline, special learning, special rules and maxims? Far from it. Should we choose to put ourselves into the hands of

a lay ſurgeon; or willingly be treated, in fever, by quacks? Certainly not. The Profeſſions, the Cloth, the Clergy, are conſtituted for adminiſtering, and for giving the beſt poſſible effect to, every known and well-authenticated maxim — every axiom, rule, method, formula, to which highly inſtructed teachers have attached their authoritative ſignature. All this is certain, and it can need no argumentation to eſtabliſh it. Theſe admiſſions made, then thoſe who are of the Profeſſions ſhould underſtand that—ſo we infer on the ground of all paſt experience, and on the evidence of facts largely available—Advancements and Improvements *are not their function.* The world does not aſk, or look for, *new things* at their hands. New things always, or all but always, come in *from without.* No corporation has ever been ſeen to reform itſelf—no guild relaxes its hold of its own—no reſtricted community is revolutionary:—the privileged never forget to bar the door againſt the unprivileged. The fully-inſtructed if, as compared with other men, they have three eyes for two, yet are they apt to loſe the uſe of the two, in the fond uſe they make of the one eye. The inference would be this—Inform yourſelves as to the facts before you commit yourſelves as the antagoniſts of Inventions and Improvements, when ſuch are propounded by idiotic men.

The facts above adduced, and the many more that are adducible, have, we ſay, that aſpect of uni-

formity which entitles them to be regarded as indicative of a fixed principle of the Intellectual System. At least they are available for the purpose of enhancing and confirming our belief in the INDIVIDUALITY OF MIND; that is to say—its Force, and its Sovereignty, as developed, from the birth, in this and that man, who proves himself to be one of Nature's own sons—richly endowed from the first—and not *made by circumstances*, or fashioned by training. The man is not *following* a train of world-wide influences; for he leads, or, better to describe his labours, *he pushes the world onward, in front of him.*

Much has been said of late, and one would think more than enough, the meaning of which would be to put out of view this Individuality of Mind, and to bring into the place of it some vague "tendency," some "requirement of the age," or whatever is undefinable, or nearly destitute of meaning, and that is at variance with the history of the progress of nations. Tendencies, no doubt, are of great force; and they do rule the multitude; but Individuality is of far greater force; and it overrules tendencies; or, more often, it creates them; it is the initiation of courses of events.

If now, from the facts that have been hastily glanced at in this Essay, we were to attempt an induction which should issue in bringing before us some law of thought, in a phycological sense,

then theſe ſame facts, when ſtrictly examined, would perplex any attempted generalization. As thus:—Suppoſe we were to reſtrict ourſelves to three or four eminent inſtances, each of which appears to repreſent *a claſs* of inſtances, and were to take the names of Brindley, Arkwright, Watt, and Stephenſon, as the four heroes of material Power. If the ſucceſſes of theſe men of genius might be traced to the predominance of *one*, and *the ſame* intellectual faculty—as, for example, the ſenſe of analogy; or otherwiſe, to the purely abſtractive faculty—the power of following on from the multiform concrete, to the elementary, then it might indeed be eaſy, or not very difficult, to ſhow that this *one* mental force acts with the higheſt advantage when it is the leaſt encumbered with the extrinſic aids of education, and of artificial culture. And *therefore* it is that the great inventor is one who has walked forth upon the induſtrial world—not from univerſities, but from hovels—not as clad in ſilks, and decked with honours, but as clad in fuſtian, and grimed with ſoot and oil.

But now let us read the hiſtory of the four great men above-mentioned, and follow their courſe in detail, and ſee in what manner, from day to day, they encountered unlooked-for difficulties, and conquered, where all but themſelves would have fallen. Watch them eſpecially when they come up to things "impracticable," as everybody

tells them, and, nevertheleſs, walk on, ſtraight away, through other men's "impoſſibilities." In thus following the daily courſe of ſuch men, we muſt convince ourſelves of this truth—That theſe arduous occaſions have called into action—not any *one* intellectual faculty; but every ſeveral faculty that enriches the human mind; and that the work actually achieved by them was the product—leſs of a ſingle predominant mental power, than of the harmony and equilibrium of all faculties. Invention, in its higher inſtances, is not a ſheer phycological element; but it is a congeries, or an organization combining all elements.

If the broad import of the facts adduced, or hinted at, in theſe pages, and if the pervading colour of them is ſuch as to indicate the preſence of a law, this law muſt be looked for on a higher platform than that wherewith the philoſophy of tabulated generalization is converſant. The law we are in ſearch of muſt be Heaven's own law, and which, as often as it diſplays itſelf with conſpicuous majeſty, does ſo in ſovereign diſregard of thoſe things which are moſt the objects of admiration and worſhip among men. In a word, the great men of this laſt epoch, whoſe labours have incalculably promoted the material well-being of mankind, and have given to the civilized nations their needed advantage over the brute force of the uncivilized, theſe men have been God's own gift to the human family, in the completeneſs of their

faculties. They did not appear until the clock of the world had ſtruck the hour for their coming—until the moment when all the ſtars were favourable. Then they came; and they came from the obſcureſt cabins—they came from dens of penury—unlearned and idiotic men they were; and thoſe who might have hailed their advent, did their utmoſt to tread them out of exiſtence. But their commiſſion had been counterſigned on high, and the world now ſees it, and gladly enters upon their labours.

Taking it thus (ſuperſtition and exaggeration apart) then the belief that theſe men, and others like them, have been gifts from above, carries with it a tacit promiſe that others, in due time, ſhall in like manner be given, who ſhall carry forward, to yet another ſtage, that ſcheme of human advancement, as to its *material* well-being, which ſhall attend, and which ſhall facilitate, and which ſhall ſpread far its advancement in the higher well-being of the moral and religious life.

ESSAY IV.

Lay Theologians.

1.

THE maſs of facts brought together in a preceding Eſſay is ſufficient to ſuſtain the affirmation—That a large proportion of thoſe inventions and improvements which have ſignalized the laſt hundred years have ſprung from men who did not enjoy the advantages of a profeſſional education; and who, for the moſt part, have had to encounter profeſſional hoſtility.

A queſtion now preſents itſelf of this ſort—Has an analogous courſe of things had place within and around the precincts of Theology?

The conditions under which anything ſimilar to this might find room within *theſe* precincts are of a very different kind; and they are ſuch as might ſeem quite to exclude the expectation that it could be ſo. In Theology (Chriſtian Belief and Chriſtian Morals) no advancements or diſcoveries, in any ſenſe analogous to theſe that have opened new

fields of action in the arts, and given a new impulse to Philosophy, and the Sciences, are to be looked for as possible, nor can they find any place among *desiderata*. And then, moreover, this other condition stands across the path of advancement by lay incursions;—for as well the conservation and diffusion, as the elucidation of Christian truth, and the maintenance of Christian morality, have been consigned, in a distinct and authoritative manner, to an order of men, thereunto dedicated; and who, for the discharge of the offices thereto related, receive, or should receive, a specific training, and an ample course of instruction. What room, then, can there be left for intruders upon the precincts of sacred science? or what call can there be here for the undisciplined and the unappointed? or how shall Laymen find a warranty for their presumption in daring to teach in the Church?

To this, and to much more that might be advanced in corroboration of the doctrine that the Christian ministry is a Divinely-established institution, and that its functions are not to be arrogated at pleasure by men whose zeal may outstep their humility, to all this, or to so much of it as may be made good by clear warranty of Scripture, we give our submissive assent. Nevertheless, after doing so, we yet have a defensible position to maintain. In the first place, it may fairly be asked, whether there are not functions to be discharged, and

ſervices to be rendered, which are highly important to the religious well-being of a Chriſtian community, but which, in the very nature of the caſe, could not be previouſly defined, or ſubjected to control, as belonging to an eſtabliſhed order, or a recognized miniſtry? We think an affirmative reply to this queſtion may be confidently aſſumed.

And yet this reaſonable aſſumption might be ſuperſeded by an appeal to an array of unqueſtionable facts. The ways of Heaven are above rule:—gifts are conferred in a ſovereign manner from on high. Orders are for men, and from them:—diſpenſations of grace are divine prerogatives; and theſe diſpenſations have, in every age, been incluſive of miniſtrations that were *out of rule.* More than this may be affirmed; for albeit the Lay function could not, in its very nature, come within the terms of a ſpecification of orders—for in that caſe it would ceaſe to be Laic; yet it has received its authentication by clear inference from the fact, that, under the ancient Theocracy, and again throughout the whole period of the Hebrew monarchy, the moſt noted of thoſe "holy men of old, by whom God ſpake unto the fathers," were called from the non-hierarchical families of the people: few inſpired men were of the tribe of Levi, or of the family of Aaron. How ſtands the liſt of the Inſpired perſons?—Are its elements moſtly ſacerdotal, or moſtly laical? A brief review of the facts furniſhes a ſufficient reply to this queſtion.

Thoſe who may not hitherto have given attention to the ſubject, may reſent the writer's boldneſs in making out ſo large a Catalogue of non-hierarchical perſons—commiſſioned, nevertheleſs, to preach, teach, and write, within the pale of a religious inſtitution.

The firſt act in the inauguration of the Ancient Church gives warrant enough for what is here affirmed. Aaron was the prieſt: not ſo his brother—the man who ruled as "a king in Jeſhurun"—who gave law to the deſcendants of Abraham, and who indited a Revelation for the people of all times. MOSES, therefore, ſtands at the head of this liſt. JOB, or the writer of his hiſtory, might take the ſecond place; and DAVID the third, and SOLOMON the fourth; and then follow the prophets in their ſeries, and thoſe, from age to age, who delivered to the men of their times ſome ſpecific meſſage. So far as appears, GAD and NATHAN belong to the ſame order, and then follow ISAIAH, and JONAH, and AMOS, and JOEL;—HOSEA alſo, and NAHUM, MICAH, and ZEPHANIAH, and HABAKKUK, and OBADIAH, and HAGGAI, and ZECHARIAH; and, as a pre-eminent inſtance, DANIEL, a ſecular perſon undoubtedly, and NEHEMIAH, who brings up this array of men who were Inſpired, but were not of the prieſthood. A liſt ſuch as this may, at leaſt, warrant the belief that there are ſervices to be performed, and functions to be diſcharged, for the performance of

which it is the rule of the Divine administration to call forward those who stand exempted from sacerdotal duties, and who are unshackled by those habits of thought and those prepossessions which are characteristic of that order.

This is manifest, that in the constitution of the Jewish State—Civil and Sacred—effective provision was made for counteracting the undue prevalence of sacerdotal influence, and for checking, at the outset, its insidious encroachments. "Everything in the Theology (of the Hebrew people) was marked out, circumscribed, and fixed; and therefore it was an unfit material of spiritual despotism. Nor should we fail to notice the singular fact, that the prescience of future mundane events—a pretence to which has been so mighty an engine of priestly power, was (so far as granted at all) conveyed through the instrumentality of an *extra* sacerdotal class—namely, that of the prophets, who were, indiscriminately, of every tribe, and who, even when, in a few instances, of Levitical origin, derived none of their authority from the hands of the superiors of their own order . . . . It is the exclusive possession, and the irresponsible control of all kinds of spiritual power which enables a hierarchy to digest its plans of encroachment, and to achieve gradual usurpations; but no such exclusive domination was ever permitted to the Jewish clergy. An unfailing succession of inspired men, sometimes members of the Aaronic

houſe, but more often not ſo, ſtood up as the immediate miniſters of Jehovah, dealing rebukes, with high intrepidity, on all ſides; and aſſailing the vices, or the remiſſneſs, as well of the prieſts, as of the princes, or the ſovereign. The high-prieſt could never call himſelf the Vicar of God, or the ultimate authority, from whoſe deciſions there could be no appeal. Whatever ſcheme of aggrandizement for his order an ambitious hierarch might meditate, he could never, for a moment, ſecure himſelf againſt the thundering reproof of ſome extra-ſacerdotal voice, the pealing of which muſt have ſhattered his devices."*

In deſcending the ſtream of time, inſtances proper to our preſent purpoſe meet us frequently. If we do not claim the author of the "Wiſdom of Solomon," there need be no heſitation concerning Joſhua, ſon of Sirach—an eminent contributor to the ſtores of axiomatic wiſdom, and a writer who, if it had not been his misfortune to ſtand in a poſition of diſadvantageous compariſon with the inſpired writers, would have commanded a high reputation in the claſs to which he actually belongs. He is not a Plato, nor a Seneca, nor an Epictetus; but he is one who, having learned a wiſdom deeper or more ſpiritual than that of the ſages of Greece, will be read with pleaſure and advantage by thoſe who know whence to draw the elements of a wiſ-

* Spiritual Deſpotiſm: ſecond edition, pp. 96. 105.

dom more genuine, and ſtill more ſpiritual than his own.

Other names might here take their places, but a high reputation leads us on to a later time—that of PHILO: and here let our rule of ſelection be kept in view: we claim as a *Layman* any one, who, diſcharging a function of a religious kind, whether or not he might be of ſacerdotal parentage, did not exerciſe the prieſtly office; but, in addicting himſelf to ſacred literature and philoſophy, was moved to do ſo by his individual taſte, and the religious turn of his mind. It is thus that we bring forward Philo—the Platonic Jew, who was of ſacerdotal extraction; but was never a prieſt in office, and employed himſelf, through life, either in ſecular affairs, or in the purſuit of philoſophy and literature. "Quid loquar de Philone," aſks St. Jerome, "quem vel alterum, vel ſecundum Platonem, critici pronunciant?" Of ſacerdotal extraction alſo—ſo he aſſures us, but, in diſpoſition and in occupation, thoroughly a ſecular man, was JOSEPHUS;—nevertheleſs, a religious writer, and eminent in his line. How ill could we ſpare his folios from the ſhelf that contains the principal authors in the department of ancient religious literature! On much the ſame ground we give a place, and nothing more, to the names of AQUILA, and of THEODOTION, and of SYMMACHUS; but we waive a formal claim to them as proper inſtances in this enumeration. There are inſtances enough of men

highly distinguished in this line, and concerning whom no question, on this ground, can be raised.*

JUSTIN MARTYR—a secular person—a philosopher, and a writer, and more than this, a Christian man who could die for his faith, after he had written well in its defence. Avoiding disputable instances, we leave unclaimed the names of ATHENAGORAS, PANTÆNUS, APOLLONIUS, ARISTIDES; nor shall we enter upon a debate concerning TERTULLIAN, who, though designated "presbyter," never appears to have exercised the priestly office. But, without a doubt, that accomplished writer, MINUCIUS FELIX, is claimable on our side. A lawyer, and man of the world, and, as a writer, elegant and caustic, and an efficient apologist for the Christianity of his times; and the more so, because, as one who was conversant with the business of life, in the open world, and who occupied an independent position, his profession as a Christian has a peculiar value. "How able a defender of the faith would he have been, if he had given himself wholly to studies of that order."† We do not join in the implied wish that he had done so. The "*Octavius*" draws much of its value from

* Good reasons induce us to omit altogether the names that belong to the Apostolic College.

† Quàm idoneus veritatis assertor esse potuisset, si se totum ad id studium contulisset.—*Lactantius.* De Justitiâ, Lib. V.

this very circumſtance, that it is a lay contribution to the defence of Chriſtian Truth.

In the period now in view, names abound that might properly ſwell our liſt. Philoſophers, grammarians, orators, vanquiſhed by the Goſpel, avowed themſelves Chriſtians, and, without forſaking their callings, made contributions to the ſtock of religious literature. Such was ORIGEN—a layman until late in his courſe, and never other than, in form, a preſbyter:—his is a name worth a thouſand, and we might dwell long upon it, but muſt haſten on. ARNOBIUS may follow Origen with honour; and to him ſhould ſucceed LACTANTIUS —worthy, indeed, of a peruſal by the modern ſtudent, as he was worthy of better treatment than he met with from his contemporaries.

By the rule of claiming as a layman, any who, although they had taken orders, never exerciſed the Chriſtian miniſtry, but were literary men entirely, we ſhould lay a bold hand upon the great theologue of Bethlehem, JEROME: for, by formal ſtipulation, he was exempted from all clerical duties and obligations. As a layman we might challenge him, inaſmuch as he ſtood aloof from the clerical body, and made himſelf the ſharp reprover of its errors and vices. Unſparing and ungentle were his aſſaults upon monks, preſbyters, and biſhops—ſuch as he found them in his times. An object of dread and hatred was he, not only among

heretics, but with the clergy too :—Oderunt clerici, quia vitia eorum infectatur et crimina.

We pass many names, some of them questionable as to their ecclesiastical position ;—others, undoubtedly, laic—and reach the times of the last of the series of noted Christian writers. BOËTIUS, consul and religious poet—a man of whom the church of a brighter age might have been proud. The night of the following ages was illumined by a few stars, laical ; but we shall not stop to argue the point of our right to claim them as such. Argument apart, ABELARD is ours—and so (we step back in chronology) is ALFRED—king— Christian man, and Christian writer.

We should ask MAIMONIDES to come over to our side ; and then—DANTE, if he will walk in company with the Jew ; and thence step forward to modern times, with which, so far as any serious inference may connect itself with the subject of this Essay, we have a far more vital connection than with antiquity.

II.

IT is in these last days—it is since the re-animation of philosophy and literature, and it is since the religious emancipation of the European mind, that the LAY FUNCTION, in its bearing upon Christian development, has distinctly marked itself upon the course of religious thought. Throughout these

three-and-a-half centuries, these irregular auxiliaries—the non-authorized—the unsent—the uncalled for, and (for the most part) the *undesired*, are so many, that they bear a large proportion to the entire number of Christian authors; and some who stand upon the list are names of the very brightest lustre. We briefly adduce the instances; and, while they pass in review, let the question be considered whether *Lay intrusion* upon the field of Theology, and of Christian thought, should not be regarded with indulgence, or even approval; or at least allowed to stand exempt from serious blame; perhaps be welcomed, as a tacitly authenticated office in the Christian commonwealth.

As to these last times, the Lay function in Theology is headed by a royal divine; but of what sort that "Faith" was which he defended, or with what sort of arguments he defended it, it is now of no moment to inquire; but of some importance, and of much significance is the fact, that king HENRY should be the man to inaugurate this non-official lay interference in religious controversy, and that he should do so while contending with vehemence for those principles of Church authority, and of clerical usurpation, which were then rapidly breaking up. Churchmen were telling the people to read the Bible, and to think for themselves. And it was then that a layman, a *learned prince*, is showing them that they may do so; and how they may do it. Another layman, a

better, and perhaps a wiſer man, than his maſter, and endowed with a keener intellect—THOMAS MORE, carries forward the emancipative work of modern times, while zealouſly labouring to ſtem the advancing tide. He argues in ſupport of the lofty pretenſions of the clergy; but, while doing ſo, he not only foreſees the approaching overthrow of this pretenſion, but he promotes it in making himſelf—as a layman, the champion of the Church. "I am not a theologian," ſaid More to his royal maſter; but, in oppoſing himſelf to the king's wiſhes he took up his poſition on theological ground; and how could he refuſe to be called a theologian, while he wrote largely, as he did; and when, in accepting the chancellorſhip, he puſhed the church from the place ſhe had ſo long occupied? A line for his name in this liſt, but not more, may be given to THOMAS CROMWELL. The names are many of ſtateſmen whoſe interference in the religious convulſions of the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries would give them a right to ſtand in this liſt, but we turn rather to the claſs of writers and thinkers.

So fully had religious thought at this time taken poſſeſſion of the European mind, that, in every department of Philoſophy, it had come to give law to ſpeculation. Lay philoſophers were, all of them, theologians, by a neceſſity ariſing in the courſe of the intellectual development which they promoted. DES CARTES, SPINOZA, HOBBES, and

MALEBRANCHE, are instances sufficient for sustaining this assumption; and the Jewish metaphysician, especially, is so; for he shows that a system of philosophy, even although it should be such as may lead the way to Atheism, must, nevertheless, at every step of its advance, be theological, as well in its assumptions, as in its method. Of a different class, but with a claim to a distinguished place in this array, is HUGO GROTIUS. Has any churchman given to the Christian world a better book—so conclusive, and so highly condensed—than is the treatise "De Veritate Religionis Christianæ?"

Illustrious are the names that adorn this, and the next following period—they are those of LEIBNITZ, Sir ISAAC NEWTON, PASCAL, MILTON, LOCKE, Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Judge HALE, BOYLE, MICHAELIS. To BARCLAY we should allow a place in this list; and SWEDENBORG, also, may take his position in it.

This cluster of names—or let seven of them be singled out—carries with it an inference which should be noted as we pass. The Reformation storm had effectively loosened the human mind from its confinements, and had set it clear of despotisms; and clear, to a great extent, of false judgments—the growth of many centuries. At no time within the limits of history had the energies of cultured thought been more amply developed, or developed more variously as to its objects. Grant

it, as what we ſhould look for, that thoſe men of mind who were officially committed to the opinions they held, would be pertinacious in abiding by their perſuaſions. This allowed—then we are free to inquire in what manner thoſe who had not charged themſelves with the reſponſibilities of office, uſed, or miſuſed, their intellectual liberty. We are free to aſk—What courſe was taken by the moſt illuſtrious LAY THINKERS of that age in which great divines, as a matter of courſe, held faſt the faith of their profeſſion? An anſwer to this queſtion is before us; and it is an anſwer that is open to no valid exception:—we find our anſwer in this aſſemblage of names. The men who —not being of the clerical profeſſion—took part freely in the religious diſcuſſions of the times—the Lay Theologians of that period, were ſuch men that none greater have appeared in any age—they are—BACON, and LEIBNITZ, and NEWTON, and PASCAL, and MILTON, and LOCKE, and BOYLE. Theſe men were the chiefs of that era of intellectual expanſion. The adherence of each of theſe Advanced Thinkers to the great principles of theology, and of *Chriſtian* theology, ſpecially, was firm, and undoubtedly ſincere: their faith was a matured judgment of reaſon—arrived at after a hearing of the cauſe; and it included a knowledge of the counter-pleas. Look to each inſtance, and it muſt be granted that this LAY TESTIMONY was freely given, and that it has a value

which is permanent, and is liable to no material exception; unleſs it could be ſhown—either that in the lapſe of later years, facts have come to light which muſt weaken or deſtroy the Chriſtian hiſtoric argument; or that the recent advancements of the Phyſical Sciences have elicited ſome new principles, or new methods of reaſoning which, if they had been known to thoſe great men, muſt have compelled them—Bacon, Leibnitz, Newton, Locke, Paſcal, Boyle—to abandon their ground as religious men. This has not been done; though it may be pretended to have been done.

The foremoſt minds of the next following intellectual era, were not, in power or graſp, equal to their predeceſſors. Thoſe whom we may challenge as claiming a place in our liſt, might be claſſed thus: (we are thinking of Engliſh literature chiefly:) firſt come the Eſſayiſts—the moraliſts—with ADDISON at their head; and who, by the freſhneſs of their ſtyle, and the general *approvableneſs* of their principles, did much to bring back the Engliſh mind, throughout the upper and middle claſſes, into a loftier and purer moral condition; and to reſtore ſome moral tone to the reading world—debauched as it had been by the looſe writers of the ſame, and of a preceding time. In this line follow the names of SAMUEL JOHNSON, with whom may ſtand the object of his ire—SOAME JENYNS. Then comes HANNAH MORE, an eſtimable proſaiſt; and ALEXANDER KNOX, and the array is

closed by a name of great significance in modern English thought—that of COLERIDGE; and let us append the names of SOUTHEY, and of Sir WILLIAM JONES.

But, by this time, Methodism had spread itself throughout almost every county of England:—it had established itself in towns; and had suffused its influence far beyond its own recognized boundaries:—Methodism, or if some may plead for a designation more to their taste—let us say—A New Religious Tone had won a position in English literature, as well as in the pulpit. This decisive revival of Christian feeling—whether Methodistic, or Anti-methodistic—produced very many lay coadjutors; and some of these were men of note, religiously; albeit, they were not all of them writers; but although not so, yet they gave their weight—that of their genius, their virtues, their position, and their political consequence—very zealously to sustain this new auspicious Christian movement. Such were HENRY THORNTON, and ZACHARY MACAULAY; and such were COWPER, and WILBERFORCE, and CLARKSON, and GRANVILLE SHARP; and let JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY claim a place in the group, and JOHN BOWDLER another, as well as OLINTHUS GREGORY, and THOMAS ERSKINE, and ROBERT NELSON; nor should we have omitted the HALDANES, higher up. A step or two forward, from this point, would lead us among our contemporaries, and must involve an

expreſſion of opinion that might ſeem invidious. Yet, as to the now-preſent relationſhip of the literary laity to theological principles, and to Chriſtianity, ſomething may be ſaid—all proprieties duly regarded—or ſuch proprieties as are due from one writer toward others of the literary guild, who may like, or miſlike, what he ſays.

When a layman—religiouſly-minded, and ſufficiently informed alſo, comes forward as a volunteer on the field of Chriſtian Literature, he brings with him the advantage of boldly profeſſing a faith to which he does not ſtand pledged, either by profeſſional obligations, or by any direct perſonal intereſt. Probably he might avow himſelf the champion of an anti-chriſtian belief without incurring any perſonal riſk, or bringing any damage to his worldly well-doing. His faith, at leaſt, is unpaid for; it has not been ſtipulated: he has put his ſignature to no articles, to no Confeſſion. Thus far he poſſeſſes an advantage which may be turned to good account, and which his readers may well bear in mind in his favour. Nevertheleſs, as he has publicly given in his adherence to the Chriſtian faith, in a more or leſs definite manner, he thus far ſtands perſonally compromiſed.

Yet there are functions to be diſcharged which are important and, indeed, indiſpenſable, as related to the healthful condition of the religious community, but which are ſuch that no miniſter of re-

ligion could undertake them (or not among ourſelves), and which, in the very nature of the caſe, a *Chriſtianly*-minded layman could not diſcharge. Theology in the abſtract, and Chriſtianity in the concrete, muſt ſtand proof againſt ſerious and determined aſſaults: how can it be otherwiſe? And therefore, we muſt now challenge the aſſailants of both, under a deſignation which they might not chooſe to acknowledge: we muſt, of neceſſity, give them the place due to them in our catalogue of Lay Theologians, whether they accept this title of honour, or reject it.

How can any other courſe of things be imagined as poſſible, in a community that is highly inſtructed, and that is variouſly trained, and that is exempt, in the moſt abſolute manner, from authoritative interdictions and intimidations—than that the firſt principles of religious belief, and the ſeveral elements of Chriſtian faith, ſhould provoke contradiction? Nothing elſe can even be conceived of, unleſs it were under one of theſe two ſuppoſitions, namely, either that all liberty of ſpeech and of writing is withdrawn, and that "heretics and infidels" are to be held under the tight hand of penal ſtatutes;—or, otherwiſe, that by the coming in of a new moral ſcheme—a millennium—there ſhould prevail among inſtructed men one opinion only, and one Faith, and that this one belief is ſincerely profeſſed by all. As to the firſt of theſe two ſuppoſitions, will any one profeſs to think it

desirable? As to the second, the consideration of it may well be postponed until we find ourselves on the eve of its advent.

But now, if public speaking, and teaching, and writing, are indeed to be as free as is thought, then, unquestionably, we must desire, on the side of religious belief, that the antagonism in face of which it maintains its position, should be carried forward with all the ability and accomplishment—and with all the learning and the intensity of purpose, which, in the nature of the case, can be brought into action, on that side. Do I wish to find myself in possession of a Faith that no one dares to contradict? Could I find any comfort, in my Christian persuasion, by looking down upon the ignorance, or the logical feebleness of those who assail it? Those who take pains to inform themselves of the progress of opinion will rejoice to see that the Antagonist Argument has of late been carried forward with all the forces that are ever likely to be brought to bear upon it; and that, at this time, it is maintained with a zeal and pertinacity which no overthrows can abate.

Here, then, there is a function to be discharged, which must be regarded as indispensable to the well-being of the religious community. And as to those who discharge it—should it be thought an insufferable solecism to call them—Auxiliaries? Whether this liberty be allowable or not, the able, and, some of them, brilliant writers who have

lately ſignalized their zeal on that ſide, muſt not refuſe to be numbered among Theologians:—they bring up the array of thoſe who, unappointed, unſent, uncalled for, often ill-ſpoken of, and often indeed unrecompenſed, have, from age to age, imparted freſhneſs, vigour, animation, to the languid religious thought of their times. Celſus and Porphyry did this in their day:—Strauſs and Auguſte Comte have done it in this time:—with loſs and damage to themſelves and to their admirers—loſs, who ſhall ſay how great?—Damage—it may be irretrievable:—nevertheleſs, in the end, and looked at on a large view of the neceſſary balancings of opinion, it does not appear how we could well have diſpenſed with the zealous ſervices of theſe, and of other like-minded, Lay Theologians—of whom ſome have, with great ability, ſucceeded in reducing the hiſtorical, and others the abſtract, or philoſophical Anti-Religious Argument, to its ultimate condition of a ſelf-confuted abſurdity.

ESSAY V.

Epidemic Whims.

I.

THE quaintneſs of the phraſe which ſtands at the head of this Eſſay might ſeem to indicate the writer's intention to gather entertainment from his ſubject, by treating, in ſarcaſtic ſtyle, ſome of thoſe many forms of popular fatuity, which each, for a brief ſeaſon, gives movement to the maſs, and ruffles the ſurface of ſociety. It is not in ſardonic mood that we enter upon this ground; nor do we intend to give a cynical turn to ſubjects that might, perhaps, afford occaſions to it.

The cynical temper is unamiable in itſelf, nor does it conſiſt with that mood of ſerioufneſs and earneſtneſs which is in accordance with good feeling toward all, and with an indulgent willingneſs to look on the brighter ſide of the leſs admirable developments of human nature, which is alſo the hopeful ſide, and upon which may be diſcerned the cheering indications of life and health. In a word,

we ſeek on this field not ſuch things as a miſanthropic humour might catch at; but thoſe things the thought of which generates confidence in the upward tendency of the Social Syſtem.

So it is that we think of thoſe free outburſts and exuberances of the individual mind, or of the popular mind, to which we may apply the diſparaging epithet—and call them—WHIMS.

If theſe developments of unreaſon are *ſymptoms*, when we think of them as attaching to the individual mind whence they ſpring, they are indications of the health of a community upon the ſurface of which they abound. Liberty of thought and ſpeech, long enjoyed by a people of hardy conſtitution, will not be of one colour or faſhion; but it will take every colour and faſhion:—it is abhorrent of liveries, and it breaks away from trammels; and if it loves conformity, it alſo favours non-conformity; and its compliances with eſtabliſhed uſages are re-actions from its wiſtfulneſs and its conſcious power to be contradictory and inconſiſtent.

Thoſe Whims—epidemic or individual—which ſpread, and have their brief ſeaſon—ſoon to be forgotten—are the accompaniments, or, we might better ſay, they are the *Complements* of Truth:—they are ſhoots that ſpring up—as the gardener ſays—"below the crown," and therefore require the pruning-knife. Yet if it be true that the abounding of Whims is a hopeful ſign, it ſhould be un-

derſtood that where whims abound, there abounds alſo a powerful counteractive Good Senſe. There muſt be a Reaſon-force ſomewhere, and a *vis medicatrix*, which ſhall balance and withſtand theſe conceits. Woe to a land upon which whims run wild, and exhauſt the ſoil of its richneſs!

The collective Good Senſe of the many—aroused and ſtartled, perhaps, comes to bear upon popular infatuations, and gives them a check. If it were not ſo, what would the end be? The eager promoters of ſome ſcheme that is to new-model the world, provoke, at length, the impatient contradiction of ſober folks, and the agitators find that they muſt bequeath the "great work of their lives" to their unborn ſucceſſors.

A Whim—and we are now thinking of ſuch as have a tendency to become epidemic—a Whim is a notion, an opinion, or it is a practice, or it is a courſe of conduct, founded thereupon, which, although it embodies a truth, and perhaps a uſeful truth, yet ſo miſapprehends, or ſo overlays that precious element, as nearly to ſmother it, or to give it an aſpect of abſurdity; moreover, the promoter of a whim, in teaching what he holds, uſes a jargon, and he ſo makes a jumble of the true and the falſe—the uſeful and the worthleſs, as that ſober men may well be pardoned who laugh when, to their advantage, perhaps, they might liſten.

A Whim—a Whim of the epidemic ſort, ſhould be looked to, and analyſed, yet always in a kindly

mood, and it ſhould be compelled to clear itſelf of its huſk or its excreſcence; and this for the general good. There is never too much of truth afloat in ſociety; nor can we afford to ſee any fraction of that which we actually poſſeſs, damaged or loſt. But, beyond this, the *Whim-maker*, and his coadjutors, demand attention, and conſiderate treatment. Inaſmuch as a whim is a notion that includes ſome uſeful principle, ſo it will uſually be found that, as well the author, as the early promulgators of a popular impulſe of this kind are well-intentioned: they are beings of the philoſophico-philanthropic order. He—the originator, is a ſuggeſtive thinker, and is fertile in expedients; and likely to be diſintereſted, nay, often he is heroic in his devotion to the cauſe in hand. He is a man of the meditative claſs:—he walks the ſtreets abſtractedly:—as he goes he digeſts enterpriſes, fraught with world-wide benefits. The author of a Whim is alſo a man of keen ſympathies; but his emotions ripen into fruit too quickly, and are ſeldom found to be in a mature condition. His benevolence, like the thiſtle-down, is carried upon the winds, wide over the field of the world; and ſo it is that qualities which are only too rare in any community blow away with little product. And yet even this waſte of what might be uſeful is, ſometimes, not the worſt of the conſequences that enſues when the whim itſelf, and its author, fail and become the objects of ſcorn to the ſelfiſh, the intereſted, the

ſordid, and the malignant; for then there is heard a ſhout in the camp of the Philiſtines:—the enemy exults, and is enheartened to purſue his courſes with renewed eagerneſs:—and he ſays, with glee—The men that troubled us are fallen! We ſhall not ſoon again be diſquieted by theſe dreaming philanthropiſts.

Our ſubject, then, has theſe three inducements, namely, *firſt*, we would not forego any promiſe of truth:—*ſecondly*, we cannot afford to loſe the ſervices of any of the benevolent, whether they be wiſe or unwiſe:—and, *thirdly*, we would fain ſnatch that triumph from the hands of the ſelfiſh and ſordid which they make ſo bad a uſe of, when ill-imagined ſchemes of benevolence break up and diſappear.

True it is, moreover, that popular deluſions—Epidemic Whims—do ſometimes paſs into a virulent or malignant ſtate; and thus become ſeriouſly dangerous. The working of human nature, in ſuch inſtances, is very intelligible. How defective ſoever may be the intellectual ſtructure of any mind, and how illogical ſoever may be its modes of reaching concluſions, it will yet be true of it—the exceptions are few—that no man lapſes into an abſurdity, or embraces a glaring inconſequence, without having a whiſpered conſciouſneſs of the fact—that he is going wrong. The admonitory office which Conſcience diſcharges for every man, in relation to his moral acts and condition, is ſuſtained in every man—

more or leſs perfectly—in relation to the Reaſon, by what might be called the *Logical Conſcience.* The man who has at length perſuaded himſelf that *two* and *three* are *ſix*, ſtill retains an uneaſy conviction that they make only *five.* What happens then, when he finds himſelf contradicted and confuted in the open world, is this:—Self-love has been wounded: overweening vanity flames up—the man declares himſelf miſunderſtood, wronged, and perſecuted! He denounces his antagoniſts as intereſted bigots: he prepares himſelf for martyrdom; and to prove to himſelf, and to the world, that he *is*—a martyr, and alſo to demonſtrate that he is in the right—he launches out into the deep—he plunges deeper ſtill into the abyſs of unreaſon; and now, not content with affirming that *two* and *three* are *ſix*, he puts the brazen trumpet to his lips, and proclaims it—that they are more than *ſix*;—yes—that they are *ſeven*, or even *eight.* It is at this ſtage of his courſe that he finds thoſe who will go with him to theſe lengths of folly. Scores of men are now ready to take up his cauſe: he becomes their apoſtle, and they are willing to make common cauſe with him—againſt all the world—let him ſay whatſoever he may pleaſe! Thus it comes about that Whims—which at firſt are the aberrations of a ſingle brain—paſs with heat into the epidemic form; and in this inflamed condition they become popular deluſions; and may even threaten ſerious miſchief. The Chiefs begin to bluſter, and

they threaten further miſchiefs. "An Agitation" is got up, for carrying extreme meaſures. Preſently, finding themſelves puſhed on by a reckleſs crowd in the rear, and led on too, perhaps, by paradoxical men of repute in ſcience, and flattered by public men, who themſelves are courting popularity, the Whim-leader and his enheartened followers come, at length, to perſuade themſelves that they ſhall be ſtrong enough to burſt open the door of Legiſlative Aſſemblies. "It is a fact"—ſays an ambitious Orator—"that we are now, at laſt, coming to occupy a proud poſition before the country. In the next ſeſſion it may be—or, at the lateſt, in the ſeſſion after the next—we ſhall command votes enough to paſs an Act declarative of the great—and the now-demonſtrated Truth—that *two* and *three* ARE ſix! Yes—and more than this—fines will be inflicted, if not impriſonment, upon any perſons who, thenceforward, ſhall dare to affirm that two and three are five only."

When things ſeem to be coming to this paſs—and when Acts of Parliament to enforce the monſtrous nonſenſe of a half-dozen agitators, are talked of, it is high time that any ſuch Epidemic Whim ſhould be looked into; and that crazed brains ſhould come under a refrigerative treatment.

II.

WHAT is a whim? The word is one of a claſs—including five or ſix perhaps, which, though more or leſs nearly allied to it, are yet diſtinguiſhable, and ſhould be conſidered apart. A Whim differs much from a *Crotchet*. The whim, at its birth, is a mild or amiable error; and it ſhows itſelf to have an attractive, or gregarious tendency; and hence it is liable to become epidemic. But the *crotchet* is the very oppoſite of this:—it might be defined as—antagoniſtic individuality:—a crotchet, inſtead of the coheſive principle, takes up the repulſive: the *whim* ſocializes men: the *crotchet* diſtances the one man from his fellows. The crotchetty man's individual notion makes him reſemble the unfortunate being who has an anchyloſis joint—miſ-ſet at right angles with his upright poſition. The crotchetty man is an impracticable member of a committee:—he is one who muſt either be yielded to in all things; or elſe expelled. In public life, the crotchetty man is one who breaks up a government:—on a Jury he ſtarves his colleagues:—at home, he boards up a chimney, and would compel the ſmoke to find its way out at the window:—all things muſt learn to be the contraries of their nature:—everything in the univerſe muſt contradict every other thing in the univerſe; and muſt belie its purpoſe. *Crotchets*, therefore,

are little likely to pass into the epidemic condition; for the crotchetty man, though he may beard a crowd, never heads a crowd.

The Whim differs from the *Hobby*. As the crotchet is the product of individual *temper* so the hobby is the creature of individual *taste*. It is a harmless pursuit—an innocent occupation; it is the serious business of those who have none: it is an industry which bystanders smile, or wonder at: the hobby, although it be *individual*, is not *unsocial* in mood; on the contrary, the man who rides it invites everybody to look at its paces. The hobby does not draw well in double harness; but goes best when the rider ambles away on a bridle-path, through a forest. The man who has his hobby spends prodigious pains and industry upon employments which, to other men, seem infinitely unimportant, or utterly frivolous.

A Whim is not a *Fashion:* these are, indeed, epidemic; but then the symptoms are mild, and the seizures are of short duration. Fashions are, one month the spur of Trade; and its calamity the next: they are the conceits of the luxurious classes—one day feeding the industrious class—the next day starving it.

A Whim is not a *Quackery;* for whereas quackery is knavish and interested, the Whim, at least in its origin, is philanthropic and full of a pure zeal for the public good. Often, indeed, it happens that a quackery woos and wins a Whim, and the

couple remain in company until death do them part:—the quackery ſurviving the whim.

In the praiſe of whims, it ſhould be ſaid, that they are often the forerunners of highly beneficial reforms. Not ſeldom, whims are random utterances of truths—dimly ſeen in advance of the actual ſtate of public opinion, or even of Science. The originator of a whim is adventurous, becauſe he is unreaſoning; he is bold, for he does not calculate. Whims, when they acquire momentum by becoming popular, often perform the needed and difficult ſervice of ſhaking looſe, inveterate prejudices. The author of a popular deluſion takes to himſelf the function of that officer of the royal houſehold—centuries ago—who, privileged by his imputed want of ſober reaſon, was allowed to be the one out-ſpoken perſon at court. Thus it has happened that men gifted with a rambling wit, and little judgment, have had the honour of forecaſting the courſe of opinion, and have made a disjointed announcement of ſome hitherto latent principle, which, after a time, philoſophers take up and expound in their authentic manner. We ſhall find inſtances of this ſort of happy *clairvoyance*, in which the author of a whim has been—we might ſay, the Fortune-teller of Philoſophy:—in the right, by favour of his good demon. Whims are very many; but we muſt keep within limits, and ſhall mention a few ſamples only, under certain heads: the firſt to be ſpoken of are—

Educational Whims, or wild and ſtartling notions relating to the training and treatment of children. Theſe are the product of plauſible, but ſhallow theories of human nature: and of ſuch theories there was a plenteous harveſt in the early years of this century. On this ground we find an inſtance in which whims do their office in bringing out truths; and where illuſions are the harbingers of realities, and where a baſeleſs philoſophy acts as the pioneer of ſcience. The ſignal improvements that of late years have had place in the art and the practices of popular education;—that is to ſay—in the ſchooling of the children of the maſſes of the people—the induſtrial claſſes, have ſprung—as might be ſhown in detail—out of the conceits, the quaint ſchemes, the ſhifts, and the devices of thoſe worthy enthuſiaſts who were the firſt experimenters in this line. A genuine benevolence to begin with—an inventive genius—a highly ſanguine temperament; and along with theſe—an infirm reaſon. Then theſe qualities, having been incited by oppoſition, and thrown into a ſort of delirium by alternations of ſucceſs and failure, effected, in the educational ſyſtems of Europe, a great revolution, and brought about reforms, the ultimate benefits of which have not yet been fully realized. The proceſs has uſually been of this ſort:—a man of glowing kindlineſs of nature—one born with ſun-beams about him, and inexhauſtibly fertile in devices—has found his elyſium, with infancy and childhood crowding

upon him, and pulling his ſkirts: his plain, loving face has ſhed light and life upon gliſtening chubby viſages. Education—ſo dreary a work with moſt teachers, was all a laughing game with this teacher: work and play changed their name and their natures under his management; and as to puniſhment—no ſuch thing ſhould be thought of in a roſy world, like this—Evil tempers, vices, and ſelfiſhneſs are, he ſays, the products of falſe methods of treating human nature; theſe evils have been taught and propagated by teachers of the times that are now paſſing away. You may do anything you pleaſe with human beings, ſays the reformer, if you do but begin with it in the cradle. Only put into the hands of the educational philoſopher a hundred or two of infants, in an airy room, with a cradle apart for each, and in the courſe of years, the earth will be peopled with a race of innocents — five feet, and five-feet-ſix in height. And ſuch—one ſhould almoſt think, would be the reſult, if only this ſame gifted man, with his rare attributes of conſtitutional ſunſhine, and of childlike ſimplicity, and of wit, were to be always the maſter of the magic operation; but this cannot be long: the brightneſs which ſurrounds him is that of three April days in January: the "New Syſtem" muſt be ſet agoing in other places, away from the ſcene of its firſt triumphs, and it muſt be made to work under ordinary conditions:—the whim muſt be brought down to the neap-tide level

of the national mind and morals: it must learn to stand and go by itself. You must find agents to give effect to it; and these will be such as you can meet with: — they will not be gifted philanthropists, but average persons—men and women—samples of the multitude; and they must be trained, and they must be salaried too; and they will abandon their appointments as soon as they see advertised an occupation that is more to their liking, or that is better paid. The whim therefore—so far as it is a *whim*—breaks down, and is cast forth as one of a thousand impracticable devices, that have cost too much in the first experiment. So it may seem; but no such scheme actually vanishes—leaving us just where we were before. Out of it springs up some substantial good. Seeing what may be done by a sincere and devoted man, singularly gifted for the work he undertakes, men of benevolence, and of sober mental structure, give themselves to the task of supplying the place of extraordinary *talents*, by extraordinary *industry;* and of supplementing fertile ingenuity, by sustained energy, and by business-like adaptations; and thus it comes about, that the Parent-whim, which should have converted earth into a paradise, by miracle, issues in the establishment of extensive and lasting reforms. Traced to their source, or to their incidental origin, the highly advanced school-system of manufacturing towns, with the Infant School by its side, and the Ragged School—these ineſtimable means of national

improvement—muſt we not confeſs the fact—were born, not of ſcience and philoſophy; but of whims—or let us call them—Illuſive beliefs concerning human nature, and what may be done with it, by help of ingenious devices.

Yet this ſhould be ſaid and always remembered, in behalf of the men to whoſe adventurous benevolence ſociety is ſo deeply indebted, that any ſuch unſubſtantial perſuaſions concerning human nature, on the ground of which we excuſe our ingratitude towards them, were not, in truth, ſo falſe or fictitious as to us they may now appear to be. Two facts ſhould be kept in view:—*Firſt*, this—that the benevolent Enthuſiaſt takes his notion of human nature from what is quite real—namely, his own individual diſpoſitions. His *miſtake* is only that of imputing to others what he aſſuredly knows to be in himſelf. *Secondly*, this—that thoſe ſamples of human nature with which the philanthropiſt individually converſes are of a kind which his own rare qualities have created, or have called forth, within his own encloſure:—they are picked ſpecimens. The beings of his daily life are not beings of the average ſtamp;—for his own beams have drawn them toward himſelf, and have aſſimilated them to himſelf. He is not far wrong as to the facts that are actually in his view: his error is—that he does not look far enough abroad beyond his near circle—his encloſure.

It is only in relation to lower-claſs education—

the teaching of the maſſes of the people, that whims are likely to ſpread, and to go into the epidemic ſtage. Whims that take their bearing upon domeſtic training, and in private ſchools—and of which there are always ſome in vogue, ſhow themſelves rather as crotchets; and in this form they ſhed perplexity and vexation upon homes. Perhaps it is "Mamma" who is the "Philoſopher"—a lady moſt eſtimable, but who has reſolved to "think for herſelf," in all things; and who with her own "Theory" afflicts—huſband—governeſs—children—ſervants, cauſing all, in their turn, to ſigh for an interregnum of Philoſophy, and to wiſh for the tranquil rule of the dulleſt common ſenſe. Very little—wonderfully little—that is worth its coſt, and that can be permanent, remains to be effected by "new theories," or by "new lights in philoſophy." We have ſeen ſtrange things attempted in the treatment of the luckleſs young-ones of a family, or of a ſchool;—but we have not ſeen the happy, expected reſults of ſuch tamperings with minds and tempers.

III.

PSEUDO-SCIENTIFIC whims, or thoſe noiſed and advertiſed diſcoveries which profeſs to lay bare the deepeſt myſteries of animal life, or the marvels of the intellectual and the ſpiritual world, have alſo abounded in this nineteenth century. The whim-

author has the courage to profeſs that he is maſter of every branch of ſcience touching upon human nature—phyſical, intellectual, and moral; and he is able ſo to treat theſe grave ſubjects as to render them, not only intelligible to "the million," but entertaining alſo; and beſides, there are great practical benefits likely to follow in the train of his diſcoveries! The profeſſor is at once a popular lecturer, and a private practitioner; and he gives leſſons at home to ladies.

We have ſaid that a whim, uſually, if not always, embraces an element of truth:—and whenever a whim actually draws the multitude in its wake, it is likely to include what might be convertible to uſeful purpoſes;—there is ſomething that is real—ſomething that is beneficial, ſomething which ſhould be liſtened to, notwithſtanding the looſe matter with which it coaleſces, and the quackery toward which it tends, and with which it combines itſelf.

In the liſt of Pſeudo-ſcientific whims, which, from time to time have caught the popular ear, and have been talked of in all circles, and have been lectured upon by itinerant profeſſors, the foremoſt place ſhould be claimed for thoſe philoſophies of human nature which—if we will but liſten to them—put us in poſition to read off the profoundeſt myſteries of the intellectual world by deciphering the inequalities of the Cranium. There was a time, not ſo long ago, when the

world liſtened with unmeaſured credulity to thoſe who taught—*Craniology*, and, after a while, the amended *Phrenology*, in a tone of loud aſſurance. Theſe "Sciences," a few years ago, carried the world before them; and they ſtill retain a hold of the popular mind to a certain extent; and flare up anew, at intervals.

We may be ſure that a belief which thus ſeizes upon, and holds, the convictions of many, and which is profeſſed by intelligent perſons for a length of time, has ſome foundation in truth; and that it is able to make a triumphant appeal, in its ſupport, to many unqueſtionable and ſtartling facts. So it is in this inſtance. Facts, patent to the eye, and to the finger, do ſuſtain the theory, that there *is* a correſpondence of ſome kind, between the exterior contour of the head, and the mental faculty, and the diſpoſitions. It may be proved that, throughout the animated world, the ſolid framework of the animal ſyſtem does not *give* law to the organization, but itſelf *obeys* a law; and that this law, or this ruling force, taking its riſe in the depths of the organization, ſymbolizes itſelf, in certain conſtant modes—onward and outward—until it reaches the ſhell and the integument; and this—not in man only, but in all orders of animated beings. So it is that the inner nature ſpeaks to the eye *ſomething* concerning its *generic* ſelf, and *ſomething* alſo of its *ſpecific* ſelf, and *ſomething* alſo of its *individual* ſelf.

Not now to enter upon a ſubject ſo wide, ſo deep, ſo difficult as is the philoſophy of animal life, and of human nature, all we do, in paſſing onward, is to inſiſt upon the fact, that, inaſmuch as the Philoſophy of animal life is complicated and, more than any other branch of ſcience, is difficult—demanding in thoſe who make it the occupation of their lives, a knowledge of the circle of the Phyſical Sciences, it can never be brought down to the level of an ordinarily inſtructed public. Craniology and Phrenology, or the like to theſe, can be no ſubjects of popular entertainment; unleſs they be rendered attractive by ſuch trickery as may better become the conjuror than the Profeſſor of Science.

But the Phrenological charlatan has ſeen, and has caught at his advantage, in offering to ſatisfy that prurient curioſity which ſeeks to penetrate the inſtinctive reſerve which veils the diſpoſitions and propenſities of individual minds. Put into my hand, if you can, a key to the lock-up of my neighbour's mind and purpoſes, and tell me how I may detect his, or her weakneſſes:—tell me how I may come to know, that which I can never know, unleſs by magic—or by aid of your new Science. The very eagerneſs with which an initiation in theſe myſteries is ſought for, might be caution enough to the well-informed to hold themſelves aloof from ground where a little ſcience, and much impudence may ſo cheaply win the rewards of the impoſtor.

To ſtrange extents of folly has this pſeudo-ſcientific whim run itſelf out from time to time. An epidemic whim indeed it was, when not mothers only, but their nurſery maids proclaimed themſelves adepts in the art of reading-off intellectual faculties, and moral propenſities, and of treating the ſkull accordingly. So it has been at times, when the epidemic phrenzy was at its height; and it was mortifying to ſee men of intelligence lending themſelves to deluſions of ſo monſtrous a ſort!

Human nature—deep, myſterious, and allied, as it is, on the one ſide, to the animal world, of which it is the chief inſtance, and allied, on the other ſide —we muſt not doubt it—to higher claſſes of being, blending itſelf, we know not how, with the inviſible—is ever contorting itſelf upon itſelf, and tormenting itſelf with the inexplicable problems of its own conſtitution — at once animal and ſpiritual. Ever has the excurſive human mind been thruſting itſelf forward in the dark, where it will be miſ-reading the ſymbols of its own ſtructure—the blended life of matter and ſpirit. Thus it is that, at one time, the world is challenged to liſten to a new philoſophy of oſſeous protuberances; and preſently afterwards to hear about a ſcheme of Mind, born of "cells;" and then, of a moral univerſe, that may be evolved in a galvanic trough! Yeſterday, the philoſopher needed no other aid for fathoming the depths of the human ſoul than the Callipers! To-day, having done with this tool, he aſks for che-

micals and a microſcope; and better ſtill, if, cutting ſhort the dull methods of ſcience, he ſhall come into the knowledge of all myſteries—preſent, paſt, and future—by putting queſtions to a ſtool, or a table, or to ſome epileptic victim of his own training!

A mortifying taſk indeed it would be only to recount the phraſes wherein were ſignalized the prodigious follies and the impieties—the mingled quackeries, juggleries, and blaſphemies, that ſpread as a peſtilence over ſociety during the ſeaſon of table-turning, and of ſpirit-rapping, and of the kindred infatuations of Spiritualiſm. One turns in grief and in loathing from a ſubject ſo humiliating! But let this fact be noted, that, at the very time when men of education were profeſſing their diſregard of the moſt concluſive reaſoning in ſupport of thoſe Great Truths which are the reſting-places of moral and intellectual philoſophy, they might be ſeen foremoſt among the gaping liſteners that ſurrounded the mountebank and the conjurer, who ſaid he had his "ſpecial correſpondent" in the regions of the dead! Atheiſm and Credulity are man and wife; or brother and ſiſter; or whatever may be the relationſhip which holds them in company, ſo it is that wherever the male of the two—Atheiſm — makes his appearance, the eaſy-tempered lady—Credulity—follows cloſe upon his heels.

And yet, at this point, we ſhould be careful to ſet off the precious from the vile. We have

ſaid that an opinion — characteriſtically abſurd —which ſeizes the popular fancy, and keeps its hold for a length of time, muſt contain within itſelf a nucleus of truth. In company with the infatuation laſt mentioned, or connected with it by parentage, in ſome way not worth the pains of an inquiry, a maſs of facts has ſtood confuſedly mingled, which, as related to the functions of the nervous ſyſtem, are ſecond to none, in their ſignificance and importance in Human Phyſiology. In truth, Science has been almoſt driven off from this ground, or frightened away from it, by the preoccupation of the meſmeric empiric. But the progreſs of inquiry is at length bringing this ſubject under a more authentic treatment; and in due time, thoſe who have ſerved themſelves of the credulity of the multitude will be ſupplanted by men of another order of mind.* No ſuch inquirer would now affirm concerning any alleged fact, for the reality of which there may be *ſome* good evidence, that it *cannot* be real; or that *no* amount of evidence ſhould avail to win his aſſent to it. As to the relationſhip of mind and body, and as to the extent to which the mind—for a time—may exert its independence of the animal organization—in a word, as to facts, bearing upon the unknown in this dim region, we are free to liſten to them, and free to ſpeculate, and free to admit into our belief,

* See Supplementary Note.

things, however ſtrange they may ſeem, which, hitherto, our authenticated philoſophy has not dreamed of. In preparation for the advance of ſcience, in this direction, flagrant deluſion ſhould be put out of ſight, and everything diſcouraged which courts momentary popular favour.

Popular agitations, or Whims Epidemic, lead the way, we have ſaid, ſometimes to diſcoveries in Science, ſometimes to reforms. It has already been ſo, in ſome degree, in the philoſophy of human nature. Theſe lawleſs excurſions upon the *terra incognita* of the combined ſtructure of body and mind have had an appreciable influence in driving further off, into the blue diſtance, the wordy metaphyſics of paſt times. Human nature, regarded as the ſubject of ſcientific treatment, is more and more coming within the range of Phyſical Science; and it is felt that progreſs muſt not henceforth be looked for, in this department, from any new recenſion, or new elaboration, of the phraſeology of abſtract ſpeculation.

IV.

SHALL we be ſo bold as to touch a difficult topic —the Homœopathic philoſophy? Difficult it is for this reaſon—that while the profeſſors and the practitioners, in this new line, offer themſelves as a mark for criticiſm, by the uſe they make of a jargon, more proper for a quackery than for ſcience,

and adopt practices which instructed men would wish to shun, yet undoubtedly they are making good use of some forgotten or neglected physiological principles; and moreover, as toward "the Profession" they are bringing forward much needed reforms in medical practice. Let not then the Public—the Infirmary Public, the "Patients," the large suffering class—be defrauded of this their substantial benefit, whether it be that which perchance may be derived from the microscopic globule itself, or that accruing from a faith which is large in the inverse proportion to the dimensions of the remedy.

There can be no need to mention those obvious causes, which, in all times, have rendered Medical Practice a rich gold-field to the speculative, the enterprizing, and the *unscrupulous*. A dark unknown—an abyss, is the nosological region, if it be thought of as a department in science; and how dark, when its own darkness is deepened at once by the ignorance of the practitioner, and by the ignorance of the sufferer. A dark unknown it is, wherein a lucky hit may often bring to the surface, startling prizes—wonderful recoveries; and it is true that some men are born with an instinctive skill in catching at luck in the dark. And as to the sufferer, a world unknown is the region of disease, inasmuch as it is here that mind and body, spirit and matter, when they are put out of their wonted harmony, and are in a misadjusted condi-

tion, give to the mind what might be called, a uſurped power of interference with the functions of animal life. Marvels, at ſuch a time, may be effected within the organization, and among the deranged functions, by an intenſe concentration of the mind upon a ſingle part, or function. All this is well known, and is out of queſtion; nor do conſcientious practitioners heſitate, in certain peculiar caſes, to avail themſelves of this hypernatural and morbid energy. But a medical practice that is *founded* upon any ſuch principle, would not fail quickly to become a dangerous deluſion—nearly allied at once to impiety, and to impudent empiriciſm.

But there are in the Homœopathic circle practitioners as honeſt as other men; and not only are they honeſt, but they are well-inſtructed alſo; and not only ſo, but eminently ſucceſsful. This ſhould be no wonder. The medical profeſſion, in the daily practice of it—juſt like every other profeſſion and daily labour (and this profeſſion eſpecially ſo) becomes perfunctory. Rule and uſage inevitably ſuperſede thought and attention: and beſides this—a faſhion of the day, as to the treatment of particular diſeaſes—a theory, a whim, a paradox, theſe are the powers that give law, tyrannically, to whatever is done in the daily round of viſiting the ſick; and, in truth, they ſave a world of trouble. The theory that was laſt put forth, becomes, to the ordinary practitioner, in fact, *his conſcience;*

for he holds himſelf quite blameleſs ſo long as he does preciſely what he finds to be noted and approved in the authenticated formulæ of this recent doctrine. But things take another turn when a theory, or a new Idea has ſprung up, and has grown to a conſpicuous bulk, and has drawn to itſelf the ſuffering claſs—without the conſent, and oppoſed to the teaching, of the chief men in the profeſſion. The courſe of things, at ſuch a juncture, will be this:—Men of active intelligence, and of bold temperament, men who are awake, men who have everything to win in life, and, perhaps, little to loſe, take up the new ſyſtem: their zealous devotion to it keeps them alive:—they have an eye open, and an ear attent, and a touch, and every ſenſe engaged in queſt of confirmations of their adopted medical faith. In a word, it is theſe men who actually look at diſeaſe—it is theſe who look into it—who watch its changes, and who give their mind to their patient; and thus they become—the conſequence is quite natural—they become ſkilful; and of courſe they become ſucceſsful beyond the uſual rate; and it is they who effect "ſurpriſing cures"—not ſo much as Homœopathiſts—but as men whoſe heart is in their daily practice.

Yet this is not all that ſhould be conſidered and granted in behalf of the Homœopathic ſyſtem. We need not have waited to be told by Hahnemann that a wonderfully ſmall quantity, by weight, of certain mineral ſubſtances, and of certain ve-

getable matters, as they have power to injure health, or ſuddenly to deſtroy life, muſt, by conſequence, have power to work counter effects upon it. Nor need we learn from him, or from any one elſe, that a doſe which is ſmall enough to lodge itſelf in the ſyſtem, produces effects which are not produced by a large doſe which does not abide there. Yet is great praiſe due to the man who draws attention forcibly to a well known, but neglected truth. But to ſtop at this point is not the courſe of things, for the practitioner's temptation—a temptation which he will not reſiſt—is this —with a reality in his hand, of unknown efficacy, he is at liberty to go as far as he pleaſes on the road of exaggeration.

Granted, that the hundredth part of a grain of active poiſon may be uſed as a ſerviceable medicine. Grant the ſame to be juſt conceivable in reſpect of the thouſandth part of a grain. But when we propoſe to adminiſter to the open-mouthed credulity of the ſick man, the *millioneth*, and then the *billioneth* part of that quantity, and if, in doing this, a favourable reſult enſues, and if, as a rule, the effect of a drug appears to be inverſely as the quantity adminiſtered, then it becomes manifeſt—nor can an intelligent practitioner fail to know it to be ſo—that he is working, not with the chemical materials of the pharmacopœia, but with the immeaſurable mind-force of his patient. The extent of this force has never

yet been ascertained;—nor, perhaps, ever will be. Science has no gauge for it; but in turning it to account daily, for the cure of disease, the risks to the honesty of the practitioner are greater than a high-toned and educated man will choose to incur. It is at this corner that quackery stands offering its aids to an unscrupulous, and yet, perhaps, a benevolent man. Curative wonders are at his command; but he must, in some measure, forfeit self-respect in attempting to effect them on these conditions. Say to the sufferer—I am giving you very small doses of a most powerful drug, and all may be well. Tell him—What I am giving you is—the millionth of a drop of an essence distilled from the beams of the moon; and it may chance that this dose will far surpass the power of pills, the size of a pea, in its remedial effects; but shall any one go the rounds of his practice, thus armed with the infinitely small, and return home with an easy conscience?

Although we do not find a genuine philosophy of human nature in any one of those fashions of opinion which have here been adverted to, and which are more adapted to the extemporizing purposes of a popular lecturer than for those of an Instructor in a college, yet each has its recommendatory truth—each its film of reality;—and more than this may be admitted in their favour, that they at once *indicate*, and they accelerate the progress of a most desirable modern reform, in the course of

which the upper classes, mainly, and the middle classes also, are coming to understand the COMMON SENSE OF HEALTH.

V.

How large a theme would open itself before us if we should treat the many varieties of DIETARY WHIMS; for these are almost as many as there are dyspeptic persons, gifted with a genius for theorizing upon the digestive functions.

Whims of this extensive order express themselves in the way—sometimes of extravagant encomiums, lavished upon certain favoured articles of food, or of drink; sometimes, and, in truth, very much oftener, in the form of passionately uttered anathemas against certain aliments, or liquors; and sometimes this is done in the stern tones of a superfine morality, or of a sanctimonious detestation of this or that "good creature"—granted by God to the use of man. Whims of these orders, and whether they be mild-tempered, or acrimonious—whether they be secular, or religious, have two distinct sources. They arise, either, on the one hand, from irritated brains—brains disordered by the distresses of a stomach vitiated by excesses; or, on the other hand, they have their rise, and this is very often their source—in the paradoxical conceits of men, who, being in some repute as masters in physiological science, seek to signalize the period of their professional supremacy by announcing some

ſtartling doctrine as to what all men are eating and drinking. The taſte for paradox, which, in ſome minds, is irreſiſtibly ſtrong, when—by misfortune of nature—it is conjoined at once with a crotchetty temper, and profeſſional ambition, may impel a man whoſe attainments enable him to draw attention, to utter, and zealouſly to defend, the moſt prodigious abſurdities in relation to meats, to drinks, to clothing, and to modes of living. The uninformed community, amazed and frightened, are fain to think it time to haſten out of a world in which ſo many things—hitherto thought to be wholeſome—are now proved to be deadly poiſons.

Thoſe Dietary Whims that take their riſe from dyſpeptic ſtomachs are as various as there are varieties in the modes of meeting the demands of hunger, and the more various requirements of luxury. The abounding of ſuch whims at any time—and it is ſo at this time—may be taken as the indication of a fact in the alimentative uſages of a people, which deſerves attention; it is this—That ſophiſticated modes of living, and a luxurious cookery, have together come to take effect upon that highly-wrought branular excitement, and that exceſſive nervous tenſion, which have enſued from commercial and profeſſional overworking. So it is that the brain and the ſtomach—or, the mind and the alimentary functions—have come into a ſtate of too much mutual conſciouſneſs; too many queſtions are directed netherward, as to the work-

ing of the machinery of animal life. There is too much (in truth there ſhould be abſolutely nothing of the ſort) there is too much of mental interference with the ſelf-acting functions of the ſyſtem: —there is a meddling, where there ſhould be utter unconſciouſneſs. A man in health knows nothing of brain, or ſtomach, or heart, or lungs, or liver, or meſenteric ducts. Cattle at paſture, if watched, will not fatten: let them alone, and all goes on well.

This miſchief acquires a reverberatory force when the hypochondriac has learned to avail himſelf of the dinner-guidance which is proffered to him in ſome ſcientific treatiſes. Deſperate, indeed, is the ſtate of things when it comes to this—Read ſuch a book upon Diet, and you will never again touch—what is it we ſhould not touch?—not fermented bread: not animal fibre: not fatty ſubſtances: not ſalted meats: not green vegetables: not tubers: not paſtry: not pickles: not preſerves: —not—for this is a horror—not fermented liquors: not the vinous—not the alcoholetic, for all are poiſons; and not only poiſons, but ſins! And yet things may come to be worſe than this; for when dyſpeptic whims—foſtered and myſtified by ſcientific jargon—come within range of the Manichæan prohibitive doctrine, and when thoſe many things which the beneficence of the Creator has granted "richly" to man, for his enjoyment, are ſternly denounced as eſſentially *evil;*—when it

comes to this, what, at the firſt, was ſimply a whim, and only ridiculous, aſſumes the virulent aſpect of a dark fanaticiſm, little ſhort of inſanity, and likely enough to end in bringing on that calamity.

Until proof of the fact comes before us, it might ſeem incredible that inſtructed men ſhould dare to affirm, what has been affirmed by ſome ſuch, concerning meats and drinks, as unwholeſome, or pernicious, or unlawful. When this laſt-named ground of exception has been taken, and when the uſe of ſolids or fluids, hitherto conſtituting the ordinary ſuſtenance of human life, is denounced as *ſinful*, then another characteriſtic of ſuch extravagances does not long delay to make its appearance; for theſe denunciations are uttered with the growl of the ancient Atheiſm:—it is either the Gnoſtic, or the Manichæan who ſpeaks, and the import of the malediction is this—that the Creation is not, and was not at the firſt, good, but evil; and ſpecially, that the great law of the animal ſyſtem—life fed upon life, is an abomination, with the guiltineſs of which thoſe who are holy will have nothing to do. At *this* ſtage Whims are going beyond our reach in this Eſſay. Yet in turning away from errors ſo ſerious, we might ſtop to note the fact—as a caution—that Dietary whims have a ſtrange tendency (one ſees inſtances of it frequently) to lead away their victims toward infidelity, and thence on to Atheiſm.

Altogether, and gloriouſly at variance with grim abſtemious fancies of every order, is the tone and the language of the inſpired writers. "Every creature of God," they tell us, "is good, and is nothing to be refuſed, if it be received with thankſgiving." Or we may read the 104th Pſalm, which might be called a Charter of Life, and of life's enjoyments, to man, and to all that breathe —granted to them in perpetuity by the Creator. In another tone ſpeak thoſe who would be more wiſe, and more pure than HE. In every age there have been thoſe who have denounced *Temperance* as impracticable, or as half a ſin; and have proclaimed *Abſtinence* as the only virtue.

As to Dietary prohibitions, and bill-of-fare reſtrictions, either in meats or in drinks, the only fit places for them are hoſpitals and infirmaries, or the chambers of the ſick, or within the walls of beſieged towns. As often as we hear factitious precepts of this kind advanced, whether it be abroad in the world, or at a family table, we may be ſure that at the bottom there is a theory of human nature which is falſe in phyſiology, falſe in ſocial economics, falſe in morals; and, which moreover, is Atheiſtic in its feeling and its tendency. We ſay—it is falſe in Phyſiology:—unfortunately, the paradoxes of ſome of its profeſſors have come to be at a premium, in the open world! When a whim of any ſort, eſpecially a whim relating to Diet, or to the treatment of diſeaſe, has become epi-

demic, and when its authors and its movers have made it the basis of some extensive combination; and when "Meetings" are to be held to keep the new scheme alive; and when speeches are to be uttered, and when the columns of Newspapers are to be filled with controversies about it;—then it is that any testimony in its favour which can be obtained from the pens or lips of those who command the ear of the public, is greedily snatched at:—more of the same sort is asked for, and it is solicited in flattering terms. The supply follows upon the demand;—and thus it is that the whim of the whimsical finds the means of bolstering itself up with the credit of authoritative persons.

Any amount of this sort of authorization may be had, when motives of benevolence come in to sustain a popular Whim. So it is that kind-hearted men sign testimonials, to obtain a good place for a worthy friend; and thus do men, whose word passes for much, lend themselves, too easily, to what they can barely approve.

At this point we draw near to subjects of another class—namely, REFORMATORY WHIMS. These have been many of late; and the abundance of them is the indication of that hopeful modern revolution which has thrown the social consciousness in upon itself, and which affords ground for large expectations as to the advance of a genuine civilization. One may have seen with some anxiety the extent to which there has been a tampering

with human nature, and a reckleſs experimenting upon the helpleſs Pauper, and the ſturdy Convict, in Unions and in Priſons; and yet, almoſt anything in this way is better than ſocial ſtagnation and indifference. An indolent contentment with things as they are, and a ſelfiſh willingneſs to let things go on quietly in their wonted courſe, would indeed be fatal ſymptoms in the condition of a people. Rather than that this quietneſs of death ſhould come over us, let us tolerate the ampleſt efflorescence of philanthropic UNREASON. It is enough if there be among us, Claſſes that are independent as to their ſocial poſition, and which are diſpoſed to watch the doings one of another; and withal, if there be, as happily there *is*, a Free Preſs; and if this Free Preſs gives utterance to the feeling of each of theſe ſeveral Claſſes. Not only is a *Free* Preſs needed, but it ſhould be an *inſtantaneous* Free Preſs: there is much in this: a *Daily*, and a *Free*, and a *Cheap* Preſs, is a ſword hanging by a thread over every man's pate: it is a ſcourge, held by a ruthleſs hand, near to every man's ſhoulders. We muſt not admit the hope that by this means every abuſe, and every error ſhall meet its immediate correction; but this is at the leaſt affirmable, that a proceſs of reviſion is always in activity:—a court of appeal is always open; a power of ſarcaſm is always near at hand; and a power of argument is alſo available, whenever it may be needed; and by theſe means the amended reaſon of the community ſhall in the

end prevail over the worſe reaſon of the few, and thus the iſſue ſhall be good.

It is on ſuch grounds as theſe therefore that, in a country like this, where no croſſing interference of a central deſpotiſm is to be apprehended, we may ſafely include in our calculations of national progreſs even thoſe outburſts of reforming zeal which, in themſelves, are little to be admired.

ESSAY VI.

Heads in Groups.

I.

THE ſcheme of Mental Philoſophy which we receive from the authenticated teachers of that Science, is a body of abſtractions, only remotely related to the infinitely diverſified phenomena of the thinking and the living world—that world around us, which is developing its powers upon the fields of active public life, and of productive thought. Seldom, if ever, does that ſcheme ſhow itſelf to be available for the interpretation of ſuch facts as thoſe that preſent themſelves on either of thoſe fields. On the other ſide the Mental Philoſophy which has been put forward under the deſignation of Phrenology, or of ſimilar terms, muſt not pretend to be better than a maſs of gueſſes, derived from a fingering of the ſuperficies of the Cranium. It may be reaſonable to imagine that a ſyſtem, combining facts of every kind into what ſhould be One Science, may at length preſent itſelf, and that this product of a larger induction, while

it ſhall be leſs vague and wordy than the firſt, will be far leſs precarious and conjectural than is the ſecond, of the above-mentioned ſyſtems. If any ſuch combination might be hoped for, it would not be effected without taking within our range a much wider circuit of facts than has hitherto been brought to bear upon the ſubject on either ſide—the metaphyſical, or the phyſiological.

The queſtion preſents itſelf—Shall we go on to ſeek for our knowledge of the human mind on the adamantine pathway of a ſevere analyſis of the individual conſciouſneſs; or ſhall we ſeek it upon ſhaven pates:—or ſhall we ſeek it—where it is actually developing itſelf from age to age—upon the great theatre of life?—Shall we ſeek our Science where its ample materials are to be found? No doubt upon this theatre; if indeed it be open to our inſpection.

Evidence, authentic and ſufficiently ample, relating to the intellectual ſtructure of a large number of notable minds, is actually in our hands. In the undoubted records of the public conduct, and, ſometimes alſo, of the private life, of the principal men of hiſtory; or, better ſtill, in their writings, or in other extant monuments of their genius, we may confidently believe ourſelves to poſſeſs materials that are copious enough for effecting—*firſt*, an aſſortment or claſſification, and *then* an analytic criticiſm of very many of the moſt remarkable minds of twenty centuries back. But it

might be better, at the ſtart of a method with which we may not yet have made ourſelves familiar, to limit our range of view, and to take ſome not very remote period, with the chief men of which every reader of modern hiſtory and literature, muſt be familiarly acquainted. By theſe well-known perſonages, each in his own way, every field of action—political and military, and every region of thought—ſcientific and imaginative, and every department of art, has been illumined. Within this modern circuit the human mind has given itſelf forth with the higheſt advantage. If the queſtions to be propounded concerning the Human Mind be theſe—What are its Elements, or its ſeparate Faculties; what is its ſtructure, and what the laws of its activity?—we ſhall do well to go, in ſearch of our anſwer, to that great platform of European action and thought whereupon ſo many hundred Minds—all of them of noticeable degree, and ſome of them of the higheſt degree—have worked out, each in his own way, the problems of Mental Philoſophy. Thus it will be that—not hypothetically, but actually, and in all conceivable modes, and under the moſt various and the moſt arduous conditions—we ſhall ſee this ſtructure diſplaying its principles, and developing its laws. What more, or what better could we deſire, if indeed it be our purpoſe to obtain, by ſure methods of induction, a GENUINE INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY which ſhall ſupplant, on

the one hand, a ſet of vague or abſtruſe metaphyſical phraſes, and, on the other hand, a confuſed maſs of empirical and materialiſtic conjectures?

In queſt of the facts that are applicable to queſtions of this order, we may, if we pleaſe, find them at hand, in a diluted condition, among our friends and neighbours; or we may look out for the noted men of our time, of whoſe individual mental furniture we may believe ourſelves to have a competent knowledge. But then, as to theſe conſpicuous perſons—the men of mark, our contemporaries—although they may, to ſome extent, ſerve our purpoſe, they are few in number; and what is known, or what is believed concerning them, at this paſſing moment, is likely to undergo a ſevere reviſion in time to come. As to the multitude of ordinary, or average minds—the perſons of any ſocial circle, theſe can be made available for any ſuch purpoſe as that which we have now in view, only in a very imperfect manner. Minds of low quality develope themſelves *in pattern:* the Individuality of ſuch minds may tell in a *Cenſus*, but it does not tell in a Philoſophy. Of the vaſt maſs of human actions—the things that are daily done and ſaid in the world around us—they are ſaid and done according to a uſage of ſpeech and a uſage of action: they are in accordance with the ſtanding orders of a civilized community. The millions of utterances, and the millions of actings which every day carry the

world one more day forward upon the dial of all time—these things have indeed a significance at large—they have a diluted meaning; but they have very little or no meaning, as products of individual minds. As it is true of the multitude of human forms (p. 166) that they signify little beyond what may belong to the inherited type, so of the multitude of actions and utterances, they are ruled and fashioned by inveterate consuetudes, and by instincts.

It will be better therefore to return to the broad field of some Past Era, whereupon we have to do with minds that, beyond doubt, have marked their own individuality by conspicuous courses of action, the memorials of which are ample; or by some creations of Thought which are now actually in our hands, and upon which we may fix attention again and again. On *this* broad Field the choicest samples of Mind are opened out under the eye, and we are free to inspect the mechanism and the working in each instance. Yet if there be anything to be learned in Philosophy, on this ground, it can be obtained in no other way than by instituting comparisons. Minds must be sorted and marshalled, and must be brought under inspection in clusters—in *groups;* and this must be done in conformity with some rule of classification. Such a rule should have respect to a true *analogy*, on the ground of which two or more minds may fitly be placed side by side, and may be estimated, first,

in ſo far as they are *like;* and then, in ſo far as they are unlike. A claſſification ſo obvious as that which has reſpect only to the ſocial poſition, or to the occupations of men, would here do us no ſervice; for it could determine nothing as to the quality or the original endowments of illuſtrious men merely to ſort them as Stateſmen—Warriors—Philoſophers—Mathematicians—Poets—Artiſts, and the like. A genuine claſſification muſt begin its work further in toward the centre of the intellectual organization. Take a dozen of the moſt noted warriors of modern hiſtory:—they were ſuch, not by the predominance of any ſuppoſed *warrior faculty* in each, but by the eminence of different powers in each. Charles XII, Guſtavus Adolphus, Turenne, Marlborough, Van Tromp, Clive, Wellington, Napoleon, Nelſon, Napier—theſe, and any other renowned winners of battles, may indeed be aſſociated on the ground of their calling, or cloth; but as to the ſtructure of their minds they ſhould be otherwiſe dealt with:—the group muſt be broken up into claſſes with a more exact regard to the elementary differences that diſtinguiſh them. How then ſhall ſuch a grouping be beſt effected? Probably by the aid of thoſe inſtantaneous and involuntary perceptions to which we are uſed to truſt ourſelves, without thought, on the occaſions of common life.

Let the reader conſider what it is that takes place on ſuch occaſions as theſe.—It may be that,

for years, we have been hearing and ſpeaking, and thinking much about noted public men; and we have formed our eſtimate of them as to their abilities, and their moral qualities. But at length it happens to us to ſee them;—perhaps to ſit oppoſite to them at table; or to ſee and liſten to them in Parliament. At ſuch a moment, whether we are conſcious of the fact or not, there takes place what might be likened to the inſtantaneous cryſtallization that is effected in a fluid mixture by a drop of ſome potent new ingredient. What had been cloudy, and unſhapen, and intangible, now ſhoots out into ſharp angles and ſhining ſurfaces, and thenceforward we have in our view well-defined cubes and rhomboids. Heretofore we may have miſtaken one chemical mixture for another;—not ſo from the inſtant when cryſtallization has taken place. So it is after a half hour's interview with perſons, eſpecially diſtinguiſhed perſons, of whom hitherto we have entertained a conjectural idea only.

A reſult of the ſame kind, although it is not quite ſo ſure, nor is it ſo ſharply defined, takes place when the effigies of the illuſtrious dead are placed before us—even their authentic likeneſſes—it may be in marble, or on canvaſs, or on coins and medallions, or in drawings, or engravings. The viſible perſon—the man, in the entireneſs of his body and mind—his geſture, his expreſſion, his features—theſe bring into a focus all thoſe

looſe notions, or ſhapeleſs ideas of him that had flitted as a phantom before the imagination, while our thoughts about him were unauthentic conceptions. There are few of the principal perſons of the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries that are not almoſt as well known to us, in their effigies, as are our friends and neighbours, with whom we have daily intercourſe. It is not eaſy—barely is it poſſible—to think of theſe heroes of hiſtory otherwiſe than as clothed in thoſe exterior forms which have been handed down by graphic art. Make now the attempt to diſſociate your notion of certain illuſtrious perſons from your idea of the men as they have been given to us by Titian, Holbein, Rubens, Vandyke, Kneller, Reynolds, Gainſborough; or, try the experiment with the ſeries of ſtateſmen—Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Lord Eldon. The divorce of the Intellectual from the Viſible—the divulſion of the ſpirit from the body—may indeed be effected for an inſtant, for an inſtant only, and then the two elements collapſe and re-unite, and the man entire recovers his place in our chamber of imagery. So it is that our judgments are mainly ruled by theſe conceptions of the man—mind and body—as one perſon. What we think of the *relative* merits of noted men of the ſame claſs is greatly determined by theſe coaleſcent conceptions of them. That this is the fact, and that theſe conceptions are not alto-

gether fallacious may be ſhown by making a trial upon ſome familiar inſtances. That our notions of character, formed on this baſis, are not *illuſory* or unreal, we may become convinced in ſuch methods as the following :—

When we undertake the *grouping* of notable minds, or the bringing them into claſſes, not according to factitious diſtinctions, but in accordance with their intrinſic qualities, we muſt, of neceſſity, follow the guidance of an hypotheſis as to thoſe qualities, which hypotheſis will itſelf need to be confirmed or amended after a ſcrutiny of the facts we are dealing with, as thus. We make up a group conſtituted of ſuch names as thoſe of—Bacon, Deſcartes, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Newton, Locke, Boyle, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Diderot, Laplace. In bringing theſe names together, we aſſume ſomething concerning each ; and this, if we have not quite erred in our ſuppoſition, ſhould be a leading element in each, which, notwithſtanding any actual points of difference, however great, will continue to hold them in company :—there will thus appear to be *a reaſon* for the grouping that has been effected ſo far, as that, into this group of heads it would ſeem an incongruity to thruſt the heads of ſuch men as Columbus, or Raphael, or Peter of Ruſſia, or Milton, or Arkwright, or Dean Swift, or Wordſworth. Our hypotheſis, in this caſe, muſt be this—that the notable perſons above-mentioned, notwithſtanding

individual differences of power, or of taſte, or of temper, were all men of the intellectual and meditative claſs:—they were Thinkers, and—all but one or two of them—they choſe to ſtand off from the theatre of active life. Concerning all of them, in a comprehenſive ſenſe, it may be affirmed, that their occupation, from firſt to laſt, was the purſuit of Truth. Each of them profeſſed himſelf to be tending forward on a path which ſhould lead himſelf, and whoever would follow him, into a better poſition, as to firſt principles, than that in which he found his contemporaries to be ſtanding. Each of theſe diſtinguiſhed men—from Lord Bacon to Diderot—believed himſelf to be confronting a maſs of errors, philoſophic and popular, and that it was his deſtination—the buſineſs of his life—to diſabuſe the men of his times of many inveterate illuſions. Each of them, as was natural therefore, wrote and taught with that ſort of animation and confidence which is characteriſtic of one who has reached a ridge in an unexplored country, and who, beckoning to his companions in the rear, calls out—I have found the right path, follow me, and we ſhall reach our journey's end well. The queſt of firſt principles is then the connecting element in this group; and, moreover, the ſearch for Truth was to be carried forward in front of mountains of ancient falſities.

But, after they have been thus conſorted, the men of this claſs will aſk to be ſet off, one from

another, on the ground of real and important differences that are as worthy to be noticed as is the one reaſon of their aſſociation. Thus it will be that any grouping, on the ground of analogy or reſemblance, will lead on to diſcriminations which, in their iſſue, are likely to give us, inductively, that ſort of analyſis of minds, in compariſon with which, on the one hand, metaphyſical abſtractions are vague and vapid; and, on the other hand, the utterances of a materialiſtic philoſophy ſound like a preſumptuous jargon.

It was as true in the opinion of Voltaire, as it was true in that of Lord Bacon, that, in his age, a great work of demolition needed to be achieved, preparatory to the coming in of a bright Era of Reaſon. But while, in the one mind, the Conſtructive Inſtinct always took the lead, the deſtructive inſtinct being ſubſidiary to it, and incidental, in the other mind the Deſtructive Inſtinct was always paramount, and it had acquired the force of a ruthleſs paſſion, leaving no leiſure for that happier counter-work toward which beneficent natures are always ſeen to be bending their efforts. It is then chiefly in the quality of the Intellectual Motives that governed theſe two minds that we find the *difference* between them—the one mind loves to ſoar into the upper ſkies; for it has an inſtinctive reliſh of ſunſhine;—the other moves upon earth, and follows the ſcent of whatever has already gone into the putreſcent condition, and reeks corruption.

But now in effecting theſe groupings, and then in breaking up a group by needful diſcriminations, it may be aſked, whether any real aid may be derived from the compariſon of the viſages of the men, in relation either to this grouping, or to this diſcrimination. The outlines attached to this Eſſay—imperfect as they may be in an artiſtic ſenſe—are truthful enough for ſerving the purpoſe of indicating the method which any reader may purſue for himſelf, if he pleaſes, whoſe collection of portraits is large, and who may therefore bring into compariſon the moſt authentic of the extant likeneſſes of the diſtinguiſhed men of modern times. Theſe four profiles have been taken, almoſt at hazard, as ſamples in the claſs above-mentioned—namely, that of Minds impelled mainly by the queſt of Truth, either in its poſitive and permanent condition, or in its negative and incidental condition, when it may have been overladen with errors.

The firſt of theſe outlines is from the ſtatue in St. Michael's Church,* the face is as it appears, ſeen obliquely from beneath. The ſecond is from the often-repeated picture of Eraſmus by Holbein. The third Woodcut brings together a pair of

* The front view of Lord Bacon's ſtatue is the one that would be at once recognized, having been ſo often preſented in engravings; but it is leſs characteriſtic than the three-quarter face, as ſeen by the ſpectator who takes his poſition on the pavement.

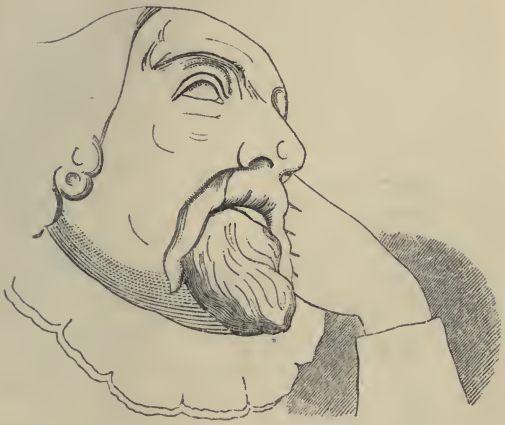
brilliant Frenchmen—the Baron Monteſquieu and Voltaire; as to this laſt, it may be affirmed that the trueſt likeneſs of this prince of French literature will be the one that has moſt of the look of a caricature. In this inſtance the radiant ſplendour of a mind ſo brilliant as his ſerved, in its relation to the form within which it reſided, to ſhow off the more frightfully the deformities of the temperament of the man:—one might liken it to an Electric Fire, encloſed in a paper lanthorn, which has been decorated with the glaring features of a Hindoo demon.

Francis Bacon's tranquil upward look is the look of a hopeful complacency; it is a look into the cloudleſs azure of unbounded Thought—Thought as large as a finite mind may take within its compaſs: it is, moreover, a look into the furtheſt diſtance of human ſpeculation, and of human progreſs;—a look perfectly aſſured and at eaſe in its perceptions:—ſo ſure is it as to give quietneſs to the belief which prompted the ſlighted ſage to bequeath his fame, as the regenerator of philoſophy, to the intelligence of a remote age, and to the juſtice of foreign nations.

The indefatigable monk of Rotterdam, with a ſerenity, and a ſelf-collectedneſs, and a ſelf-reliance, like Bacon's, fixes his downcaſt eye upon the things that are real, and the things that are fantaſtic—ſtrewing the field of the lower world—even this plateau of vanities, and of toils, and of pretences,

and of realities, never realized. In this mirror of learned induſtry one ſees reflected the mountain pile of a life of literary labour. If every tile upon the roofs of Rotterdam had been a blank folio, and if the taſk aſſigned to him had been to fill each of theſe tomes in minion type, Eraſmus would have ſeated himſelf cheerily at his table, juſt as Holbein has here depicted him; well content in the proſpect of ſo much work to be done. Then in the keen olfactory conſciouſneſs of the cartilaginous noſe, and in the forbidden grin of the lips, there is brought into view the naughty ſatires and the groteſque cuts of the ΜΩΡΙΑΣ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΟΝ—the "Praiſe of Folly." One may ſee in this profile, now—the man who was the light and the leader of univerſal erudite induſtry; and now—not leſs—the mercileſs holder of a ſcourge that ſhould be the terror of monkiſh vices, and the diſmay of Papal arrogance. The man is before us who would put to ſhame the ſhameleſs doings, and the not-doings of a corrupt age; yet he is not the man who will riſk his ſhrivelled ſkin in doing boldly the reformer's work: this is not a Savonarola, it is not a Luther, it is not a Tyndale, it is not a Wickliffe, nor a Jerome of Prague; but then neither is he a Bonner, or a Laud.

We ſtill keep hold of an element of ſameneſs—an analogy, in bringing into this quadruple group the two very diſſimilar profiles—thoſe of Monteſquieu and of Voltaire, along with Bacon and



—sic sedebat—

LORD BACON.

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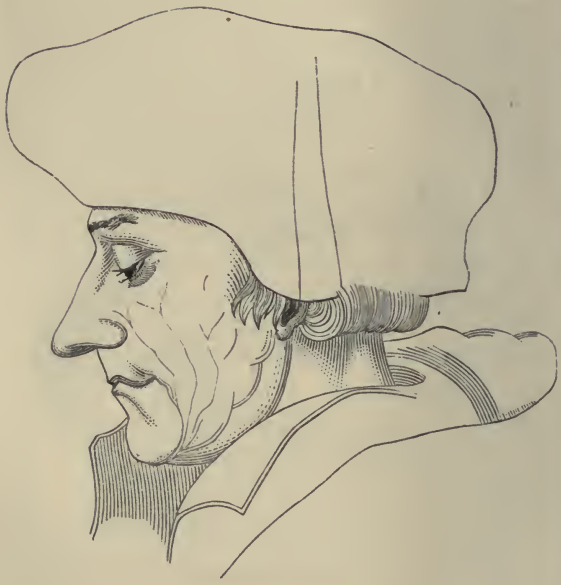
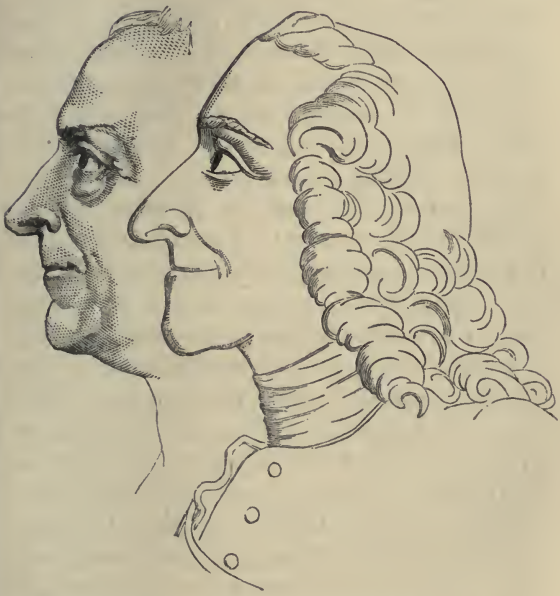


ERASMUS.



MONTESQUIEU. VOLTAIRE.

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Eraſmus. To what extent we may ſafely go in carrying forward a proceſs of diſcrimination and analyſis, by aid of *portraiture*, may well be inquired: to *ſome* extent undoubtedly this may be done. Portraiture, if it be authentic, is a key that fits the wards of that Iron Safe—the human ſpirit; or if not ſo, it gives us, at leaſt in cipher, a note of the contents of the cheſt. Serviceable is this graphic help when, *by other means*, we have actually gained acceſs to the interior. The value and reality of this ſubſidiary aid may be teſted in this manner:—Take up each of theſe four outlines, and at pleaſure aſſign to it, in turn, the qualities which belong in fact to another. Take the profile of Eraſmus;—cover with ſlips of paper the hat and the monk's hood, or coat, and then perſuade yourſelf that you have before you the effigy of Lord Bacon! This will not do;—for you want the large apprehenſion of the UNIVERSAL—you want a conſciouſneſs of the ABSOLUTE; and moſt diſtinctly is there wanting in this viſage the all-embracing ſenſe of analogy—the poets' ſenſe, which converts the natural and the viſible into a boundleſs treaſury of ſymbols, for giving expreſſion to the ſpiritual and the abſtract. In this profile there is indeed the *Facunditas* of interminable length; but there is not the *Facunditas* of boundleſs breadth, which was the characteriſtic of Bacon's eloquence. But will the profile of Voltaire fit well our idea of the learned Monk?

Is there here before us the voluminous editor of Jerome, and of tons of patriſtic theology? Surely not; and yet we might believe it to repreſent the author of "the Praiſe of Folly;" and the man who gave Holbein his inſtructions for ſketching the wicked woodcuts of that book. The keen, well-chiſelled, and fixedly determinate features of Monteſquieu are wanting in *maſs*—if we were expecting to find in *this* face the indications of that never-to-be-wearied induſtry of which the profile of Eraſmus ſpeaks ſo plainly. But then it expreſſes a fearleſs truthfulneſs, a probity, a firm moral direction, in all which qualities the profile of Voltaire ſhows him to have been wholly deſtitute. This Monteſquieu will reaſon well concerning policies; and he will find, in the ſpectacle of the Roman people, many inſtances that might, with vaſt advantage, have been taken to heart by the French people, and by their infatuated rulers. This face well correſponds with our idea of the writer who affirms that, having thoughtfully contemplated the manners of his contemporaries—the French of the times of Louis XV.—he had believed that the portraiture of the Roman people and of their rulers, in the times of a decaying empire, might well be exhibited as a warning—"aux peuples corrompus."

Now put ſide by ſide the profiles of Voltaire and of Lord Bacon. The contraſt, in this inſtance, is as great as can be preſented by any pair of notable heads that might ſo be collated. The

antique buſt of Homer (whether it be a real or imaginary likeneſs) and the miniature of Alexander Pope are not more inconvertible, the one for the other, than are theſe. Nor are the portraits of John Locke and of William Cowper more in contraſt. The obvious, or the *flagrant* element in this contraſt is that of the dominant motive of the two minds. The paramount impulſe of the one mind was that which is diſtinctive of the loftieſt intelligences:—it was a love of Truth—not ſo much as if Truth needed to be diſengaged from Error, or muſt be affirmed in contradiction of falſity; but it was the deſire of the Abſolute:—it was a pure Inſtinct of the Intellect:—it was a Paſſion which, in a few minds, is the moſt commanding, while it is the moſt tranquil of all the impulſes to which the human mind may ſurrender itſelf. The work of diſengaging abſolute truth from its encruſtment of errors will be effected by this Mind with that ſort of indifference which a man ſhows who, in returning from abroad, ſhakes off, careleſſly, the duſt, or rids himſelf of the mud that he has brought in from the highway. As to the other Mind—the elements which it ſeeks are all found in the ſcavenger-heap of the lower world. This Mind—gifted as it is with a piercing ſagacity—has no inſtinctive tendency toward Abſolute Reaſon; nor has it any emotions of a purely intellectual order: there is in it no conſciouſneſs—forgetful of the egotiſm and the vanity of the

man. To trample upon, and to defame the excellence with which it has no ſympathy, and of which it has no apprehenſion, is its congenial work; and the plaudits on which it lives are as welcome when ſhouted by the moſt ignoble, as when uttered by the wiſe. Bacon was content to wait the lapſe of long centuries for his expected revenue of fame:—Voltaire exacted the peal from the mob;—and the din muſt always be ringing in his ears. Bacon's Elyſium was the Eccleſia of the great minds of all time;—Voltaire's was fully realized in the uproar of the Pariſian theatre, wherein he felt himſelf in peril, as he ſaid, of being "ſtifled with roſes."

In this way diſcriminations might be adventured, when we have in view four profiles, ſuch as theſe; or better, if the originals, whence they have been derived, were before us. This might be done apart from that maſs of documentary evidence with which, in fact, all readers of books are quite familiar, and which is extant in the various writings of the four men. Relying upon phyſiognomical intuitions *alone*, we might thus give judgment upon the men;—nor would there be much riſk in affirming, as to the *firſt* of them —Bacon—that this mind muſt have been great in its conceptions, rich in ideality, well aſſured in its beliefs, and of a lofty tranquil mood. Of the *ſecond*, we ſhould ſay that it was indefatigable in the achievement of a choſen taſk—keen in its cri-

tical perceptions—ſardonic in temper, ſarcaſtic in ſtyle, and yet paſſively tolerant of evil: the man was timid in his perſonal conduct—he was no martyr. As to the *third* ſample—that of Monteſquieu, we ſhould attribute to him a determinate perſpicacity, vividneſs in his conceptions, a range of thought more juridical than philoſophical; and a mind wanting, not in the love of order, but in the faculty for effecting it. As to the man of whom the *fourth* outline gives us the ſemblance, he might have illumined his times with the inceſſant coruſcations of his genius—like a meteor, ſtationed in the ſky of Europe, and lighting up its remoteſt horizon, year after year. Yet was this bright intelligence wholly unbleſſed of nature as to any generous ſympathies, or noble aſpirations:—no conſciouſneſs had he toward the Good, the Pure, the Great in the moral world; or none but that of the literary artiſt. This mind was more impulſive in its malignities, than even in its ambition; and ſo infatuated by paſſions of this order as to be driven forward by them, from audacity to effrontery.

Nevertheleſs, although it might be ſafe thus to give judgment upon the outlines—apart from other ſources of information—we ſhould not chooſe to do ſo; nor forget that, in fact, a copious knowledge of theſe four minds has already lodged itſelf in our recollection—the recollection of all educated perſons;—and that it has eſtabliſhed itſelf ſo immoveably in the judgment and memory that it

would be a fruitleſs attempt to get quit of it. If, therefore, the queſtion in debate were concerning the certainty, or validity of our phyſiognomical intuitions, a very large allowance would need to be made for this co-exiſtent documentary information, concerning the four minds that are now in view. An objector may fairly ſay—You know *already* ſo much about Bacon, and Eraſmus, and Monteſquieu, and Voltaire, that you muſt not profeſs yourſelf to be qualified to pronounce impartial judgments upon the evidence of theſe outlines merely, as if you could, from theſe alone, divine the intellectual and the moral qualities of the men. The force of this plea of exception muſt be allowed; nevertheleſs, we are not wanting in a reaſonable reply to it, which would be of this ſort:—although it be true, when theſe profiles are put before us, without the names—that we do, inſtantly, recognize each of them; for we know the men at a glance, and therefore our judgments are pre-occupied; yet it is certain that theſe phyſiognomical intuitions are, in themſelves, far too deciſive to admit of a ſubſtitution of any one of the profiles for any other of them. This has already been affirmed; and the reader may convince himſelf that it is ſo by an eaſy proceſs—as above-mentioned; or otherwiſe, by attempting to reconcile himſelf to the belief, as to any one of the outlines, that it is the likeneſs of any other notable perſonage of hiſtory; as thus—take Eraſmus for Dry-

den, or for Dante, or for Sir Walter Scott: or take Voltaire for Fenelon, or for Melancthon, or for Bishop Butler, or for Lord Mansfield.

Experiments of this kind may be repeated endlessly; and the result will be nearly the same always —namely, a strengthening of our confidence in the *reality* of these unsupported intuitions, although not in their *infallibility*. The experiment might be varied in this way:—Look out, among these four visages, for the nearest analogue you can find for each. For instance, find among them—the author of Junius. The portrait of Bacon will not here serve you; and certainly not that of Erasmus; *possibly* that of Montesquieu might be admitted to correspond to your notion of that unknown terror of statesmen; but now have we not found him in this bright and malicious Frenchman? This is a conjecture that might—apart from our knowledge to the contrary—be entertained. But look out among the four, for Casaubon, or for Gronovius, or for Richard Bentley. Erasmus is the only one of the set that might be allowed to pass in such a substitution. Find John Locke among them:—Lord Bacon is the nearest approach to this conception; but it is a remote approximation only; for this face wants the critical analytic determination, proper to the author of the Essay which was to overthrow the theory of Innate Ideas. Nor is Sir Isaac Newton in this quaternion;—for here is not the firm-footed mathematician—not the man who would hold his

Theory of Gravitation in doubt, ſo long as the meaſurement of an arc of the meridian was not to be reconciled therewith.

Now, in all ſuch inſtances in which we adopt deciſive judgments, founded upon our phyſiognomical perceptions, as theſe ſtand related to ample documentary evidence, we are, in truth, bringing them to the moſt proper teſt; and the reſult will be to ſtrengthen our confidence in their *reality*—whenceſoever they may take their riſe. Never are they to be relied upon, in ſingle inſtances, as if infallible, *by themſelves*;—nor are they to be overlooked, or ſet aſide as if of no ſignificance. The VISIBLE SYMBOLIZATION OF MIND in the individual human FORM will be regarded, and will be made uſe of as an aid—highly important and available in the labours of thoſe who, in a time future, may undertake the huge taſk of digeſting a Philoſophy of Human Nature which, in reſpect of Metaphyſical Abſtractions, ſhall be PHYSICAL, and ſhall be *ſubſtantial*, and ſhall be copious, and ſhall be fruitful of applicate concluſions, bearing upon the Economy of Life. Such a Philoſophy, moreover, if put in compariſon with thoſe empiriciſms that take their reſt upon the hypotheſis of Materialiſm, will commend itſelf to the approval of every one who himſelf is of the Ariſtocracy in the community of Mind—even of every one whoſe own conſciouſneſs (with, or without, the leave of philoſophy) refutes and rejects all ſophiſms that are of the Earth—earthy.

ESSAY VII.

The Ornamentation of Nature.

1.

IN the Second of theſe Eſſays (pp. 142—150) a paſſing alluſion is made to a ſubject incidentally connected with the one there treated of, and which is mentioned as a theme proper to Natural Theology, and which is of great extent, as well as attractive in itſelf. In this Eſſay, it is propoſed to enter upon this ſubject only ſo far as may ſerve, perhaps, to invite toward it the attention of ſome reader who, with advantage, might take it up as the agreeable employment of years, or of a life of leiſure. Be it ſaid, in the way of caution, that this field is one of thoſe that demands qualifications that are not the moſt common, inaſmuch as they are almoſt peculiar to thoſe who have been profeſſionally trained, and are very rare among ourſelves—of the Britiſh Iſlands;—rare always in high latitudes, where ſkies are ſo much overloaded with moiſture. The ſenſe of beauty in Nature, even among cultured people, is leſs often met with than other men-

tal endowments. An affectation about pictures, or an *unaffected*, and yet a *factitious* taste for them, is indeed common enough ;—but the genuine feeling, as to Nature, must still be spoken of as the native taste of a very few. To follow out, through all its branches, a subject of the kind, designated in the title of this Essay, would lead a writer to affirm, concerning the common objects of a rural scene or a flower-garden, some things that must sound like riddles, or like a jargon, or like extravagant affectations, to many, even of those who crowd around pictures in a Gallery, and who think they understand matters of Art.

This rareness of the genuine sense of Beauty, and of Decoration, in Nature, is a fact confirmatory of the conclusion, on other grounds established—that Beauty and Decoration, throughout Nature, have not been thrown in upon the great scheme of the Universe, and that these graces have not been so largely worked in upon all forms, and so spread over all surfaces, in regard to the *human* eye, or as if to win the approval of man. They do indeed invite his attention ; and they do call forth his approval ; but this occurs in instances far too few to be put in any sort of comparison with the millions of instances—and the millions of millions of places, in which forms that are the most admirable rise into being, and pass away ,unnoticed by so heedless and ill-instructed an observer as he, for the most part, is. But that this elabo-

rate and multifarious decorative ſcheme has no relation at all *to eyes*, need not be ſuppoſed; for, probably, it meets, and it gives ſilent contentment to animal inſtincts of which man has no knowledge, and in which he has no participation.

The relation of this ſubject to Natural Theology ſhould not be miſunderſtood. The copious beauty of the viſible world, and the abundant and various decoration of its organic ſurfaces, is indeed concluſively available in the theiſtic argument; and it is ſo in the ſame manner, and partly for the ſame purpoſes, as is the ſtructural intention of all organizations; or, to employ the uſual phraſe —as *an Evidence of Deſign*, and ſo, as a proof of the Intelligence of the Cauſe whence they ſpring. But Beauty and Decoration are *Evidences*, differing from the proofs of ſtructural deſign, as to one inference that is derivable from them. It is true of *theſe* manifeſtations of the Creative Mind, as of *thoſe*, that they produce but a feeble effect when they are logically appealed to, as they often are, for the purpoſe of refuting atheiſtic ſophiſms. When thus miſemployed, theſe proofs rather aggravate than diſpel the infatuation which has its riſe at a greater depth in the moral economy of the man; and until Thought and Feeling have come to flow together in a true direction, no good is done by mere logic. If the DIVINE NATURE be firſt apprehended in that only way in which the knowledge of God is poſſible, then the human reaſon has been

opened so as to admit its proper objects, in their due connection, and in their rightful order.

As we say to those who are destitute of the genuine consciousness of Beauty—you must acquire this sense; or else not approach our subject at all; so must we say, on the other side, to those who are wanting in the *Religious Consciousness*—first seek it; or else hold off from the theme that is now in prospect. We shall not convert you in the flower-garden—we may inform or enrich your meditations there; but we shall not inspire a sense of the Divine in Nature, by aid of the Beautiful in Nature.

The ONENESS of the celestial system, which is spoken for by the universality of the law of Gravitation, is also manifested by the transit of Light, from side to side of the infinite fields wherein millions of worlds are running their courses. Wherever there may be Reason—like the human reason, and Eyes like the human eye, upon the surface of those worlds, this inference—so momentous—is vouched for—That the universe is—a *universe*; it is ONE System. There is, however, another law which, *presumably*, is everywhere respected throughout this one celestial economy; we so think, because everywhere, upon this one planet—a twentieth-rate world as it is, we find it to be constantly regarded. This other law is—the Law of Decoration, which, in all instances, throughout all organizations, conforms itself to the

conditions of radiative Light. Light, radiative, not latent, has relation to *ſurfaces;* and, ſtrike where it may upon organizations, it exacts this condition—that it ſhall there find—Decoration, or Symmetry, or Beauty. Structures that are not directly related to radiative light, are left to obſerve the bare reaſon of their conſtitution :—theſe ſtructural forms exhibit no ornamentation. Ornamentation is for light, and for eyes. Ornamentation is a complementary purpoſe—thrown in upon the ſtructural reaſon of organizations.

LIGHT, radiative or latent, is the ultimate element of the material univerſe. MIND is the one, and the only other exiſtence, beyond and above the material univerſe; and thus it is that wherever the two come into combination—wherever MIND comes to converſe with LIGHT, there the union of the two is ſignalized by Decoration, by ornamentation, or by Beauty. To enſure the due obſervance of this all-pervading Law—the Law of Beauty and of Ornament—elaborate proviſion is made throughout all organizations, vegetable and animal, for bringing out upon the ſurface the requiſite forms and colours. This proviſion includes certain *mechanical* adjuſtments of the interior ſtructure, and many occult proceſſes of the chemiſtry of life, vegetable or animal; and many preparations which are effected throughout thoſe infinite vaſcular ramifications which are revealed only by aid of the higheſt powers of the microſcope. That it is ſo,

proofs innumerable, and in every imaginable manner diverſified, are adducible. In a large claſs of theſe inſtances Nature's preparation for *the toilet*, belongs to the individual being, and may be traced inwards from the ſurface to the very centre framework of the being, whether plant or animal. In another claſs of ſuch inſtances the Decorative Intention is provided for in the circuitous mode of remote relationſhips between object and object; which relationſhip, although it may ſeem as if it were fortuitous only, is yet found to be real. A ſample or two of both kinds we may adduce, as we go on. So it will appear that the ſtyle of the Creation is ornamentative—everywhere. The elaborateneſs of the means reſorted to for bringing Beauty and Decoration—together, or ſeparately—out upon the ſurface, wherever Light may ſtrike upon it, and whenceſoever light may be reflected, is evidence enough of the *reality* of that which we thus ſpeak of. Theſe are not illuſory human conceits: we muſt not ſo think of them, for the intention to bring them forth, wherever Light may ſalute organic forms, is conſpicuouſly indicated among the unſightly ribbings, the ſinewy adjuſtments, and the fleſhly mouldings of the out-of-ſight ſtructure. A recognition of the difference between the *ſuperficies*, and the *interior* as to the *ſtyle* of the form, pervades, as well the vegetable, as the animal kingdoms. (Page 144.)

Decoration is a law of the ſurface, throughout

Nature;—but on what ground are we warranted in aſſuming it to be the law or ſtyle of the Material Univerſe—elſewhere than in this our planet? Of the Univerſe we are immediately cognizant, of one ſample only—and it is from what we ſee upon an atom-planet that we are gathering a ſuppoſition ſo large as this now mentioned! A *ſuppoſition* it is: this muſt be granted; nevertheleſs a contrary belief not only has no ſupport of its own; but it would weaken our confidence in any reaſoning that is not rigidly mathematical. It is true that, within the range of viſion—nightly, there may be thouſands of worlds that are nothing more than globules of glowing lava:—and there may be other worlds upon which life is barely inchoative: and there may be other worlds that are ſlowly labouring onwards towards the dawn of organization—crepuſcular only are they as to vital conſciouſneſs; and there may be worlds whereupon though life in its lower grades is abundant, no minds are there; and ſuch a world was this Earth—through eras which arithmetic may not venture to compute. Nevertheleſs it is certain, as to this Earth, that, ſo ſoon as there was any life, ſo ſoon as there were algæ, and fungi, and ferns, and palms, there was Ornamentation alſo. So ſoon as there were organic *ſtructures*, there was *decoration* of the exterior, if not *beauty*. The morning hour of Foreſts, of Trees, and of Foliage upon earth gladdened its ſplendours daily, with new diſplay

of colour, and with a thouſand ſymmetries of branch, and leaf, and bud, and leaflet. Juſt as the planet itſelf was then abudding, ſo did each bud, among millions of the like, ſhow ſample of that matchleſs elegance of contour, and of that pure commingling of ſecondary colours which is peculiar to the ſpring-time ſtage of vegetative life.

The firſt Nautilus that ſcudded upon the glaſſy ſurface of warm primæval oceans gave evidence that this Precept of Creation ſhould be reſpected, as well throughout the regions of the great deep, as upon the dry land. As ſoon as the pools and caverns of the ſea glittered and ſhone with coral-lines and polypi—with anemones and ſtar-fiſh—as ſoon as irrideſcent pearly greys, and flaring crimſons, and yellows, and purples, courted ſunbeams down through the fathoms of ſeas and lakes, ſo ſoon, and in all places where life in its lower, and life in its upper grades was burſting its ſhell, or was ſhaling off its huſk, there and then did this Rule ſpeak itſelf out; and it was thus that the Creation is framed, moulded, finiſhed, in conformity with an Attribute which yet wants a name in our Theology; but which we may conceive of, ſo far as it is feebly reflected in the human mind by its conſciouſneſs of, and its delight in—Beauty and Ornament.

II.

THE ornamentation of Nature is effected in two modes—of which the one offers itſelf to every eye; while the other is leſs obtruſive, being a reſult, as we have ſaid, of relations among objects, and of what may ſeem to be the fortuitous poſitions of things, whether few or many. Simple Decoration is of the firſt kind;—for it is ſuch ornament as is attached to the individual object, either in its configuration, or in its permanent colours; and often the two are found together. So it is in moſt flowers, as the tulip, and the roſe; and thus too in the vaſt variety of ſhells, the moſt admired ſamples of which exhibit the two elements of viſible grace—that of form, or ſymmetry, and that of colour, ſo combined as if they were contending for the pre-eminence, and as if each was ſtriving to faſcinate the eye in its own peculiar manner. Thus it is alſo in the plumage of birds, and upon the downy wings of moths and butterflies. The other, and the leſs obtruſive, but not the leſs real mode of ornamentation, prevailing throughout nature, is that which, not being intrinſical or inherent in any ſingle object, is the reſult of the relationſhip of objects, and of their accidental juxta-poſition. It is this kind, therefore, which needs the moſt to be pointed out, and to be

inſiſted upon, inaſmuch as its reality is not unlikely to be called in queſtion by many whoſe conſciouſneſs toward it has not hitherto been awakened.

Inherent, or intrinſic, or—as we may call it, *Fixed Decoration*—that, for example, of colour, and that of form, every eye recognizes—the infant and the adult alike ;—nor need the inſtances, abundant as they are, be adduced, which ſhow how widely the rule of decoration prevails throughout the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. What might yet be done on this ground, but which could not be done with advantage otherwiſe than by the aid of copious graphic illuſtrations, would be to eſtabliſh the fact that, deep within the ſtructure of almoſt all organizations, careful preparations are made, in the diſpoſal of the ſolids, and in the arrangements of the vaſcular ſyſtem, and in what belongs to the chemical functions, which clearly indicate a foregoing *intention to decorate*, as included in the plan of the plant, or of the animal. Take an inſtance which may illuſtrate this in the way of a contraſt :—the ſtains upon a decaying wall may have run themſelves out into a figure, the outlines of which, perhaps, are graceful ; or they are ſuch as ſeem to carry with them ſome ſort of groteſque meaning ; ſo that we are tempted to impute a deſign, or intention, to this chance-work. Or it may be, and often it is ſo, that the mingling of colours, and the appoſition of tertiary tints upon ſuch a diſcoloured wall is ſuch that a

painter will not fail to admire it; and he will be quick to transfer it to his canvaſs, as an all-harmonizing back-ground—the beſt poſſible for giving effect to a portrait. But now let us apply a ſcraper to this ſtained ſurface, and at once any ſuppoſition of pre-ordination in bringing out upon it theſe ſignificant forms, or theſe commingled colours, is diſpelled; and, in fact, the deeper we go with our ſcalpel the further off ſhall we find ourſelves from any indications of a deſign to effect that which the ſurface actually exhibits. The very contrary of this preſents itſelf when we apply the ſcalpel to any natural organization, ſuch as thatof the petals of variegated flowers; for, in theſe—bedded in the ſtructure (albeit the ſubject is far from being at preſent fully underſtood) the microſcope detects elaborate vaſcular adjuſtments, adapted to no other purpoſe than that of imparting different degrees of oxygenation to the *chromule*, or colouring matter of plants; or for the fixation of carbon, in ſtreaks, or in ſpots, to the membrane of the leaf. Then all theſe preparations are adaptations to the actinic power of the ſolar ray, in ſuch manner as to bring forth this or that one of the elements of light, or to produce a peculiar commixture of thoſe elements:—and this is done—ſometimes in pattern, as in the pencilled-geranium; and, ſometimes, it is done with a gorgeous diſregard of pattern, as in tulips:—ſometimes with mathematical preciſion; and in other in-

ſtances with a rich diſorderly opulence of figuring and of painting—as if daſhed in with a free hand.

As in the ſtructure of thoſe plants which yield eſſential oils, or aromas, or which ſecrete ſugars, or acids, or bitters, the chemical pre-requiſite for effecting theſe purpoſes is ſecured in a laboratory ſeated in the ſtructure, and as for the production of the perfumes of flowers, analogous preparations may be detected, even in the earlieſt germination of the plant, ſo has its future ornamentation been held in proſpect from the very firſt :—this magnificence of the expanded flower is not an extemporary accident; it is an embryo purpoſe :—Decoration is a decree that has been written out in the primæval archives of the vegetable and the animated world.

An inſtance of *ſtructural preparation* for bringing Beauty of form out upon the exterior we ſhall adduce a little further on [ſee note]; and now revert to thoſe modes of ornamentation which are the reſult of the relation of objects, or of their incidental poſition toward each other. Theſe means, though they are leſs obvious, are far too many, and they are too multiform to be diſmiſſed as if they were unreal.

In a preceding Eſſay (page 146) the purpoſe now in view has been briefly ſtated; we now take it up where we there left it; yet ſtill it muſt be in the mode of a curſory alluſion to a few inſtances, taken at hazard from among hundreds or

thouſands, each of which ſhould find a place in a treatiſe upon this extenſive ſubject.

The ſingle leaf is the rudiment of beauty in landſcape; and we are now thinking of landſcape as it is conſtituted of its mineral, and its vegetable, and its atmoſpheric ingredients. We take then a ſingle leaf, and in taking the ſimpleſt we can find in a hedge, we are the more ſecure as to our intended illuſtration of a principle. This leaf is ſymmetrical in contour, and it has its individual grace of a ſweeping and tapering figure;—or it may be oval, or ovate, or orbicular, or heart-ſhaped, or arrow-ſhaped, or halbert-headed; or any one of twenty other diſtinguiſhable forms; and its edges may be toothed, or criſped, or ſpiked, or ſerrated. Its ſurface may be ſmooth and ſhining, or it may be rugged, or plaited, or veined, or ribbed; or it may be hirſute, or downy, or ſpeckled, or lined; or in any other among a hundred varieties of ſurface, it may be decorated. As to its texture and its graining, it may be membranous, or papery, or leathery, or cruſtaceous, or fleſhy, or ſpongy, or waxy, or rigid; or any other among a hundred varieties, as to feel and look. As to colour and tinge, the differences that are certainly diſtinguiſhable do not fall ſhort of a hundred. Take a leaf—not one of the moſt ornate in theſe ſeveral reſpects, but one that is the leaſt eligible on the ground of its pretenſions to beauty;—yet a beautiful object it is—laid down and ſpread flat upon a ſheet

of paper: apply the microſcope to this object, or to the ſmalleſt cutting of it; and its claims to be commended on this ſcore will not be diminiſhed or diſpelled. And if now, in place of the homelieſt ſpecimen from the hedge, we were to take ſome gorgeous ſample of botanic and tropical regal grandeur—in form and dimenſions—in texture—in colour, and then imagine it to be a ſample of *human* taſte and art, how ſhall we find words fitting for giving utterance to the eulogium it would deſerve?

But this commendation of a ſingle leaf, which we have plucked from its ſtem, includes a ſmall part only of what will appear to be due to it, when, inſtead of rending it from its ſtem, we look at it where Nature herſelf has placed it. This rudiment of beauty in landſcape has ſo been conſtituted as fits it to become a germinating centre of graces of another order, when it takes its individual place in that vaſt ſyſtem of Grouping out of which the inexhauſtible treaſures of landſcape ornamentation are drawn. The ſpray, or ſtem, graced with its dozen or twenty leaves, and its buds, is a compoſition aſking to be gazed at, and to be admired, in reſpect of new, or of more fully expreſſed principles.

The ſingle leaf is one of a dozen or twenty—its fellows on the ſame ſtem; and yet theſe are not abſolute repetitions of the ſame type. The leaf is jointed on ſymmetrically with its compeers upon this ſtem by its own flexible pellicle or ſtalk allowing to each of them a liberty of movement.

Here, then, upon the threſhold of vegetable organization, we find in uniſon thoſe two modes of ornamentation which prevail throughout Nature; namely, the fixed, or intrinſic; and the unfixed and the incidental: the firſt of theſe is obvious; —the ſecond is in a degree occult. If this branchlet, with its ſet of leaves, be laid out flat upon a paper, then the miniature tree, like each ſingle leaf, demands admiration; for it brings together thoſe two attractions which the human eye never fails to recognize with pleaſure—ſameneſs and repetition, along with differences and contraſts, or appoſitions and oppoſitions. But then, after theſe intrinſic elements of ornament have won their due commendation, we ſhould recognize, in the very ſame ſet of objects, certain ornamentative elements of quite another claſs; for theſe are thoſe ever-varying charms that reſult from attitude—poſition—perſpective; and, in a word, from the relations of objects to objects, near or remote.

While we are thus writing, the vigorous hollyhock—the ſhowy pride of a cottage-garden—is preparing to put forth its July glories. The plant, at this moment, is "in its teens:"—life and ſummer-tide are all in anticipation; and each ſeparate bud is ſwelling with the conſcioufneſs of its own folded-up charms. The rampant ſtalk is of unuſual altitude; for the ſeaſon has been warm and moiſt, and ſo it aſpires to touch the ſky; or, at leaſt, to greet the noon-day ſun undaunted: but

juſt now, the head—overladen with buds, droops low—as if this creature of earth, not ungrateful toward its parent, would take a laſt look, and bid adieu to the brown bed whence its roots ſtill draw aliment. To-morrow the curving neck ſhall gather ſtrength—the pyramidal ſtructure will rear itſelf erect, as if to proclaim the fact of its majority—and all the garden ſhall know that the hollyhock is no mean plant. Even now its golden hues, and its deep crimſons, and its royal purples, are ſteaming in dye within each bud.

The Phyſiologiſt may give us a ſufficient, and a *true* reaſon for whatever he finds in this ſtructure; ſuch as the ribbing of the leaf, and the anaſtomoſing net-work of its veſſels, and the quality and the colour of the intervening pulpy maſs. But he would fail if he were to attempt to render a *ſcientific* explication of thoſe extrinſic and incidental adaptations of the form and the colour which fit this plant to take its place, and to do its office in the vaſt economy of Nature's ornamentative ſyſtem. What is it then that we here find which can have reference to ſo magnificent a purpoſe?

The main ſtem of the plant, which has not yet acquired its fibrous rigidity, is overladen with leafage, and with buds; and ſo it droops; but the line of its inclination from the perpendicular is the very line which ART and TASTE would wiſh to have given it. Do we think that this is an imaginary adaptation; or that it is a conceit and a factitious

imputation of a merit of which Nature knows nothing? Then, if ſo, we muſt go on, and ſhall find that the requirements of Art and of Taſte (which themſelves are products of the ſchoolings of Nature) are everywhere ſatisfied. The gradually diminiſhing bulk and weight of the buds, up to the very ſummit, has the effect, not only of giving a graceful ſymmetry to the whole plant, but alſo this leſſening of the burden from midway to the top, imparts to the upper curve an elegance which the inſtructed and taſteful eye reſts upon with keen ſatisfaction. Seven or eight inches below the ſummit the now expanding leaves—larger and larger, in each pair, and alternating with bloſſom-buds, in their rooting on the ſtem, are fanning themſelves forth to drink in their fill of light, and to exhale their gaſes. But now of theſe pairs of leaves —of which there may be twenty, it is not more than two that preſent themſelves—in a full front view—or as that ſingle leaf appears, when ſpread out upon my table. As to the other eighteen leaves, they ſhow me their ſurfaces in as many different aſpects. Some are ſeen juſt edgeways, ſome in a three-quarter's view:—ſome have a graceful curl, which ſerves to exhibit the upper and the under ſurfaces at once; ſo that the full green of the upper ſurface is foiled by the ſilvery grey of the under ſurface:—ſome leaves are ſo foreſhortened, as to make them fall into line with their ſtalks. In ſome the edge line, with its indentations, throws an

elongated ſhadow upon the leaf next below it;—and as *this* ſurface is undulating, new curves are produced which the plant could not itſelf exhibit; yet they are grateful to the eye—mixing as they do with its own more rugged contours. Along with this complication of lines there is always mingled, in the mind of the trained ſpectator, a recollection of the actual ſymmetry of the plant—the ſtalk, the leaves, the buds—if all were laid out in architectural ſtyle, ſo as to furniſh a "front elevation." Here, then, what we find in Nature is—*firſt*, functional ſtructure; and, *ſecondly*, decoration of contour and colour, *inherent in the plant;* and, *thirdly*, thoſe graces of poſition, of perſpective, of aſpect, and of accidental accordances with things around it, of which accordance none but natural objects are fully ſuſceptible.

This adaptation to *Grouping*, in the ſenſe of pleaſure-giving effects, is, we ſay, the prerogative of natural forms. From the ſmalleſt of theſe rudiments of landſcape to the largeſt of them—from the diminutive leaflet, or blade of graſs, to the Alpine front of precipitous rock, the things of Nature are ſuch in their contour, and they are ſuch in their colours, and they are ſuch in their relation to light and to atmoſpheric changes, as fits them to blend—the ſmaller maſſes with the larger maſſes, and the objects of a near foreground with the maſſes of a mountain diſtance, ſo as that the combination, fortuitous as it is in each of theſe inſtances, creates a ſpectacle upon which the cultured

human eye gazes with never-ſatiated delight. Upon theſe natural combinations, upon theſe groupings, from the ſmalleſt to the largeſt—upon this chance-work of Nature, man looks entranced;—and he looks upon it with an unwearied ſatisfaction, ſo that he would fain never turn his foot away from the ſpots where beſt it may be contemplated. It is thus that he feels in the morning-time of life—and it is thus that he ſtill feels in his lateſt day:—toward other pleaſures of the ſenſes he becomes indifferent;—but never—if indeed he has felt them—do theſe exhibitions of the viſible world loſe their charm. Man is not formally invited to be an applauding ſpectator of theſe exhibitions:—he may come forward if he liſt; he may put his foot upon the threſhold of the theatre of Nature, when he ſo pleaſes—or when his many avocations in the buſy world permit him an hour of leiſure. But as to the ſpectacle itſelf—millions of times, and in millions of places—in vaſt ſolitudes which no human foot has ever deſecrated, have theſe glories been ſpread out before the ſun. Every ſublimity of form—every richneſs and magnificence of colour—every gracefulneſs in ſmaller objects—and every aſpect of terror in the larger—the infinite diverſities of pattern, and the infinite complications of theſe under accidents of light and of ſhade—ſuch things have they not been put forth upon Earth—when, and where, none were preſent, but the CREATOR; and the unconſcious works of His hand?

From the ſpectacle of the all-but infinite aboundings of conſcious animal life upon the ſolid Earth, and, not leſs ſo, throughout the vaſtneſs of the Great Deep, our human modes of thinking draw a theologic concluſion, to which—faulty and ambiguous as it may be—language gives utterance ; and thus it is that we uſe ourſelves to ſpeak of the Divine Attribute of GOODNESS, or Benevolence. And it is in the ſame manner, and it is under the ſame conditions of faultineſs and ambiguity, that we ſpeak of the Divine Attribute of WISDOM, or Intelligence—vouched for as this is, in the infinitely diverſified adaptations of means to an end, throughout the framework of the material world. Why is it then—or how is it to be accounted for, that human thought has quite failed to find ſome mode of expreſſion proper to take its place in Theology, as repreſentative of this other Attribute of the Creative Will, whence reſults—the univerſal Ornamentation of Nature? An anſwer to this queſtion does not very obviouſly preſent itſelf: it might perhaps be found among thoſe modes of feeling which are incidental to the labours of man, when he is aiming at ornament. Ornament, or decoration, in human works, is coſtly; it is ſupplementary, and it is beſtowed only upon certain claſſes of objects :—it is an exceptive labour ; and is almoſt entirely excluded from thoſe products of ſkill which are of the higheſt utility.

At this point, then, the analogy between the

Infinite Mind and the human mind ſeems—not indeed to be loſt, or quite to fail us; but yet the clue drops from the hand; and we are perplexed in attempting to recover it. Human ornamentation attaches to the ſurfaces of things; but then the Artiſt-Man, when he beſtows his labour at the call of taſte, ſelects thoſe ſurfaces that are ſure to attract the approval of his fellows. The Divine Ornamentation, beſtowed as it is upon ſurfaces, abounds in ſolitudes, and in depths; and it is laviſhed upon objects that are infinitely minute;—and often it is the moſt exquiſite and elaborate when it graces the attire of creatures whoſe term of life is only a ſummer's day. The every-where-abounding decoration of Nature is an inexhauſtible opulence;—it is as if any ſingle inſtance, and any ſingle occaſion, although it be in itſelf incalculably unimportant, might nevertheleſs command, and might well deſerve to receive, a care and a coſt, as to its form and its colour, which none but the rareſt ſpecimens ought to pretend to. This DIVINE ATTRIBUTE—of which the Ornamentation of Nature is the viſible expreſſion, we fail to comprehend, as we alſo fail to comprehend whatever is of the Infinite; but, moreover, we fail to think of it with intelligent coherence:—we fail in attempting to bring *theſe* manifeſtations of the Divine Mind into an alliance of congruity with our human modes of thinking; and ſo it is that human language, with all its ſtores at

our command, ſtill wants a term, fit for conveying any notion of it, although the vouchers for its reality confront us every moment when the Material Creation is in view. On this threſhold Thought falters; or, at leaſt, the meaſured ſtep of Reaſon here wants ſupport. Nevertheleſs, even here, excurſive Meditation might, without blame, make trial of its power, and might adventure upwards toward ſpheres—brighter than this home of man, whereupon this opulence of Decorative Will may be putting itſelf forth under ſkies leſs auſtere than are the ſtorm-troubled heavens that enwrap the Earth.

The ſubject of this Eſſay the author has conſidered, under another of its aſpects, in THE WORLD OF MIND. *Sect.* 288.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.

Note to the Firſt Eſſay, page 87.

WHEN means of treatment are in queſtion for the removal or abatement of flagrant diſorders, affecting the community at large—and Drunkenneſs is foremoſt among ſuch diſorders—it is of the utmoſt importance that we keep in view the obvious, but the often-forgotten, diſtinction between what is an offence againſt Society, and what is a Sin as toward God, and which—as a ſin—is the woe and burden of the individual tranſgreſſor. To loſe ſight of this diſtinction is a miſtake which will not fail to ſhow its ill conſequences, on the one hand, in bringing in impracticable and ineffective meaſures of prevention, or of prohibition; and, on the other hand, in throwing confuſion upon the firſt principles of morality, and in weakening the force of religious motives.

It is thus, and it is in both theſe modes that the benevolent movers of the modern enterpriſe for the prevention of Drunkenneſs have gone ſo far aſtray; and, in thus going aſtray, have failed to ſecure the approval

and ſupport of the more thoughtful part of the community. Encouraged to go on by many inſtances of reformation, theſe zealous perſons have deafened themſelves againſt the cautions and advices of whoever might call their proceedings in queſtion, albeit as benevolent as themſelves, and perhaps better informed. This hot eagerneſs—this over-weening of their own ways—has emboldened ſome of the leaders of the movement to affirm, with a noiſy aſſurance, the moſt enormous abſurdities touching the phyſical conſtitution of man; and, along with theſe crudities, to put forth ſerious miſ-ſtatements of facts, relating to the Biblical Evidence, on the ſubject in queſtion.

Drunkenneſs, which is ſo lamentably the diſgrace of the Induſtrial and lower claſſes of the Britiſh people, is firſt to be thought of as a grievous violation of public order:—it is the immediate, and the moſt frequent ſource of crimes of violence:—it is the cauſe of the domeſtic miſeries, and of the diſeaſe, and of the deſtitution which afflict, and which ſo heavily preſs upon, certain claſſes of the community, and which throw a fiſcal burden upon all. On theſe grounds, therefore, the Community—the Public Mind—the Public Force, needs be reſtrained by no ſcruples in dealing, vigorouſly, and as beſt it may, with a vice by which ſo many of the guiltleſs are injured. Whatever theſe meaſures of prevention may be, we have only to ſee to it that they neither trench upon the civil rights of other claſſes, nor are of a kind to provoke, and to ſuperinduce diſorders that may be more to be dreaded than Drunkenneſs itſelf. No doubt the Social Body is free to rid itſelf, as it may, and yet always wiſely—of ſo terrible a plague

as this. So clear is this duty, and so urgent are the reasons for effecting a reform, that, if only more discretion were shown by those who labour in this cause than hitherto they have displayed, the hearty concurrence of all well-disposed and thoughtful persons might be secured; and thus, progress might be made, on a large scale, for reducing this vice—so far as it is the vice of a class—within narrow, and always diminishing limits.

But Drunkenness is not only a disorder—it is a *Sin*:—it is the grievous sin and woe of the miserable man who has become its victim:—it is the ruin of his body, and if not repented of—it entails the ruin of his soul. In this light regarded, a course of treatment altogether and absolutely *of another kind* is called for in attempting the rescue of the drunkard from the perdition that awaits him; and if, in making this attempt, we adopt, and recommend a false principle, there are no limits to the mischiefs that will in the end ensue. The endeavour thus to substitute a temporising scheme of our own devising in the room of unalterable moral and religious principles has been experimented, many times over, in the course of ages:—the consequences have always been the same—a temporary success—a frightful re-action, and a lasting damage inflicted upon Christian communities, as to their moral and religious condition.

It is always easier to take the lower ground of secular motives, than to keep our footing firmly upon the higher ground of religious principles; and so it is that when we make this descent, the consequence is—an abandonment, or a forgetfulness of those higher principles. It is thus, in the moral treatment of a family. Induce among children—orderly habits—courtesies—a sense of

propriety, and of honour, all which involve no religious motives, and we may wonderfully succeed in giving, to such a family, an aspect of cheerfulness and obedience. But in this success there is involved a dangerous indifference toward all motives of a higher and more serious order. Young persons, so trained, go forth into the world—well-behaved atheists. Thus to deal with entire classes of the people—with adults of the industrial class—is indeed a most perilous adventure.

The recent instances—fully reported and much discussed as they have been—of religious revivals, have established, at least, this principle—That Christianity alone, and in its proper force, has power to reclaim the Drunkard, as well as the profligate of every other class. It is proved, as it has been proved, heretofore, in innumerable instances, that the sole fear of God, and a well-founded dread of the future judgment, are enough now, as of old, to ween the most depraved men from their sensualities, and from every wrongful course of life. The Gospel—only proclaim it in its own manner—will effect reformations that shall be lasting, and good, in every sense. Those who zealously preach *abstinence*, and who urge the *pledge* instead of temperance, are likely to mistrust the efficacy of purely Religious Principles, and they will faulter in their assertion of those truths that go deeper than the shallows of a decent and an orderly behaviour at home and abroad.

Great Reforms are wont to pass through stages, nor are they realized as permanent benefits until after the earlier experimentation has run itself out. It will be so in this instance. Drunkenness, as the woe and plague of the British workman, and the rural labourer, will at length

come under such a reformatory pressure as must reduce it continually, in extent, and in offensiveness. It will survive as the vice and misery of here and there a wretched victim. So it is *now* in all classes above the two lower classes. When this Reform has been realized in Scotland, and in Ireland, as well as England, the Originators, and the promoters of the Total Abstinence Movement will deserve, and they will receive great praise:—or if they have passed from among us, they will be had in lasting remembrance. Their mistakes and their platform utterances will be forgotten; we need not say *forgiven*, for things of this quality are sure to die out of mind, before the time comes when they should be formally forgiven.

Note to the Fifth Essay, page 274.

"WILL *be supplanted by men of another order of Mind.*" It would be a tacit injustice to make even this cursory allusion to the Mesmeric empiricism, and not to connect with the subject the name of Mr. Braid, of Manchester. This gentleman's experiments and inquiries in elucidating that abnormal condition of the Mind and body which he has treated under the term—HYPNOTISM, have gone far to dissipate the illusions of *Mesmerism*. Mesmerism assumes and affirms a mysterious correspondence to subsist between the mesmerizer and the mesmerized subject. Mr. Braid's practice, in bringing on the somnambular unconsciousness, wholly excludes all pretensions of *this* order; and assumes only this fact—a fact unquestionable,

although unexplained, and, at preſent, inexplicable—of the induction of this ſtate of non-natural ſleep by means of very ſimple manipulations. In the uſe of theſe means—ſkilfully employed—he has produced reſults which may be marvelled at, but which muſt not be denied. This reference to Mr. Braid has connected itſelf in the mind of the writer, with the circumſtance that the ſubſtance of this Eſſay, on Epidemic Whims, was delivered, as a Lecture, at Mancheſter, where he witneſſed, in ſeveral inſtances, Mr. Braid's curative manipulations.

Note to the Seventh Eſſay, page 318.

THE intention to induce decoration and Beauty upon the ſurface is "*conſpicuouſly indicated among the unſightly ribbings, the ſinewy adjuſtments, and the fleſhly mouldings of the out-of-ſight ſtructure.*"

The three wood-cuts ſubjoined may be taken as ſufficient proof and illuſtration of what is affirmed in this Eſſay—in the place above referred to, and in other places of the ſame; and they need little explanation. The firſt of theſe figures ſhows the bony ſtructure of the human foot (a female foot): the ſecond exhibits the outer layer of the muſcles, as well as the ſinews and the ligaments of the ſame; and the third ſhows the exterior contour—ſuch as we find it in a well-known ſample of Greek art: and the three together furniſh an inſtance—one among innumerable inſtances, of the admirable method of packing the inner maſſes, and of arranging what is *mechanical*, for the purpoſe of ſecuring the ultimate

intention of giving ſymmetrical proportions and a graceful contour to the exterior.

The human foot is conſtituted of twenty-ſix bones, admitting of greater or leſs extent of movement each upon its neighbours, and which, by the arched ſtructure of the whole, gives that firm and elaſtic ſupport that is

needed for the ſecurity and the locomotive facility of a body of ſuch height, and of ſo much weight—each foot having, in its turn, to ſuſtain the entire weight, and to give impulſe to the whole, adapting itſelf to the changing equilibrium of the body. As adapted to theſe purpoſes, the bony build of the human foot may truly be regarded as ſymbolizing, at once, the dignity and the commanding power of man, and as an indication of the vaſtneſs of the interval which ſeparates him from the higheſt of the brute orders.

This bony framework is worked by as many as twenty-eight muſcles—lodged, either upon itſelf entirely, or upon the leg, and yet taking their hold upon its bones, by their tendons;—all being held compactly together by ligaments which combine the greateſt ſtrength, or *tena-*

city, with the leaſt poſſible bulk, or thickneſs. To form a juſt conception of what are the performances of this piece of complicated mechaniſm—conſidered in relation to the ſize of the parts—or of the whole—we muſt firſt calculate the force that is expended when the body of a full-ſized man is—by means of this engine alone, projected into the air to a height half his own;—or when, in the twenty or thirty thouſand beats of a three hours' march, this body is propelled over a ſurface of twelve miles. Thus eſtimating the powers that are actually put forth by this mechaniſm, then we ſhould take the ſcalpel in hand—throw off the integuments—extricate, each by itſelf, the muſcular films, cords, and bands—aſſign to each its particular ſhare of the work done by the whole, and then eſtimate thoſe prodigies of nervous energy, and alſo of coheſiveneſs and tenacity in the materials, which are implied in the thus packing and compreſſing the whole, ſo as that the exterior contour of the human foot ſhall be—what it is—a perfect ſample of elegance and of ſymmetry—in itſelf, and in its relation to the limb, and to the figure.

When we think of what it has to do, in a mechanical ſenſe, we might well demand for it a *bulk* three times greater than is actually allowed it; and at the ſame time might give it *proportions*, not much leſs obtuſe than are thoſe of the foot of the hippopotamus. In this inſtance, as in ſo many equally concluſive, it is ſeen that a regard to the law of Beauty (as to the exterior) has been kept in view in the innermoſt framework of the animal organization, and that for making ſure of this exterior grace, nothing has been ſpared, either as to the quality of the fibrous materials, or as to the development of vital

force in the muſcles. Let the ſymmetry of the whole, and the grace of the lines of the human foot be compromiſed, and then—if we might ſo ſpeak—a far leſs expenſive organization might have been ſufficient.

FINIS.

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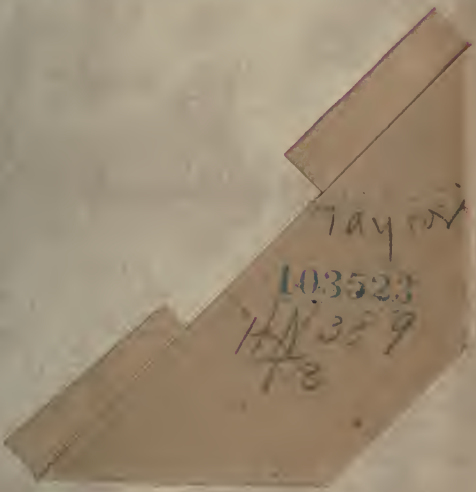
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